SEPT.

Liberty

THE FOLKS
BACK HOME

SHALL WE TRAIN OUR
YOUTH AS SOLDIERS?

RESERVE
THREE FEATHERS
Blended Whiskey
RESERVE
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS
Reserve
It's a feather in your cap
when you buy
EXTRA WAR BONDS
Buy more than before...and hold them!

Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

A Boy finds in Stamps The Magic of Seven-League Boots. His thoughts stride Continents And touch Tomorrow's Shores.

We see him a Man—Gifted with Imagination and Talent—a Man whose Sparkling Smile owes much to Ipana and Massage.

PURSUE your hobby, son! Let it stir your thoughts and quicken your imagination. Let it reveal to you new horizons—bright with opportunity and promise.

For children such as you, devoted parents and teachers are doing everything to help you face your future—to face it with knowledge and confidence and *smiling.*

Yes, *smiling!* For today youth knows a lesson in dental health that many an adult has yet to learn. Right in the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are being taught the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

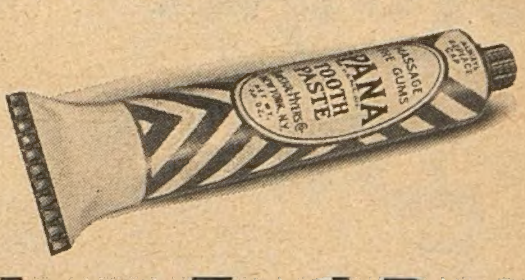
These youngsters know that soft foods rob our gums of chewing and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become tender, sensitive . . . often signal their distress with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist at once.* It may not mean anything serious—but get his advice. He may say that your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And like so many dentists do today, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well.

So every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation quickens within the gums—helping them to healthier firmness. Try Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile!



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IF

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You Owe it to Yourself to have its protection

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Cover: G. I. Joe—K-9 Style
This four-footed fighter's job is to search the battlefield for wounded men. When he locates one, he leads stretcher-bearers to the rescue.
Painted by Bob Kuhn

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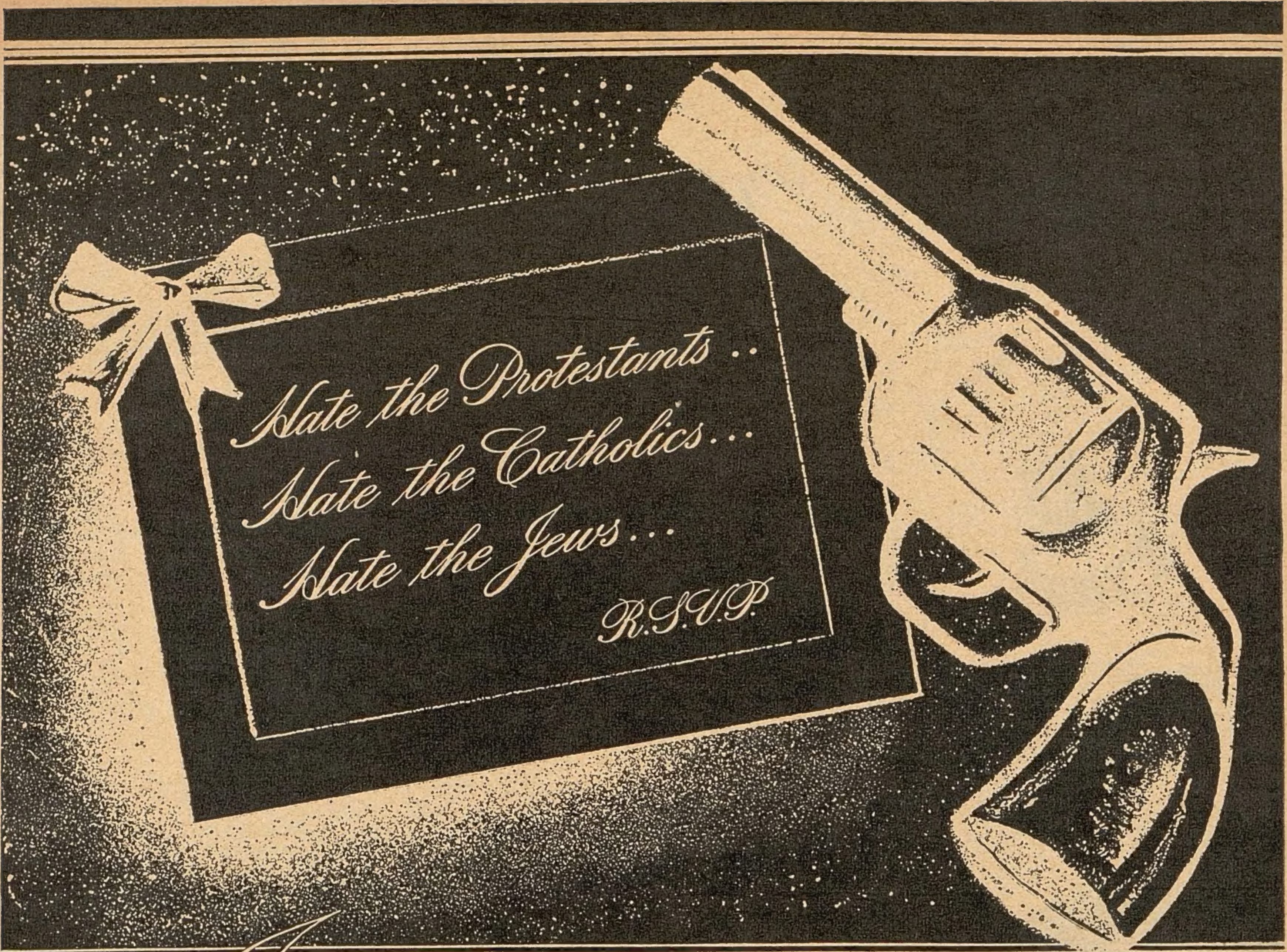
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER


Hate the Protestants..
Hate the Catholics...
Hate the Jews...
R.S.V.P.

Invitation to Commit Suicide

This invitation has been delivered in every language, to every country in the world. It is not always signed by A. Hitler. If it were, you would reject it instantly, of course.

But it comes in whispers across a luncheon table. In conversation among your friends. You hear it, you read it, and God help you, *you repeat it* . . . and still you have no conception of the harm you've done your country, and yourself.

"Beware of the Protestants." "Look out for the Catholics." "Attack the Jews." It goes farther. *"The workers are loafing." "Capital is profiteering." "The Negro is rebelling." "Refugees are taking the best jobs." "The farmers are trying to rob you."*

Can't you hear Hitler laughing? The more Americans fighting each other at home, the fewer he will have to meet on the field of battle.

The more energy we waste hating each other, the less strength we'll have to deal the killing blow to our real enemy.

You can see how this happens in far away countries. You condemn it. You resent it on behalf of the nations and the innocent people it has destroyed.

But . . . the point is, are you *keen* enough to recognize it here in America . . . in your own intimate circle? Are you *smart* enough to reject this invitation? Are you *patriotic* enough to see that your family, your neighbors, the people you work with, reject it too?

If you do this . . . *and not unless you do* . . . then you will help America rise to its full stature as a nation fighting for the rights of all humanity. You will help to win this war, just as though you fought in uniform with a bayonet in your hand.

This is one of a series of messages available for local sponsorship in newspapers and as 24-sheet posters in full-color for outdoor billboard display. Write for details.

YOUR COMMENT IS SOLICITED.

This space contributed by a friend of the

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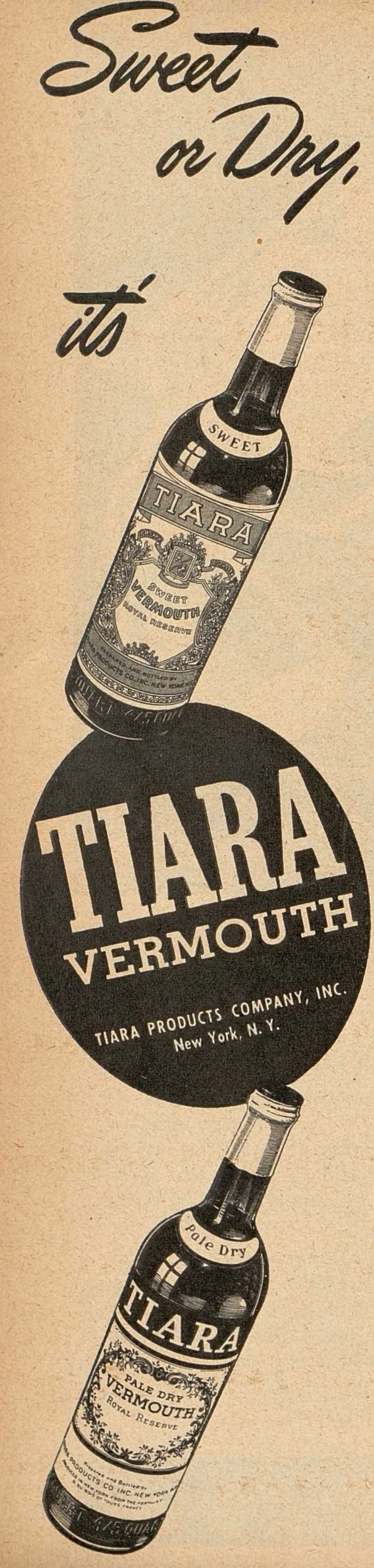

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

DEWEY, LABOR-HATER?

Columbus, Ohio—It appears that the publishers of the propaganda mills of the CIO have absolutely no intention of presenting to their member-readers a fair appraisal of Thomas E. Dewey. They launched a vicious smear campaign even before he was nominated, and now, by cartoon and headline, they seek to paint him as the tool of Wall Street, hater of "labor."

The trouble with those publishers seems to be a mortal fear of a man who has gotten along extremely well with labor, both organized and unorganized, as a whole, in New York State. Mr. Dewey is the truly liberal candidate interested in the welfare of all the people and not just a few radical minority leaders.—*Jim Walker.*

DEWEY YOUTHFUL??

Oakland, Calif.—It strikes me as both ludicrous and vindictive on the part of some obviously pro-Roosevelt radio commentators when they refer to Dewey as the "*youthful* governor" or "that *youthful* candidate" in their broadcast.

This is merely an attempt to discredit Dewey; to imply that he has not yet arrived at the age of mental stability. If there is a *real* man in the present political arena that man's name is Thomas Dewey. I've always understood that one arrived at manhood at twenty-one, and have heard men of forty-three referred to as "elderly." Dewey is in the prime of manhood, possessing an alert intelligence, determination, and honesty of purpose, long needed in the administrative affairs of this nation. —*F. H. Harding.*

SNOW GETS THE COLD SHOULDER

Spokane, Wash.—Where does A. B. Snow get off saying that Miss Renée Brenner and her "whole generation" feel that F. D. R. is indispensable (Vox Pop July 22)? I am a member of that generation and I have no such feeling, though I think Mr. Roosevelt is doing a fine job.

Judging from the way Mr. Snow made this foolish statement he thinks that the younger generation is not quite bright.

I would like to point out that his generation doesn't seem exactly to have a corner on brains, considering that it let Germany rearm, so that she was in a position to start the present war, and then called upon the "mentally deficient" younger generation to go out and do the fighting and dying for people like Mr. Snow.

As for the crack, "—no matter *who* is the other candidate—We need a change," I think the next President had better be picked with care as he is going to have a harder job than any former President.—*Jim McAdam.*

THERE'S A SMALL HOTEL . . .

Mentone, Calif.—Congratulations to Gertrude Schweitzer for having written The Things You Remember (June 10 Liberty), and to Liberty for publishing it. We have too few stories of this type. Writers today are going maudlin about soldiers and girls spending a night—or a week—together, to "have something to remember you by" or "to have you for my own before I go," etc.

I think the emotional lives of these youngsters are complicated enough without writers feeding the flames with incendiary love stories which are bound to influence them. These writers should be made to contribute heavily to a fund to take care of the little "something-to-remember-you-bys" which result from the out-of-bounds honeymoons brought on by their thoughtless rot!—*N. Parker.*

MAN OF FEW WORDS

Warren, Ark.—There are two darn good reasons why we want the war over *soon:*

A—For the sake of our *boys* and our *country.*

B—So the crossword puzzle can be placed on decent paper where you used to put it!—*Dr. Pentius.*

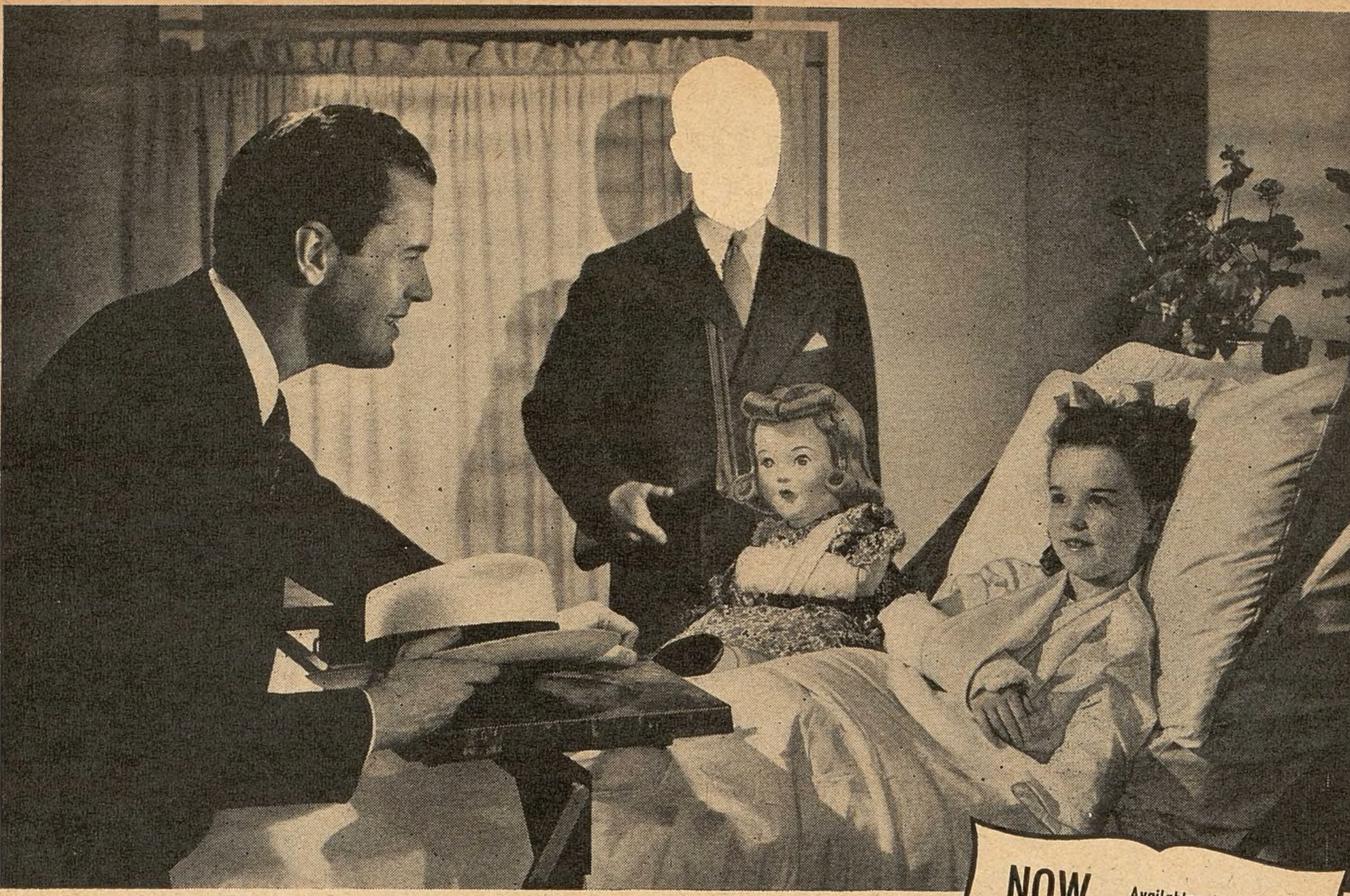
PANACEA FOR PUZZLERS

Rochester, N. Y.—Concerning the Ted Shane puzzles, I was irked when they were printed in such a limited space on the soft paper, in smaller type.

Now that the Vox Pop Editor has given the very good reason I have this suggestion to make to *US* Ted Shane fans. If in doubt, pencil in the words very lightly and you will not feel quite so irate if you have to erase.—*Lillian B. Blackmer.*

GIVE ME THUNDER!

Jennings, Mo.—I look forward each week to your condensations and usually enjoy all of them. I have just finished Thunder Mountain (July 22 Liberty) and can truthfully say that it was the best yet. Although I enjoy your numerous war stories, I sincerely hope you give us mor like Thunder Mountain.—*G. Epped.*



"We're Doing fine, Mr. Graham, Thanks to Your friend"

NOW... Available with your new auto policy—As a part of your new State Farm Mutual "Full Service" non-assessable auto policy, you can get Comprehensive Residence and Personal Liability protection at a cost that will blink your eyes. Put worries about personal liability behind you. See your State Farm agent today or send for new FREE booklet (coupon below).

Yes, Mary and Gwendolyn are doing fine—thanks to Sid Graham and the unseen friend in the doorway.

Who is the unseen friend in the doorway?

He is Sid Graham's auto insurance agent, one of 7000 representatives of State Farm Mutual, the world's *largest* auto insurance company. He is the man who got Mary and Gwendolyn immediate hospital care, who saw to it that Mary's broken arm was promptly set, who looked after Mary's comfort and paid the entire bill—*even though Sid Graham was not held responsible for the accident* when Mary darted in front of his car.

Payment for medical care is but one of the many benefits to which you are entitled as the holder of a NEW State Farm Mutual "Full Service" policy.

Drive-Any-Car Coverage Included

Under this new, low-cost, broader coverage policy, you and your wife are insured against: (1) legal liability that might arise from an accident as the result of driving your own *or any other* private passenger auto, and (2) damage to, or loss of, your car. Your protection includes: (a) $5,000 property damage and *double* the usual $5,000-$10,000 public liability protection; (b) medical payments up to $500 a person for yourself, family, guests, and pedestrians, regardless of responsibility for the accident; (c) coverage for fire, theft, and 30 other causes of loss; (d) 80% collision, bail bond, and emergency road service coverages; (e) car rental if your auto is stolen.

One Accident Can Be Ruinous

With 9,500,000 drivers injured in accidents in *one* war year (at speeds usually *below* 35 mph.), and with rates adjusted to wartime driving, you can't afford to take a chance of losing all you own through a court judgment. And remember, most drivers average an accident once every 3 years. You can buck the law of averages only so often.

Ask your State Farm agent to show you the new, easy-to-read "Full Service" policy and to explain why all auto insurance is definitely NOT alike. Ask him, too, about State Farm's equally fine life and fire insurance policies. There are 7,000 agents in the U.S. and Canada at your service. See your State Farm agent today and step into your car worry-free tomorrow.

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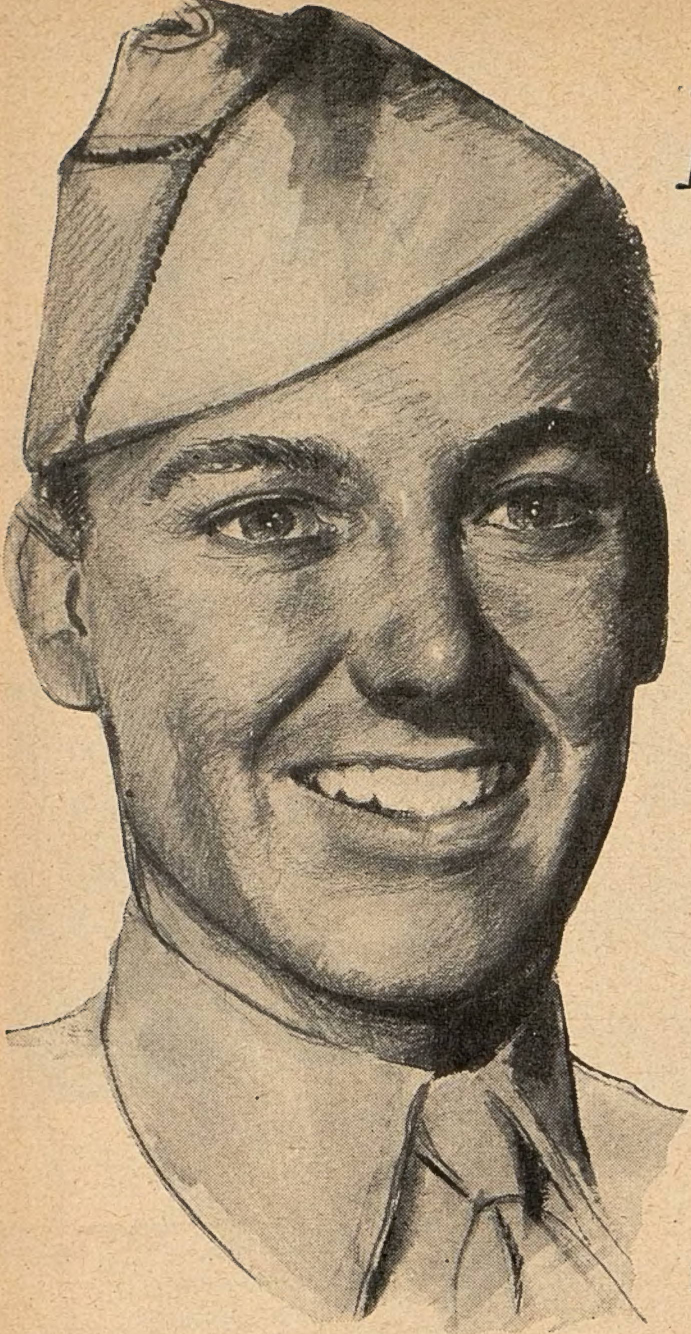
FREE TO DRIVERS—INFORMATIVE NEW BOOKLET

MR. G. E. MECHERLE
State Farm Insurance Companies
Bloomington, Illinois

Please send me your new booklet giving basic facts about new auto and personal liability insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name..
Address..
City..................*Zone*.......*State*.......

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—HOLD WHAT YOU HAVE!



How Long to Live?

Yes, he's strong and brave . . . and lucky, *up to now.* But tomorrow *his* part in the war may be over . . . This might be his last night to re-read the thumb-worn letters he knows by heart . . . his last time to study the creased and cracked photos he's carried all these months . . . the last night he'll have to dream of home. For perhaps tomorrow...

* * *

What American woman wouldn't do all she could to save him if that power were in her hands? And the power *is* in your hands—power to help protect him and the five million other fighting men counting on the all-out help of American women at home . . . Yes, you can do something for them . . . something that will be a definite aid in speeding Victory, reducing casualties, perhaps actually saving the life of someone you love . . . More women . . . *many* more women . . . are needed in war jobs to overcome the manpower shortage—to keep up the flow of supplies—to help the Armed Services to function at their best—to help overwhelm the enemy . . . If you haven't yet found your place in the war, do it today. You're needed *desperately*.

* * *

Remember, any job you take which frees a man to fight becomes a major aid to Victory. Skilled or untrained, you're needed. Millions of women are already doing work that is new to them . . . in war plants, essential business, the armed services. But in most communities there are still hundreds of jobs which must be filled . . . See the Help Wanted ads in local newspapers. Visit the nearest office of the U. S. Employment Service. Or apply at Army or Navy recruiting stations. And do it at once! Time lost may mean lives lost.

The More Women at War . . . the Sooner we'll win

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY

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NEXT WEEK

✓ **HIGH TIDE AT NOON**

By Elisabeth Ogilvie
Liberty's Book Condensation

Joanna Bennett and the man she married were both gamblers. Her risk was on love, while he staked his money on cards and his life against the wind and the sea.

This is a romance of great vitality, set in the miniature world of a remote fishermen's island.

✓ **TIN FISH FOR TOKYO**

By Ralph Wallace

More delicate than a watch, yet as powerful as a block-buster! That's the torpedo—our chief weapon for punching holes in Jap ships.

✓ **WHAT POSTWAR PROBLEM?**

By Samuel W. Taylor

Postwar planners can forget their worries, for here is the plan to end all plans! It's ridiculously simple—also simply ridiculous!

✓ **U. S. DIPLOMACY AND THE VATICAN**

By Burnet Hershey

Recent happenings have raised some points about our relations with the Vatican which puzzle many an American. Here is light on a problem as old as the nation.

✓ **THE STRING-AND-SPIT BOYS**

By Lieutenant (j. g.) Seymour F. Stowe, U. S. N. R., and Corporal W. D. Anderson, Air Service Command

The repair facilities, as well as the comforts of home, are seldom available; yet our boys make do with G. I. ingenuity to keep the war moving at a rapid pace!

✓ **AIR BATTLE FOR SAIPAN —Conclusion**

By Morris Markey

We pummeled the Jap armada by air west of Saipan, but did we muff a chance to wipe it out in a fleet battle?

✓ **THE BETTER THINGS**

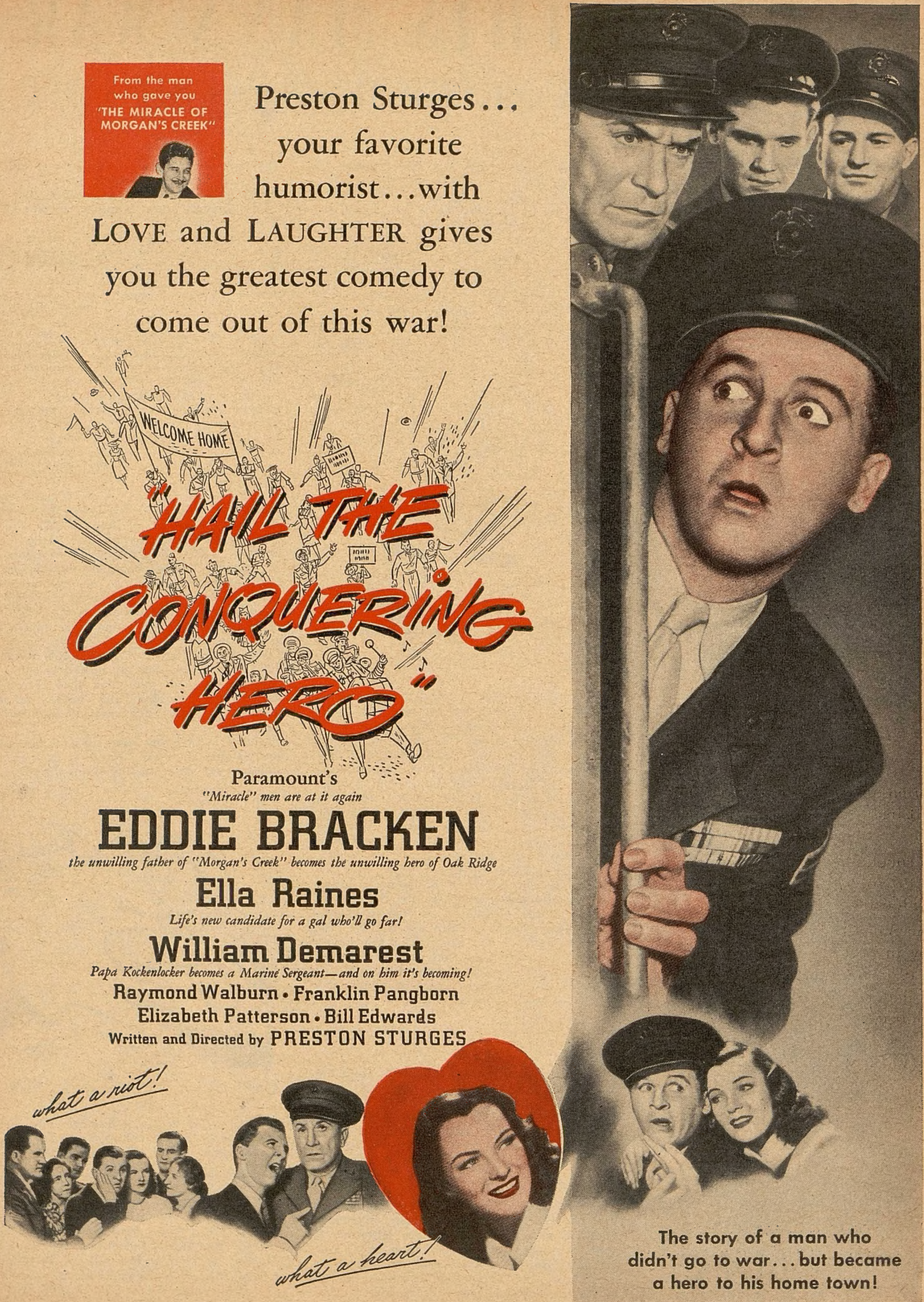
By H. Vernor Dixon

The poignant story of a soldier who returned with a dream for the future and of a girl who supplied the blueprint for him that made it all come true.

✓ **BESSIE ARBRUSTER SNAGS A WHUPPERSNAPPER**

By Ronald G. Sercombe

Bessie proves there's more than fish to be caught in the sea when she hooks a Coast Guard ensign and turns an angling contest into a wholesale rescue!


From the man who gave you "THE MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"

Preston Sturges... your favorite humorist... with LOVE and LAUGHTER gives you the greatest comedy to come out of this war!

WELCOME HOME

"HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO"

Paramount's

"Miracle" men are at it again

EDDIE BRACKEN

the unwilling father of "Morgan's Creek" becomes the unwilling hero of Oak Ridge

Ella Raines

Life's new candidate for a gal who'll go far!

William Demarest

Papa Kockenlocker becomes a Marine Sergeant—and on him it's becoming!

Raymond Walburn • Franklin Pangborn

Elizabeth Patterson • Bill Edwards

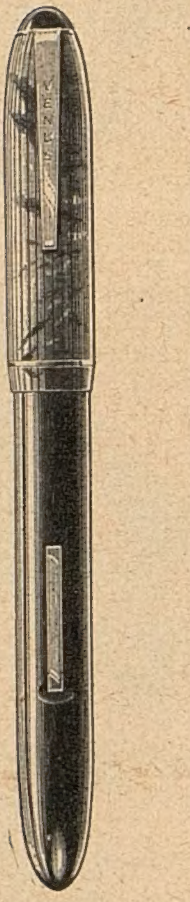
Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

what a heart!

The story of a man who didn't go to war... but became a hero to his home town!

Did
you
know

makes
a



The new VENUS Fountain Pen has every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much—*plus the VENUS Guarantee.* Genuine 14 Karat gold point, iridium-tipped. Smartly styled and perfectly balanced. Quick starting and velvet-s-m-o-o-t-h writing. Yet the new VENUS Fountain Pen costs only $3.50.

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VENUS

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SOMETHING new has been added—I mean, that new glitter on the Army's arms. You'll note it on the left sleeves of veteran G. I.s, who have just been authorized by the War Department to sew on gold stripes for overseas service.

The new stripes are a counterpart, except in appearance, of the gold chevrons worn by servicemen of World War I to denote service outside this country.

One of the new markers—which actually are bars, one quarter of an inch wide and one and three eighths inches long, on a cloth background forming a one-eighth-inch border around the bar—may be worn for each complete six months of service outside the continental limits of the U. S.

YOU, TOO, MAY BECOME A PARA-TROOPER

Eligible!

The first stripe will be centered on the outer half of the left sleeve, four inches above and parallel to the sleeve's edge. Additional stripes go on above the first, with a five-sixteenth-inch space between. Old-timers with World War I chevrons will start their new overseas stripes immediately above the uppermost chevron.

Here are some of the W. D. rules for clarifying what service is to be counted as time toward a gold stripe: Service in Alaska counts. Likewise, service on transport vessels and on aircraft outside the continental U. S. But service on the Great Lakes or in any enclosed arm of the sea along the coast or on the sea within three miles of the coastline does not count.

At this writing, the Navy still had not indicated whether it would follow the Army.
OLD SARGE.

* * *

Ever since D Day I've been thinking about the daring work of our paratroopers who jumped in the darkness to seize key points behind the Nazi lines and disrupt enemy communications while our infantry was landing. I'd like to transfer to that tough mob. Could I? If so, how?
Pvt. J. B., Fort Dix, N. J.

The War Department is now strengthening the parachute force, permitting physically qualified officers and EM under thirty-two to volunteer from other ground force units, from the Army Service Forces, and from the Army Air Forces. Only certain highly skilled men in critical assignments may not transfer.

Would-be parachute troops must be in top physical condition, not over six feet tall and not more than 185 pounds in weight, with 20/40 vision or better. If eligible, you may apply through your company commander for transfer.

Aside from the adventurous nature of the service, it carries attractive pay. Extra dough for this branch, at the rate of $50 a month for EM and $100 for officers, starts when parachute training is begun.

* * *

Sarge, I was glad to see in the newspapers the other day that legislation has been enacted to give $5 a month extra pay to enlisted men qualified to wear the Expert Infantryman Badge, and $10 a month extra to those with the Combat Infantryman Badge. Just what are the qualifications for these badges?
World War I Doughboy,
Floral Park, Long Island.

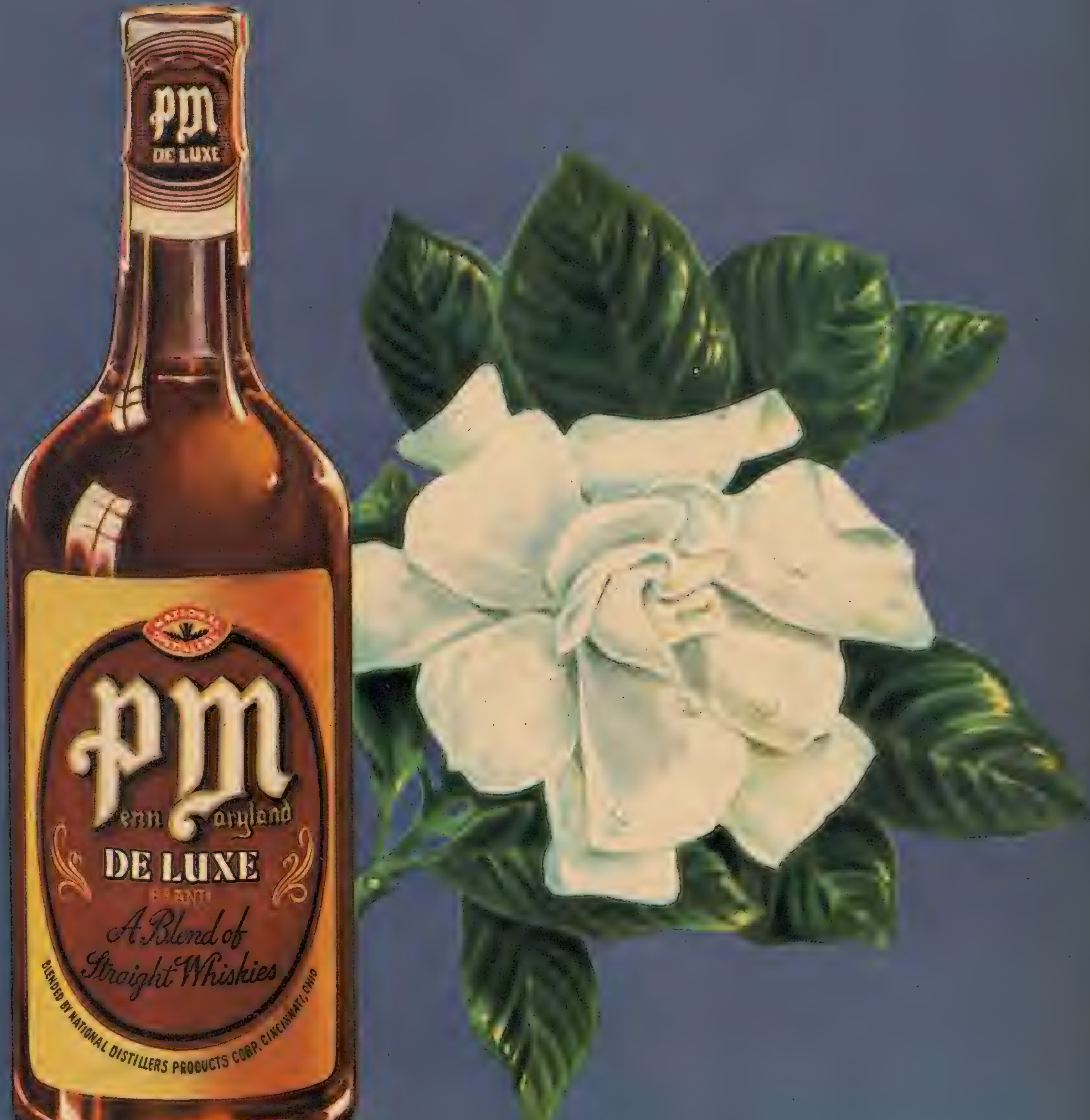
Buddy, you can give a real salute when you meet a man wearing either. He'll rate it. As detailed in W. D. Circular 322, the Expert Infantryman must do these little things: Qualify with one crew-served weapon and in transition firing; complete continuous foot marches, without falling out, of twenty-five miles in eight hours and nine miles in two hours with full field equipment; complete physical fitness tests including push-ups, a 300-yard run, the burpee, a 75-yard pig-a-back carry at a run and a 70-yard agility run; pass infiltration, close combat, combat-in-cities and grenade courses; and pass tests in scouting and patrolling, first aid, field sanitation, military discipline and courtesy and bayonet drill.

The Combat Infantryman designation, which carries the ten-dollar payroll, is a reward for footsloggers who display exemplary conduct in action. Or, to put it another way, the recipient is an expert infantryman who's passed the greatest test of all, actual battle.

Qualifying

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

PM *for* Pleasant Moments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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The latest version of the Stinson Flying Jeep provides for evacuation of wounded from areas restricted because of terrain and military operations.

The Stinson Angel of Mercy

Evacuation of isolated or remote wounded to Allied base hospitals will be speeded with a new one-passenger aerial ambulance plane, the Stinson L-5-B Flying Jeep. A unique feature of this aerial vehicle is the ability of one man, doubling as pilot and first-aider, to load the victim into his plane without help. This is facilitated by a special arm which swings out from the plane's fuselage. Previously, two to four men assisted in loading.

The new L-5-B will operate in and out of places which ordinary airplanes couldn't use, such as dense jungles and mountainous terrain. This is because it requires very little ground area for landing and take-off. It's able to go almost any place reached by ground troops. It has only a 34-foot wing span and length of 24 feet, and it is powered by a 185-horsepower Lycoming engine. Pontoons may be attached for sea duty.

In Burma several old-type L-5s have landed in small jungle clearings, picked up wounded men and flown them back to base hospitals in forty-five minutes. Litter bearers required ten hours for the same trips.

Aerial ambulances save many lives because military surgeons say that 90 per cent of serious abdominal cases can be saved if operated on within the precious four hours before shock and infection set in.

Magical Jet Engine

The sensational jet-propelled airplane may be a world-beater on speed, but it isn't a toy to play around with on the ground, as some people have discovered. Near the tail of a jet plane are the exhaust valves from which pours heated compressed air, so hot that it burns the grass over an area of several feet. It's wise to stay away.

And if you approach too close at the front, startling things are likely to happen. The intake of air into the jet engine is powerful and drags in just about everything. In Britain a girl was sent for a cup of tea, and as she returned she passed in front of the airplane. Spoon, tea, and cup disappeared into the engine, but it seems that a jet engine doesn't digest chinaware very well and some repairs had to be made. More than one inspecting Army officer has lost his hat by peering too closely. One had his hat burned off.

Interchangeable Fighters and Bombers

A very interesting transition in our use of aerial weapons has occurred in recent months on the European front. Our fighter planes rarely fight any more—they bomb. And our bombers are now doing more fighting than the fighters.

Airplanes used to be placed in rigid categories. The pursuit plane was to rise up and fight off other fighters or fight off bombers. Bombers were only for bombing and were to carry only enough armament for their own protection.

But what are you going to do if nothing rises up to fight the fighters? As the Luftwaffe gradually disappeared, our hordes of pursuit planes found little of their destined work to do. So almost all fighters today are equipped for bombing specific targets or for strafing ground concentrations. The Germans found it much too hot to engage in combat against our fighters. The single aerial battles which produced our aces of World War I have been disappearing in the European war, although fighter versus fighter is still very much the order of the day in the Pacific.

On the other hand, the Luftwaffe *does* rise up to beat off our heavy bombers whenever it can. So we have the spectacle of German pursuits only going into action against our bombers, hence our bombers have been carrying more and more armament and have been more successful in knocking out the Luftwaffe than have our fighters. Even when our long-range fighters accompany our bombers this is true.

All this shows the amazing flexibility of our airplanes. Our top pursuits can now carry up to a ton of bombs and drop these at close range where they can do the most damage. Even our medium bombers have taken over low-altitude work. It can almost be said, as suggested by a British air correspondent, that today the fighter bombs and the bomber fights.

Operational Strangle in Italy

Our Mediterranean Allied Air Forces have a new name for what they did to the German supply lines in Italy. It's "Operational Strangle," a very fitting expression for the job our airmen did in blocking almost completely every German supply line from the north to its forces in southern Italy.

The rapid progress our land armies have made northward is evidence in itself of what the airmen did.

There were ten primary rail lines running into Italy. Two fed from neutral Switzerland and one from Fiume, which the Yugoslav Partisans had blocked. So the Allied airmen concentrated on the remaining seven over which an estimated 43,800 tons of supplies a day were being brought to the enemy—eight or ten times his normal requirements. When the enemy attempted to use coastal sea lanes (carrying only 3,000 tons a day), the airmen went after the ports.

The Allied strangle-hold operation began February 28. It wasn't long until every rail shipment was stopped. No less than 156 railroads and roads were cut or blocked, 95 bridges destroyed, 773 tracks cut, 21 locomotives destroyed and 21 damaged, 10 tunnels bottled up, 28 partially blocked, and much other damage to transportation and communications accomplished. German supplies were reduced to a trickle. Almost every important rail center was devastated, and the Tactical Air Force's highway patrol flew day and night. The German defense plans were soon disrupted.

Once the Cassino barrier was broken, our troops moved forward rapidly and only rear-guard action has stopped them since.

Another Postwar Private Plane

The Hockaday Comet, the first private plane to be constructed and flown in Southern California since Pearl Harbor, has been given flight tests in Compton, California. The Comet was designed and built by Noel R. Hockaday, president of Hockaday Aircraft Corporation.

It's a two-place high-wing monoplane of wood fabric and steel tubing construction with an over-all weight, empty, of only 1,050 pounds and a gross weight of 1,650 pounds. It is powered with a 130-horsepower Franklin engine and is claimed to have a cruising speed of 130 miles an hour. Flying range is given as 500 to 550 miles.

Price? About $3,000. Hockaday used to be supervisor of welding at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation and has been working on the Comet—as much as war subcontracting work would permit—for five years. The Hockaday Comet is one of the first postwar plane models, of which there will be a great many.

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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

THEY'RE ALL SHIPBUILDERS NOW

These are just a few, out of thousands, of the men and women who have stepped aside from their peacetime occupations to help Bethlehem build a wartime fleet of 1,000 fighting ships and cargo vessels.

BURNER Dorothy Temple Williams, of Bethlehem-Hingham (Mass.) shipyard, is former Powers model.

GUARD Bernard McEntegart used to be an attorney and now works at Bethlehem's Brooklyn 56th Street repair yard.

TRUCK DRIVER Del B. Elliott, a former film actor (*The Desert Song*), works at Bethlehem's San Francisco Yard.

Suggestions
Milk Shakes
Malted Milk
Sundaes
Fancy Sundaes
Ice Cream Soda
Root Beer Float
Sandwiches
Hot Chocolate
WELDER Frieda Adolph, onetime soda jerker, learned new trade at Bethlehem-Alameda (Calif.) yard.

SHEET METAL HANDYMAN is ex-hotelman Archibald Rae, of Bethlehem-Sparrows Point (Md.) shipyard.

HANDYMAN ELECTRICIAN James H. Del Gaudio, now at Bethlehem's Quincy, Mass., shipyard, was formerly a butcher.

WELDER Janet Darnell was a sculptress, now helps to turn out fighting ships at Bethlehem's Staten Island (N. Y.) yard.

RIGGER Louis Scott (*Chief White Eagle*) employed at Bethlehem ship-repair yard in Hoboken, N. J.

BURNER LEADER Lester J. Davis, of the Fairfield yard, Baltimore, was dancer and nightclub entertainer.

SHEET METAL HELPER Zena Saylor, at the Bethlehem-Sparrows Point shipyard, is a former Kentucky salesgirl.

MACHINIST Thomas C. Hayes, who now works at the Brooklyn 27th Street ship-repair yard, was formerly a bartender.

LAYER-OUT Mrs. Evelyn Johnson, Alameda yard, one of thousands of Bethlehem housewife-shipbuilders.

Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards at... Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass.... Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y.... Hoboken, N. J.... Baltimore, Fairfield, Sparrows Point, Md.... San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif. *Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants*... Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale, Pa.... Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y.... Sparrows Point, Md. Chicago, Ill.... Tulsa, Okla.... South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif.... Seattle, Wash.

BETHLEHEM STEEL

WORLD'S LARGEST SHIPBUILDER

SECOND LARGEST STEEL PRODUC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

WHO'S GOING TO RAISE OUR BOYS TO BE SOLDIERS?

BY JAMES E. EDMONDS

Major General (Retired) N. G. U. S.

WHEN this war is over, shall we adopt compulsory military training in the United States? That is, shall all fit American males of eighteen be soldier-trained for a year, then enrolled in a great reserve army, and be held liable for military service during a term of years?

The American people soon will be called upon to answer this vital question. Whether they answer yes or no will depend on the answers to other questions:

Who will do the training, and how? What will be the need and the cost? Will all eighteen-year-olds be turned over to the Army for a full year—withdrawn entirely from civil life for that time? Or is there a better way?

All these questions are now before the special Congressional committee on post-war military establishment. The War Department General Staff Special Section on Post-War Planning made a strong effort early this summer to win quick approval for its set of answers—the Regular Army plan. The committee postponed action until autumn.

Now another set of answers is being drawn up by another military group. This consists of citizen soldiers, higher-ranking, experienced members of the National Guard, and the Officers Reserve Corps. This plan differs sharply from that proposed by the Regulars.

The ultimate decisions will affect parents, young men, schools and colleges, farmers and employers, and all taxpayers. Therefore it is important for the public to know the factors involved so that the Congress may be well advised when the time for decision arrives.

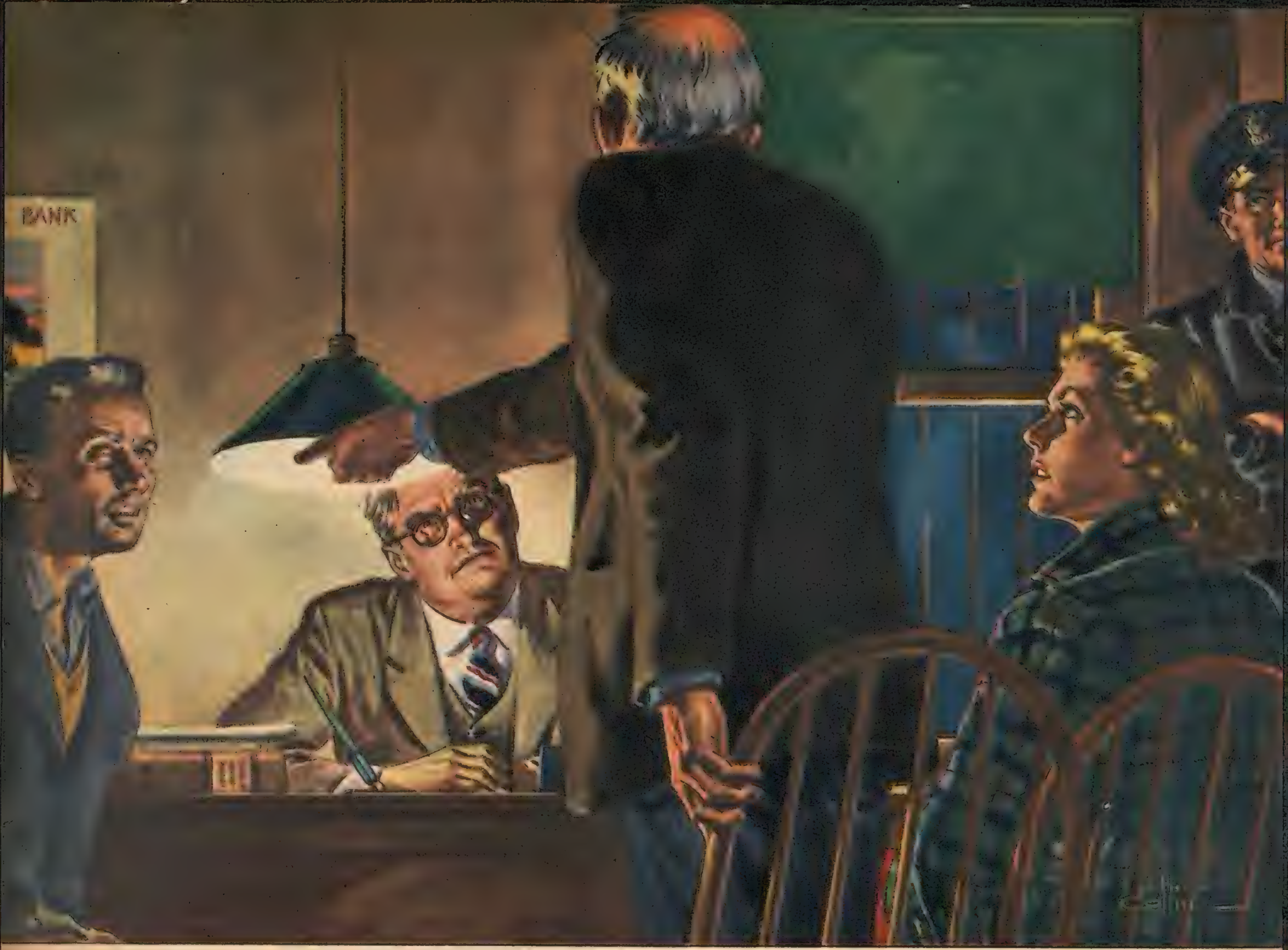
If we have compulsory military training in peacetime, who's going to train our sons — the professional Army or the citizen-soldiery? Two sides of a vital question

The suggestion that this country adopt universal military training stems from two facts. The first is that twice in a quarter century we have had to fight a great war and in each case our unpreparedness has added immeasurably to the costs in lives and money. The second is that in every year 1,250,000 boys reach eighteen, and nearly one in four of these boys have been found unfit for full military duty. Among the men over thirty, nearly four in ten have failed to pass the tests.

Proper military training of the country's youth on the eve of maturity, it is argued, would correct both of these grievous situations. It would furnish the manpower for a great reserve army to fend off aggression, and it would help to make sounder minds and bodies.

The idea of universal military training is not new in American history or even in American law. Neither is the idea of a large reserve army. Both ideas were plainly set down in the Militia Act passed by Congress in 1792. But that early Congress

(*Continued on page 58*)



"There's only one fellow who'd do this to me. He's that worthless coot!" Ira pointed a bony finger at Elisha.

TAME THIEF

BY GEORGE S. BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN COLLINS

WILLIAMINA came from the cold room carrying a hindquarter of steer beef. It weighed more than she did, but Williamina handled it easily, without apparent effort.

She was a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered girl with blue eyes, a halo of yellow hair, and the pink-and-white complexion of a Copenhagen saint.

She dropped the beef on the cutting block, wiped her hands on a length of cheesecloth that hung below the scales counter. Then she answered the insistent phone.

"Rees' Cash Market," she said, reaching for an order book and pencil. "Good morning."

"Mina dear."

"Yes?"

"Listen." It was the day operator at the telephone office and Williamina's best girl friend. "Does Elisha Finch work for you?"

"Sometimes."

"When's that?"

"Usually on Fridays."

"What does he do?"

"Usually kills and picks our chickens."

"I see."

"Sometimes he butchers a calf for us. Why?"

"Well, I'm surprised you'd hire him."

"Elisha's a first-class hand with poultry," explained Williamina.

"Really?"

"Sure. After they're picked, he plumps 'em in ice water. Makes 'em look better than they really are."

The man who would steal a red-hot stove is a legendary character, but here he comes to life and gets away with it, abetted by a lady butcher

"But, Mina dear—" The voice paused.

"Yes?"

"Aren't you afraid to have him around?"

"Afraid?" repeated the other. "Of Elisha?"

"You might lose things."

"Never have."

"He's done time in the penitentiary."

"Not lately," said Williamina. "It must be three or four years since he served a stretch. He's tamed down considerably."

At the other end of the wire Doris giggled. "He wasn't so tame last night."

"Oh, dear. What happened?"

"He stole a stove."

"A range?"

"No, Mina. It was a little heater and it was red hot."

"You're kidding."

"Honest," the operator insisted. "It belonged to Ira Simpson. He had it in the watchman's shanty at the lumber yard."

"Damn," said Williamina. "Now Ward and I will have all those cussed turkeys to pick."

"I'm awful sorry, Mina. Honest, I am. I

thought you'd want to know. If there's anything I can do . . ."

"Did you ever kill a chicken?"

"Gracious, no!"

"I guess you won't be much help. Ring the high school."

"Sure," said the Central girl. "Hang on."

Williamina waited with the phone at her ear. It was darned serious to lose her only helper just before the holidays. And there was no one else to hire. Everybody had jobs now, all who wanted them and some who didn't.

"New Granada High School. Principal's office."

"Mr. Hall?"

"Yes."

"This is Williamina Rees. At the market."

"Yes, Williamina."

"My brother's in Latin class. I wish you'd send him down here as soon as the period's over."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hall.

Williamina replaced the phone. That was her arrangement with the Board of Education. Whenever she needed his help in the store, Ward was to be excused.

She grasped her long steak knife and steeled it with a flourish. Mrs. Dr. Cobden had ordered a standing rib roast. Well, she was going to take a rolled porterhouse and like it.

The meat shortage had its compensations. People could no longer pick and choose. They weren't so darned quick to remind her that bacon was two cents cheaper at the chain store.

At ten fifteen a warning bell above the front door jangled and Ward Rees appeared. He had an injured air. "What's bitin' you?" he asked.

"You'll have to wait on trade."

"How long?"

"Until I come back."

"Where you goin'?"

"On an errand," said his sister shortly. Not that she had any objection to his knowing. But she had more luck managing Ward if she allowed him no opening to start an argument.

"I ought to be working on my math."

"You had plenty of time last night." A younger brother was a grave responsibility. In her opinion, her parents weren't half strict enough with Ward.

She buttoned a threadbare mackinaw over her white market jacket and apron. "That Rogers woman may call."

"Yeh?"

"Don't promise her any sausage."

"No?"

"No."

"What's wrong with her money?"

"She'd rather trade at the Green Front. They give her better service," said Williamina vindictively. "Let her fry a couple of pounds of service. It will taste good with her pancakes."

"Are they out of pork again?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's swell," said Ward cheerfully. "I'll cut her down. Don't worry."

A RAW December wind swept Main Street, whisking up clouds of road cinders, scraps of paper, and a sprinkling of sleet. It whipped the flag in front of the Legion clubhouse and rattled loose shutters, warning the community that even worse weather was on the way.

Near the post office Williamina met the Congregational minister. She gave him her best "hello," the one she reserved for her most valued friends. After all, he had baptized her, twenty years ago. But that was not the whole story.

Mr. Bell had traded at Rees' Cash Market ever since he came to New Granada. Never had a competitor's bargain enticed him away. Williamina respected such integrity. Her world was divided into two parts: her customers and all the others.

The clergyman raised his hat with an old-fashioned formality. "Good morning, Williamina. I don't need to ask you how you are."

"No, sir. I'm always fine."

"How's your father?"

"About the same, thank you."

"I hope the wheel chair is a comfort to him."

"It certainly is. Yes, sir."

"Tell him that I inquired for him."

"Thank you, Mr. Bell. I'll do that."

Williamina smiled, nodded, and went on. Most people had stopped inquiring for Jim Rees' health. The village understood that he'd never be any better. But Mr. Bell always observed the amenities.

She crossed Center Street, waving to the driver of a coal truck, and walked around to the rear of the fire station. Above the basement entrance was painted the word POLICE.

Inside, the day cop dozed in a swivel chair, his feet on the flat-topped desk. He opened his eyes, blinked, and yawned. "Hi!"

"Sleeping," she observed.

"Perhaps," he admitted. "Yeah, I guess I did drop off."

"On village time."

"Why not?" he retorted. "I got tired on village time."

"You didn't get tired doing police work," she said. "Is Elisha here?"

"Yep. Inside."

"I want to see him."

"Help yourself. It isn't locked." He pointed to the inner door. "You might ask him if he wants anything."

Williamina shrugged. Chris wasn't a bad sort, although he seemed a little lazier every day. She opened the metal door and stepped inside the tiny cell block.

In the first cage lay the prisoner, sprawled upon the bunk. He had insulated the bare slats with several thicknesses of Sunday newspapers. Beneath his head, serving as a pillow, was his sheepskin-lined coat.

"Hello, Mina," said he cordially. "What can I do for you?"

"Not much while you're in here."

"Provokin', ain't it?"

"I'll say it is."

"Know what?"

She shook her head.

"There's a quorum of awful mean folks in this world."

He dropped his feet to the floor and sat up on the edge of the bunk. He was a small, wiry, plausible rogue. Pepper-and-salt whiskers sprouted on his foxlike face. His manner was that of injured innocence.

"Mina," he said, "I blame the sheriff."

"What's he got to do with your taking things that don't belong to you?"

"He's itchin' to get hold of me."

"Fat Powers is?"

"Yep, Sheriff Powers. He needs me bad."

"What for?"

"Janitor work," Elisha explained. "Tendin' fires and sweepin' out. They're terrible shorthanded right now. There ain't anyone locked up—I mean anyone the sheriff can trust."

"Humph!"

"Just the other night I noticed the sheriff watchin' me, covetous. You see how it is, Mina. I've had the experience. Sixty days one winter and ninety days a couple of other times."

"Go on."

"I ain't careless, like some riffraff who's been committed for nonsupport. I don't let the ash pit fill up and spoil the furnace grates."

Williamina nodded.

"I fire the boiler conscientious, as if it was my own." His chest expanded with pride. "Folks tell me I kept the old jail more comfortable than it's ever been before or since."

"HOW about the watchman's heater? How did you manage that?"

The prisoner grinned. "If a man could take it like they claimed, when it was red hot, it would be quite a trick."

"So you admit—"

"No," he replied. "I never admit nothin'. I have an A-one chunk stove. Why should I take his'n?"

"I wouldn't know why," said the girl. "Unless it was to show off. How are you going to plead?"

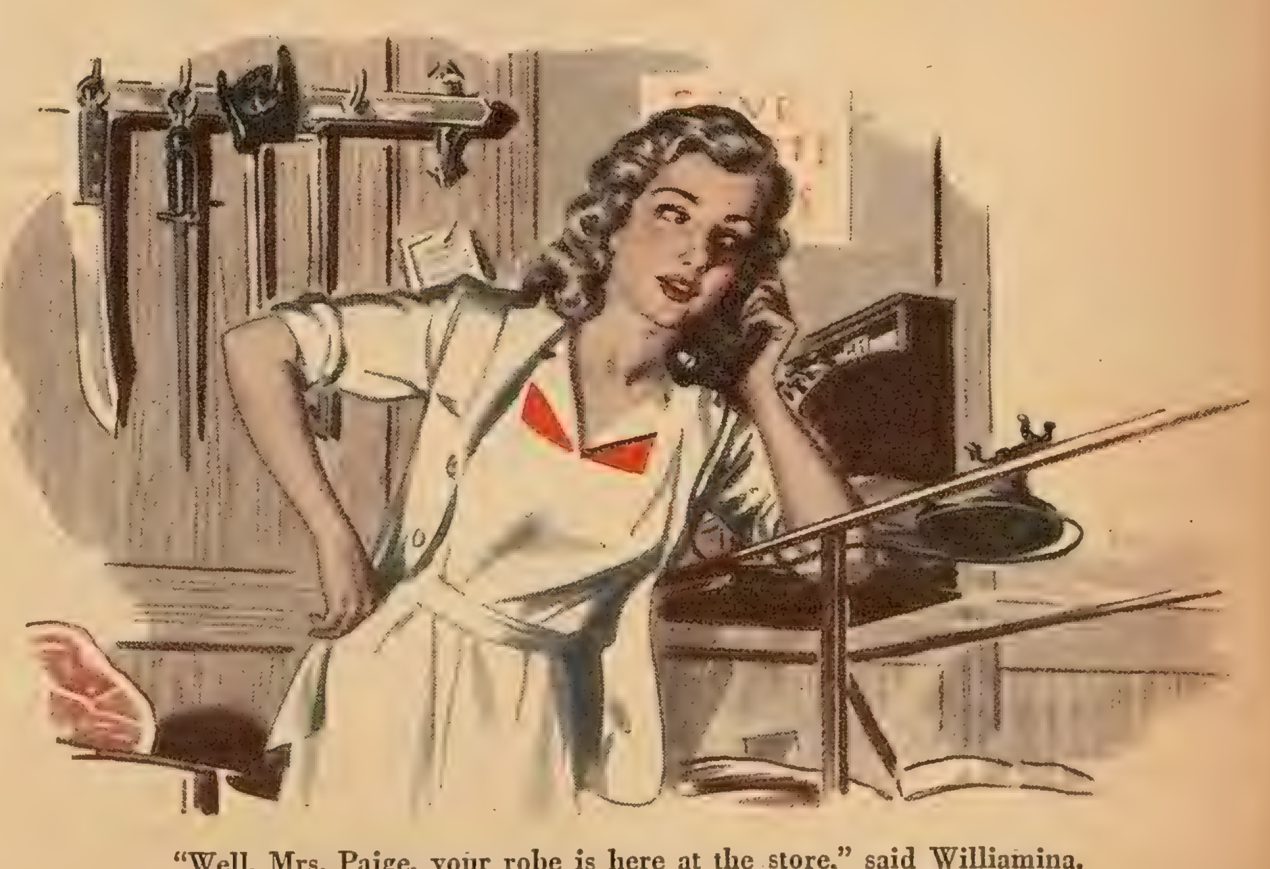
"Innocent."

"O. K."

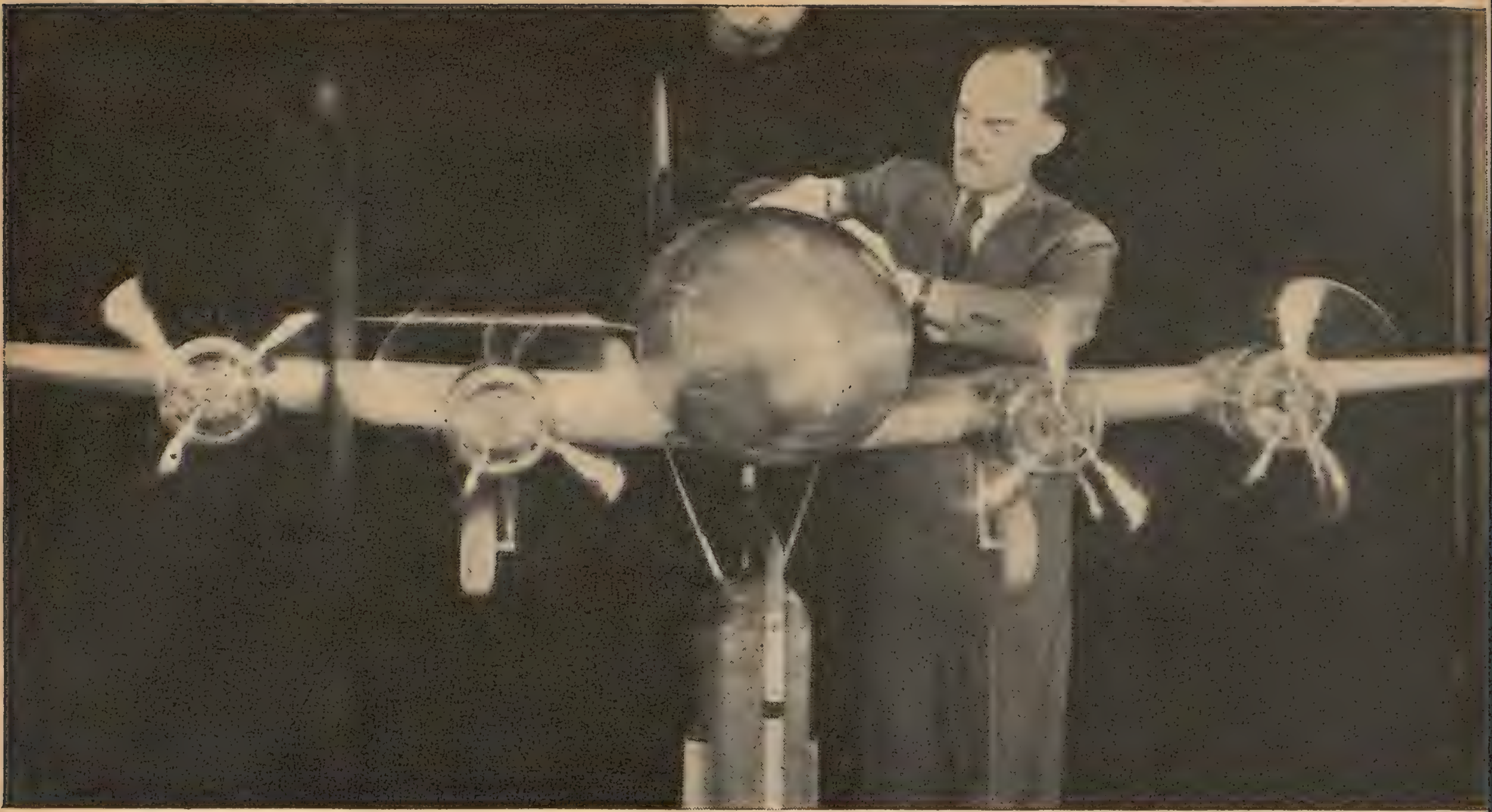
"I always have pleaded innocent," he went on. "Excepting once, a long time ago, for that ham from Newt Mifflin's smokehouse. Which was the biggest mistake I ever made." He nodded his head solemnly. "I should have denied everything."

She returned to the outer room, where the day policeman was resting his eyes again and snoring gently. She shook him. "Chris!"

(Continued on page 48)



"Well, Mrs. Paige, your robe is here at the store," said Williamina.



Before Eddie Allen, Boeing engineer, lost his life in a flight test of the B-29, he had smoothed most of the kinks in the ship's design.

The B-29—FIRST OF

Bombing Japan makes headlines for the B-29, but to understand this powerful weapon you must know its real significance and the story behind it

ON June 15 the whole Allied world was electrified by the flash that American bombers had struck Japan. This time it was not a stunt bombing, but a regular military operation which could be repeated. At the same time the formation of the American Twentieth Air Force was announced.

The bombing of Japan got the headlines, of course, but of greater significance to airmen was the formation of this first global striking force in all history, operating directly under the orders of the joint chiefs of staff in Washington, D. C. Japan had been bombed before and would be again. But that day marked the birth of air power on a world-wide scale. It was made possible by the development of a unique weapon, the Boeing B-29 Superfortress, an airplane which marks a new departure in military practice.

The B-29 represents America's magnificent gamble in air power. Indeed, this phrase is a gross understatement, for invested in the Superfortress are more than four years of the labor and skill of hundreds of engineers, mountains of materials, and more than $1,000,000,000. All of this was put into the development of an airplane mostly along pioneering lines. It was risked on the faith of Army Air Forces officials and on the determination and confidence of the Boeing engineering staff. The Superfortress deserves to be called the dream project of the Army Air Forces, for it epitomizes the most advanced thinking of these practical men of war.

Normally, the development of even a small military airplane is a tentative process. Models are designed and tested and redesigned. Months and years pass before the stage is reached where military airmen call a plane successful. More months and sometimes years pass before it begins to roll in quantity from the factories.

Despite the facts that the B-29 is the most complex airplane ever put together, and that its development was to a great extent along new and untried paths, it was ordered into quantity production before the first pioneering model had been flight-tested.

This, indeed, was a magnificent gamble. On the few previous occasions when major aviation equipment had been placed in quantity production before it had proved itself in service tests, disappointment and failure had resulted. Even under normal conditions this is a risky business. The risks are multiplied when material and manpower shortages are the rule and when many items of equipment, such as engines, have not been thoroughly tested by adequate service operations.

The odds against success of the B-29 might have been insurmountable except for the work of one man. Edmund T. (Eddie) Allen has been called the world's greatest test pilot. It was his idea that much of the gamble can be taken out of an airplane project by means of extensive wind-tunnel work long before the first rivet is driven. It was his belief that exhaustive wind-tunnel tests should be conducted with the flight-test pilot working in close collaboration with the engineers. In this way an airplane that would fly well and perform satisfactorily could be assured in advance and major time-consuming changes after the first model had been constructed could be avoided.

Eddie Allen and ten young and brilliant members of the Boeing Flight Test and Aeronautics Research staff died in a crash

A base for the air giants in In

Superfortresses aloft being paced by a B-17. Differences in size and design are readily apparent. Note long B-29 nose and slender tapering wing.

UR BIG BOMBERS

BY PETER BRUCE MacLENNAN

in Seattle on February 18, 1943. Shortly after noon on that day, Allen and his staff took off on what was to prove their last flight in a B-29, still an experimental airplane. Take-off and climb were without incident, but within a very few minutes fire broke out in a starboard engine nacelle. Allen immediately flew toward the airport. One mile short of the goal the Superfortress' wing, now enveloped in flames, dipped and sent the great bomber crashing into a brick building.

Allen had given his life, but he had already proved that his ideas were sound, and success for the B-29 gamble was already assured.

lid native workers file past a B-29.

At the time of the Munich crisis in the fall of 1938, America had nineteen heavy bombardment airplanes and no appropriations for more. But the U. S. Army Air Forces had in mind its dream bomber—a heavy bomber which could carry greater loads faster, higher, and farther than any bomber ever built. Air Corps officials asked the Boeing Company to submit ideas for modifying the successful B-17 Flying Fortress with this end in view. Certain modifications were suggested, but in Boeing's opinion the specifications outlined for the dream bomber could be met only by new design starting from scratch. Throughout the spring of 1939 discussions continued and acquired momentum. Meanwhile, history moved rapidly. The Nazis occupied all of Czechoslovakia and annexed Memel; Italian troops invaded Albania; Germany and Italy formed the Axis.

In September, when Poland was being invaded and the war had reached the stage of open hostilities, our War Department drew up performance specifications for the bomber America would need should England fall and war be thrust upon us—a bomber of such great range that it might accomplish its military missions by operating out of bases far removed from its targets.

On January 29, 1940, invitations were issued to America's airplane builders to bid on an experimental four-engined bomber of such capacity. There was no time for long deliberation; history was rushing men's decisions. Boeing submitted the design for an airplane with a gross weight of approximately forty-two tons.

In February, Air Corps staff officers decided that none of the designs submitted in competitive bids projected an airplane with a range meeting the requirements of the perilous times. It was still three months before Hitler invaded the Low Countries when the Army issued a supplement to its original specifications asking for, in brief, "more airplane."

Boeing engineers sharpened their pencils and went back to their drafting boards. Within thirty days they returned with Model 345—later designated as the B-29. Into it were incorporated every mile of range and speed, every pound of carrying capacity, and every foot of ceiling that was possible.

ON June 1, 1940, twenty days after Hitler invaded the Low Countries, Boeing received approval of its design and, accordingly, an appropriation and authorization to construct wind-tunnel models and a full-sized mock-up of the new bomber. Approval of the design came as a surprise to aircraft engineers who had become accustomed to starvation during the years when appropriations for aircraft were more mythical than actual. Few believed the War Department would go all out for production of the B-29. Frequently appropriations had been granted for wind-tunnel and mock-up projects which had never materialized in actual construction of aircraft.

The B-29 as finally ordered by the Army called for many startling innovations in a bombardment airplane. Many of these are still highly secret, but certain features have been O. K.'d for release to the public. The plane itself is huge, being half again as big as the famous Boeing Flying Fortress. It is powered by four Wright Cyclone 2,200-horsepower engines. Its range, speed, and bomb load and ceiling are secret. We are told, however, that it carries a much larger bomb load and has much longer range, higher speed, and a greater service altitude than any other bomber in the world.

An indication of the height at which the B-29 is meant to operate is the fact that it has a pressurized cabin. In other words, the crew's quarters are maintained at an atmospheric pressure similar to that of lower altitudes, no matter how high the airplane is flying.

This, of course, adds greatly to crew comfort on the long trip to and from the targets. The fliers arrive at the bomb-release point unfatigued and able to function at highest efficiency.

Another revolutionary feature is the gunfire control system. The ship is equipped with multiple-gun power turrets operated by remote control. Sighting the guns is done by means of a computing gun sight developed by General Electric which automatically allows for such factors as speed and elevation, making it theoretically impossible for the gunner to miss.

A complete description of the airplane would call for endless superlatives. For example, there are more than 150 individual electric motors in the airplane which operate various mechanisms such as the turrets, landing gear, wing flaps, etc.

But on June 1, 1940, all of this was still in the future. The airplane itself existed only as an idea on paper. It had to be translated into a living thing of metal and mechanism. Here at last was the opportunity Eddie Allen's Flight Test and Aerodynamics staff had dreamed of: the chance to test an airplane design rigorously in the wind tunnel and prove its capabilities *before* the design was adopted.

To understand what this opportunity meant to Eddie Allen, it is important to know his career. You will look in vain for his name in Who's Who. Professional honors came to him late, in the last five years of his life. The greatest, the Guggenheim Award, came posthumously. But every time you see a heavy airplane in the air, you are looking at Eddie Allen's work. He was the man who pioneered the science of measuring, accurately, the performance of an airplane.

Eddie Allen was a frail man with penetrating brown eyes, a quick warm smile, and ingratiating manners. He moved invariably in a half-run.

He learned to fly in the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps in 1917, becoming a flight instructor and eventually an Army test pilot. In this capacity he was sent to England to study engines.

Returning to the United States, he continued as an Army test pilot and later as test pilot for the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Then he enrolled at the University of Illinois as an engineering student, flight-testing in the summers to pay his tuition.

Later, at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Eddie designed a glider, and he took America's first glider team to France and Germany.

He flew the mail between Cheyenne and Salt Lake City in 1928, delved incessantly into the problems of radiotelephony for aircraft, and between times wrote a thesis for the University of Utah on The Problem of Operating and Navigating an Airplane Under Conditions of Stress, a pioneering approach to a study of the psychology of fear in the airplane pilot.

For a decade he worked as test pilot and aeronautical engineer, in a consulting capacity, for practically every aircraft and air-transport company in the United States.

(Continued on page 60)

UNREJECTED

Jenofonte had always played on the first team and was too proud a man ever to go back on his teammates, even to save his life

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY R. E. ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Only five of Jenofonte Ortega's shooting squad were left. There had been ten, but four had died here in the prison camp and one had tried to escape. He'd been caught.

That was why the Jap guards were herding the remaining five toward the camp gate.

He had no business here, Jenofonte thought. He had been a fool to join the National Guard. It hadn't made the Americans like him. Nothing ever would. To them, a Mexican was a Mexican, even though he was born in Arizona and as much an American as they were.

But he could go through Bataan with them! Bataan and now the prison camp.

Even before he'd joined they had used him—back there in high school, when they'd wanted a winning football team and hadn't cared how they got it. He remembered the day Coach Paulus had spoken to him. "You're big enough, Jenofonte. I'll make a good tackle of you if you'll come out for football."

Jenofonte, happy, had thought it was the opening to a world he'd always desired.

It hadn't worked, though. He had become such a good tackle that he was named on the all-State high-school eleven, but the Americans hadn't been any friendlier. He'd hang shyly on the edge of a group and they'd toss him words as if they were flipping away burnt matches.

Jenofonte had thought Coach understood. Once Coach said, "It's the way we are, Jenofonte. You and your people look a little different from us. Maybe you're making us feel you expect we won't like you. But it'll be all right some day—"

"When?" asked Jenofonte bitterly.

"I don't know." Coach's eyes grew suddenly cool. "Maybe when enough boys like you do what you could do—"

Jenofonte said, "I'm a good tackle, Coach."

"It's not that." Coach was gentle again. "It's for you to feel right—then we will."

Jenofonte thought maybe they would accept him and his people some day, but the day was far off and would never come now. The gate was now only five paces away.

A spig, that was all, Jenofonte thought. Like all his people. Democracy—they'd said in current events class. Democracy—they'd said when he joined the Guard. Democracy—they'd said when they shipped him to the Philippines, and they'd said it again when the Japs attacked.

As he passed through the gate, he realized suddenly that he was going to die because a believer in democracy had tried to escape and hadn't told the ones who would serve as hostages, so they, too, could try. Jenofonte had no time for bitterness. He only knew he didn't want to die. He was twenty-one and he'd had a girl; he'd had plans. He'd been a fool, he thought. He should have gone back to the country his people came from.

Just outside the gate was a thing like a gallows. From it a Filipino hung, thumbs strung to the overhead bar. When his thumbs hurt he could stand on his toes, and when his legs gave way he could hang by his thumbs. Three days ago, Sergeant Sykes said, the Japs had caught him passing food to the prisoners.

That Filipino must have believed this talk of democracy, too. He hadn't learned that it didn't work both ways. Jenofonte had known that a long time, but he'd been a fool, hoping he was wrong, willing even to give men like Sergeant Sykes a chance. Sykes had bawled Jenofonte out before they sailed. "Stop feeling sorry for yourself! Act like you know you're as good as I am, not like you was asking me to think so!"

The squad halted so suddenly that Jenofonte stumbled into the prisoner ahead of him. He was very weak; he hadn't had enough to eat since the surrender. A Jap guard slammed him in the back. A very dapper Jap officer was standing in front of him.

The officer grinned and hissed. "You are Mexican, señor," he said in Spanish.

Without thought, Jenofonte answered, "*Si.*"

The officer spun on his heel and a guard pushed Jenofonte after him. They passed the Jap barracks and went into a small house. The Jap perched on the edge of a table.

"Sit down," he said. "I am Lieutenant Colonel Nishihara, Special Intelligence. For some time I lived in the American Southwest. I learned much about your people there; they felt that I was one of them. We were all looked down on by the Americans!"

Jenofonte heard the shots then. Nishihara's eyes never left his face as he continued in excellent Spanish: "Japanese people have no quarrel with Mexicans. There is a place for you in the great design being accomplished by Japan! Students of man say that you, like us, originated in Asia. So you are part Japanese!"

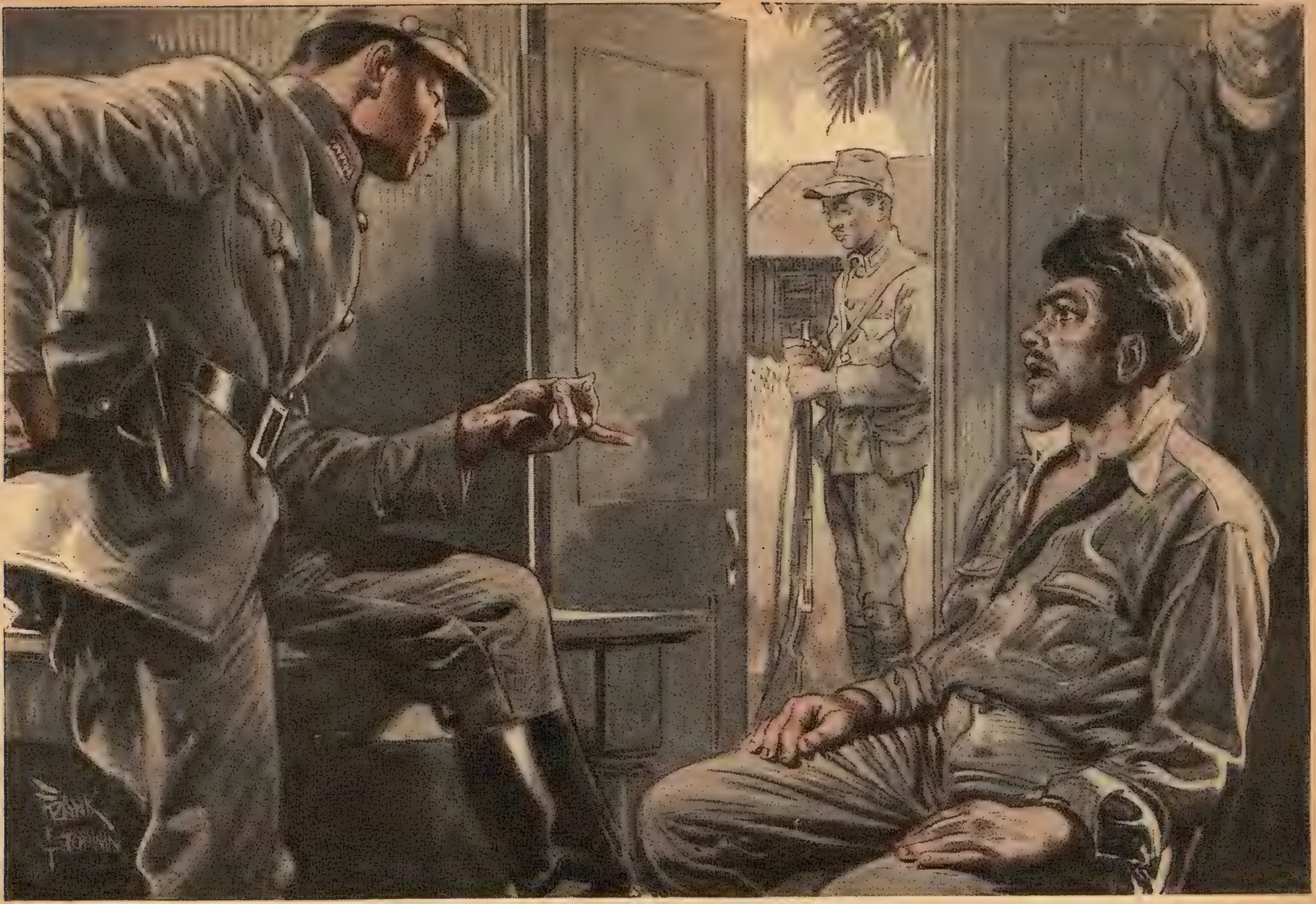
Jenofonte was finding it difficult to keep his mind on all this talk. He had not spoken much Spanish lately.

Nishihara leaned forward suddenly. "Your destiny is not with the haughty Americans who despise you! It is with us. We do not consider you inferior. Do you love the Americans?"

Jenofonte shook his head, thinking of Sergeant Sykes.

"Perhaps you would like some real Mexican food," said Nishihara, smacking his lips lustily.

Jenofonte sighed. He'd thought of food so often in this camp. Right now, nothing except a big bowl of breakfast cereal with milk and cream would taste good. Cereals, Coach said, were the thing to eat before a game. Jenofonte thought of Coach standing on the sideline, punching the air with



Nishihara continued: "Japanese people have no quarrel with Mexicans. There is a place for you in the great design of Japan."

his fists. He remembered the feeling of satisfaction and accomplishment after a game. The memory hurt inside.

Nishihara kept on talking: "Tell your own people they are fools to help the Americans. Tell them that you are well treated—"

He noticed Jenofonte's stare and added smoothly, "As you will be, after you make your broadcast to your true country. You will tell your people their proper interest lies with us!"

Jenofonte nodded wearily and Nishihara beamed. "We will make many broadcasts!" he said enthusiastically. "You will stay in Manila and Japanese will be your friends. You will interpret Japanese spirit to your people; you will show them what good cousins we are!"

Those words were familiar. Jenofonte tried to remember what Coach had said that sounded like that. It wasn't about Japanese, of course, but it had something to do with interpreting Mexicans and Americans.

Nishihara stood up. He said, "You will be returned to camp now. Soon we go to Manila. Of course, if you should change your mind about broadcast, Señor Ortega, you must remember you were in that squad and should have been shot today!" He giggled.

The guard marched Jenofonte back to camp. When they passed the gallows, Jenofonte saw that the thumb-hung Filipino was dead. Three days in the sun without food or water! But the Filipinos were little cousins of the Japs, too. He'd heard that propaganda on Bataan.

They turned him loose inside the gate. Habit led him toward the barracks where he had lived. He stumbled weakly and looked up into the face of Sergeant Sykes. The sergeant said, "So they didn't knock you off. How come?" The sergeant's face was sunk and lined, but his eyes were brightly steady.

Jenofonte said, "They want me to make broadcasts in Spanish."

"More of their damn lies!" said Sykes disgustedly. "When?"

"Soon. From Manila."

Sykes said wearily, "Well, I don't blame you—I'd like some regular food myself." He looked at Jenofonte sharply.

"Yeah," said Jenofonte without interest. He thought the broadcasts wouldn't do much harm. A few of his people might believe what he said, and they would feel a little more friendly toward the Japs. That wouldn't hurt at all—probably. Jenofonte tried to tell himself that he didn't care if it did.

He wished he could stop thinking of what Coach had said after he earned his place on the first team. Coach had said, "Don't play for me, Jenofonte. Don't play because you think we'll like you better. Play because you need what playing can give you!"

He tried to push the words out of his head. They made him feel wrong about this broadcasting stuff. And yet he was in this because he'd joined the Guard of his own free will. He couldn't expect always to win.

He wondered where Coach was and if he'd hear his broadcast. Coach would think he hadn't made much of a player of him after all. Coach would think he didn't belong on any team.

Sergeant Sykes said slowly, "It's a hard thing for any man—"

Jenofonte waited for Sykes to finish. When he didn't, Jenofonte said, "You was going to say, 'even for a spig.'"

He remembered how he had never sat on the bench; he had always played every minute of every game. He owned a place on the first team. "But I'm as good a man as you are," he said quietly, "and I'm not going to do it."

The way the sergeant looked at him made Jenofonte smile to himself. He remembered his first game. He'd been afraid to block his man. Before they lined up for the next play, he'd seen Coach looking at him and he'd been so ashamed he'd busted through their line and caught the ball carrier flat-footed.

He'd felt right when he stood up. Coach had looked across the field and grinned, the way the sergeant was grinning now. They were a lot alike, Jenofonte saw. He might have been wrong about the sergeant and other Americans. He hadn't let them know that he set a high value on himself.

"You thought it all over?" asked the sergeant. "They won't like it. They'll think of that shooting squad you was on." His eyes were intent on Jenofonte.

Jenofonte said, "I was always on the first team." Even in his weariness he felt his shoulders lift squarely as his eyes met the sergeant's. He said. "I couldn't do any different."

The sergeant looked around carefully. He said, "The last man on my shooting squad died this morning. So I'm going to make a break tonight. It'll be kind of tough, maybe plenty tough. You want to come along?"

"Why not?" asked Jenofonte levelly.

"Why the hell not?" said the sergeant with satisfaction. "The two of us! On a job like this, I need a man who knows what he's worth!"

THE END

This is the form with which Semyon Boichenko betters world swim marks.

Sports-conscious Russians pack a Moscow stadium for a soccer game.

Russian boxers do not have our skill, but wade in with much brawn and gusto.

Everybody plays some game in Russia. Collective farm workers at volleyball.

Relay race in a stadium of the Dynamo Club, a national sports group.

Nickolai Ozolin (Number 5) holds the European pole-vault record of 14′ 1¼″.

Russian Sports—A CHALLENGE?

Pull up a grandstand seat and get an eyeful of a little-known phase of Soviet progress—competitive sports. You'll get a run for your money

BY PAUL GARDNER

HOW good are Russian athletes? Can they measure up to those of the United States and the rest of the world? What effect has total war had on sports activities in the Soviet Union?

The answers to these questions, interesting in themselves, are even more pertinent now that the Russians may seek to re-enter the Olympic Games. The Olympics are the major international proving ground for the athletes of the world. But the Russians have not been represented since 1912, so the rest of the world has known next to nothing of their modern sports strength.

About the only noise the Russians ever made in the Olympics, anyway, occurred in 1908 at London, when the Czar insisted that the Finns carry a Russian flag in the Olympic parade or no flag at all. The Finns carried no flag at all. The Russians did nothing of athletic consequence that year or in the Olympics of 1912 at Stockholm.

What about today? Compared with the United States, greatest of sports countries, Russia still has a long way to go, but her progress in athletics during the past decade has bordered on the remarkable. Her athletes already have bettered our records in a number of events—four in swimming, a few in long-distance running, and several in women's track and field.

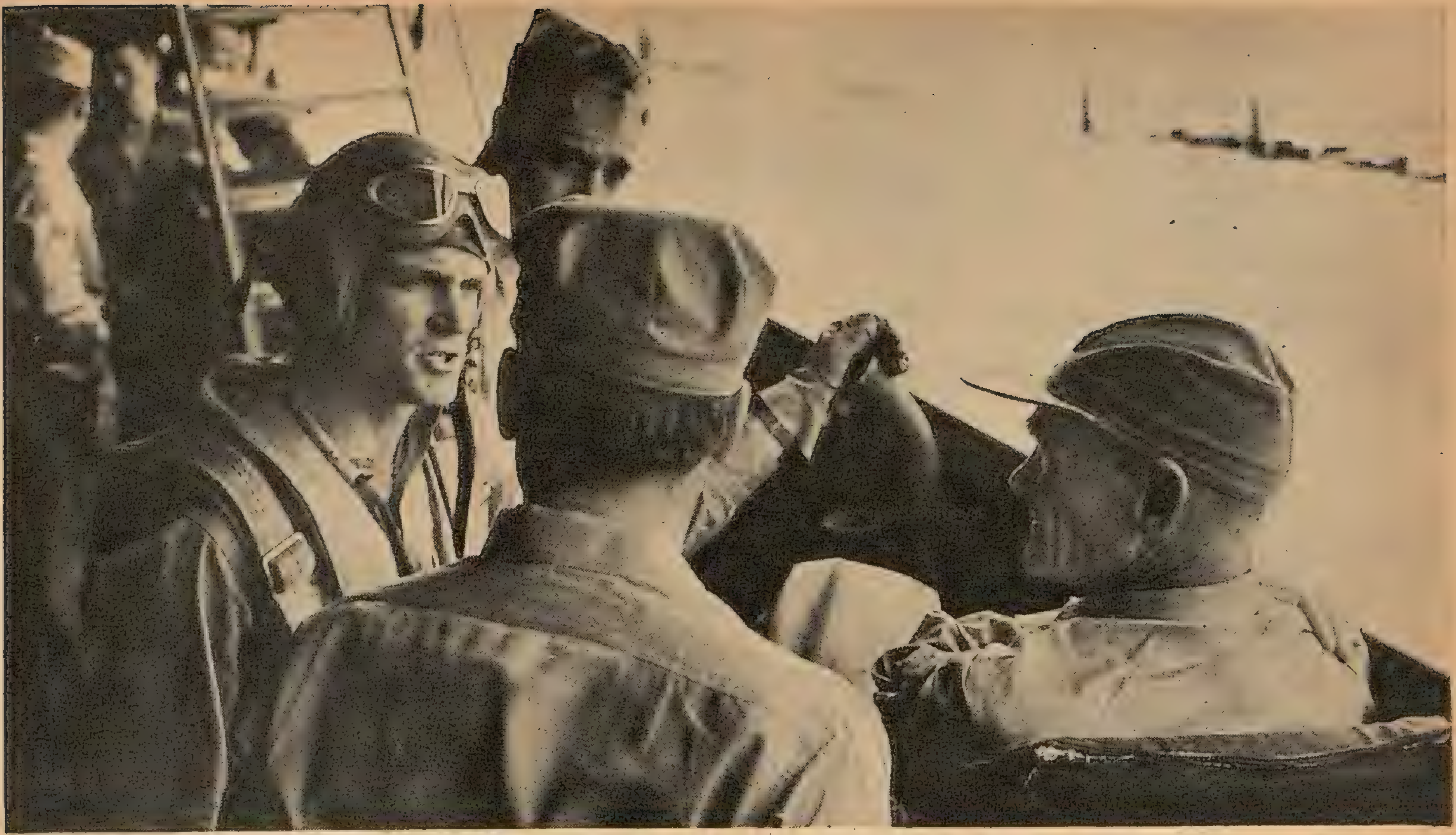
These facts are just emerging. It now develops that some of the keenest Russian planning has embraced athletics and, according to Soviet figures, the U. S. S. R.'s comprehensive sports program had enlisted 35,000,000 participants before World War II. Claims as to the number of playing fields and of contestants in single events verge on the fantastic. But one thing is certain: in measurable sports, such as track and field and swimming, where the stop watch and the tape measure tell the story, the Russians have come along amazingly.

They have so far transcended the marks of Czarist days that it is no contest. For example, in the 1912 Olympics at Stockholm, E. Wannag, then a Russian star, tossed the shot only 34 feet 5 inches. Pat McDonald, the Irish cop from the U. S. A., won the event with a heave of 50 feet 3 inches. But the Russians' current record, held by Kanaki, is 50 feet 11 7/16 inches. True, the world record has jumped to 57 feet 1 inch, but the Russian progress in this event is phenomenal.

Thirty years ago the Russian standards were nowhere near the then existing records, but today they are within reasonable range of world and Olympic marks. This improvement hasn't come overnight; the Russians have been working toward it diligently for some years.

In the '30s, Henri Cochet, one-time world tennis champion, Jules Ladoumegue, who once held the world record of 4:09.2 for the mile, Marcel Thil, the former world middleweight boxing champion, and other athletic celebrities were invited to visit the Soviet Union to teach their specialties. Moreover, the Russians had sent observers to other countries. Ljakhov, their top-notch discus thrower and shot putter, for example, was at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936, taking copious notes. He interviewed the American world record holder, Jack Torrance, through an interpreter, and when he returned to his

(*Continued on page 55*)



Admiral Mitscher gets a firsthand report from a carrier pilot in our battle for Saipan.

AIR BATTLE FOR SAIPAN

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Liberty's correspondent with the task force that routed the Jap fleet gives us an eyewitness account in a fast-moving, two-part thriller

**Aboard an aircraft carrier,
West of the Marianas.**

WE were just coming back on position in the main body of the fleet, after our adventure up in the Bonin Islands, when we heard the tremendous news.

We had begun the campaign for the Marianas by doing our share in the preliminary bombing of Saipan, helping to prepare the situation for the assault by the Marines and the Army. Then our particular carrier group had been ordered to break away and do what damage it could in the Bonins. Those islands lie about 700 miles north of the Marianas and only some 500 miles south of Japan proper. The Japanese had airfields there, particularly at Iwo Jima and Chichi Jima, and those airfields would be excellent staging points for the support of the Jap garrisons at Saipan, unless something was done about them.

So, while our ship lay about 600 miles from Japan, closer than any American surface vessel had been to that empire since the war began, our fliers went to work. They knocked twenty Zeros out of the air on the first strike at Iwo Jima. Before they were through they ruined eighty more planes which they caught on the ground, and did heavy damage to the landing strips. No support planes would be coming out of the Bonins for a while.

Now, in the early darkness, we moved slowly through the sea, with the ships of the fleet invisibly about us in all directions. We were close enough to Saipan to see the star shells the Marines sent up as they fought on into the night. Our planes were snugged down on flight deck and hangar deck. A few bridge games were already under way in the wardroom when word went over the ship like a jolt of electricity:

"The Japanese fleet is out!"

Men hurried about, exchanging that single, unembellished item of news. The Japanese fleet was out. Nothing more. No details.

Where was it? Nobody knew. Was it preparing to attack? Nobody had heard. So men grinned at each other and murmured "Brother!" and began to argue about the exact date of the last time the enemy fleet had paraded the high seas.

That had been long ago. Ever since the Battle of Santa Cruz in October, 1942, the Japanese had remained hidden somewhere in the South China Sea. All of us had said, and heard it said, again and again: "If they ever come out, this war will be half over. Nothing on earth could stand up and trade punches with this fleet of ours."

Some officers who had a reasonable excuse for going to the bridge disappeared up the ladders. But when they returned they had little more to tell us. The Jap fleet—or a very large part of it—was in the open Pacific. And there was information that it was headed toward us.

We had to sleep on that. But in the morning the news became a little more real. Enemy airplanes, singly and in pairs, had been sighted spearing in toward our fleet from westward—Zekes, which operate from carrier decks. Our patrol planes were shooting them down far out from our formations on the sea. Were they flying from Palau or Yap and trying to make Guam airfield, which the Japanese still held and operated? There was no proof that they came from carriers.

Then, early in the forenoon, came a dispatch: A Jap carrier of the Shokaku class had been hit by one of our submarines. The sub had got in three torpedoes and survived a ferocious depth-charge attack from destroyers. When at last it surfaced again it had found only

(Continued on page 56)

CAREER CASUALTY

BY MARIAN CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY DICK WILLIAMS

FROM four o'clock on, Roberta Waldron had ceased to be the efficient regional director of a Middle Western government agency and was only a woman in love, listening for a telephone call. Dr. Craig MacKenzie—the man she loved and the man she hoped was in love with her—had said he'd phone from the hospital and they would have dinner together.

Five years ago, when she divorced Phil Waldron, she hadn't dreamed she could ever feel like this about any man again—young and weak and shaken. She had been so out of love with Phil at the last. Almost fiercely she had disdained alimony, even any support for their daughter, Mary Leslie, and had set out to find work.

Her first government job had led to better and better alphabetical jobs. Her first desperate need to pay the landlady and the grocer had given way, with a better salary, to interest in the job itself, to unconfessed exultation over being the head of a bureau, with her own suite of offices and her own battery of telephones and her own staff of deferential secretaries.

The offices emptied. Even the switchboard girl had gone. When at last the telephone rang, a fresh, delicious agitation swept through her. That would be Craig MacKenzie. Her heart beat thickly.

"Hello," she said shakily.

"Is that you, mother?" asked fifteen-year-old Mary Leslie.

The gap was almost too wide to bridge, the gap between being Craig MacKenzie's sweetheart and Mary Leslie's mother. The soft mistiness of her face changed to a look of baffled exasperation. "Yes, dear. Did you want something?"

"I—I just thought I'd call. Will you be away again for supper?"

Roberta flushed. "Away again!" It was absurd the way the child could put her on the defensive. Craig was partly to blame—always harping on Mary Leslie's being left alone too much.

"The doctor and I are going to drop in for a bite at the Purple Parrot, and then he'll bring me home to dress for the rally," she explained placatingly. Ridiculous—apologizing to one's own daughter! But she knew that Mary Leslie doted on the Purple Parrot and that she adored the doctor, who always turned a sympathetic ear toward her.

Fifteen-year-olds, eager for life and understanding, are sure to drift too close to danger when they become nobody's business

"There's meat loaf in the icebox," she went on. "And eat some salad too. Then, when I get home, you can help me dress." If only Mary Leslie were like other girls, like her young friend Jo-Anne, for instance, who was dainty and bland and predictable, instead of being so big and sulky and rebellious and—and "boy-crazy."

"I—I could meet you at the Parrot, mother, if you wanted me to—" Roberta could see her, perched on the little telephone chair, one soiled saddle shoe burrowing into the pile of the carpet, her sweater strained across her full breasts. Why was it that no matter what size she got, Mary Leslie's sweaters were always too tight? "Then tonight, while you're up on the platform with all the celebs, I could sit with the doctor—?"

Roberta frowned. If only Mary Leslie were young enough to be put to bed firmly! Or old enough so she could confess frankly to her, "I need all the breaks I can get, Mary Leslie. I'm trying to make the doctor realize he's in love with me!" But Mary Leslie was Mary Leslie, fifteen and moody and secretive and trying.

"We'd love to have you, dear. But let's make the party some other time. I've had a hectic day at the office, and there's still my speech tonight, which is part of my job. I'll be nervous as a witch till it's over." This wasn't quite true, for any public appearance acted as a heady stimulant to Roberta. She pictured herself up on the platform with the notables, wearing her blue-sequin frock. Craig couldn't help but be touched by her earnest little speech.

No sound came from the other end of the line. Now what? "Mary Leslie?" she said with strained patience.

"Yes, mother."

"If you really want to help mother tonight, you'll stay home like a good girl."

She was ashamed of herself even as she said it. Using that pompous third person, "help mother," which took such a mean advantage of a child. But she had to have tonight for herself. To be a woman in.

She was half resentful at the doctor, too. For if he even suspected that Mary Leslie wanted to go along tonight, he would be paternally delighted. In his benevolent way, he would spend the entire evening "drawing her out," leaving Roberta to feel lonely and waspish and drawn-in. Of course it showed he'd make a marvelous stepfather when the time came; but the time would never come unless she could be alone with him more often.

She heard a gulp and a hard little voice saying, "O. K., if you don't want me. 'By." The receiver clicked brusquely.

"Oh, but darling—!" she cried into the dead telephone. She bit her lip. It did seem as though Mary Leslie might be a little more appreciative.

She got up and went into her private washroom to put on her hat, feeling aggrieved and tired and unselfish.

BUT as she tilted her demure cinnamon bun of a hat lower before the mirror, her resentment left her. Approvingly she decided that at thirty-five it was better to look tucked-in and sleek than windblown and hoydenish. She stroked her new dyed-ermine coat respectfully as she carried it out of her office.

Not that she worshiped clothes—or things. But she'd been poor a good many years. And now, while she was scrupulous about buying bonds and insurance first, it was wonderful to be out of debt and wearing things with the best labels in them.

Craig hadn't seen her coat. She would let him hold it for her. Her eyes grew young and pensive. Perhaps tonight . . .

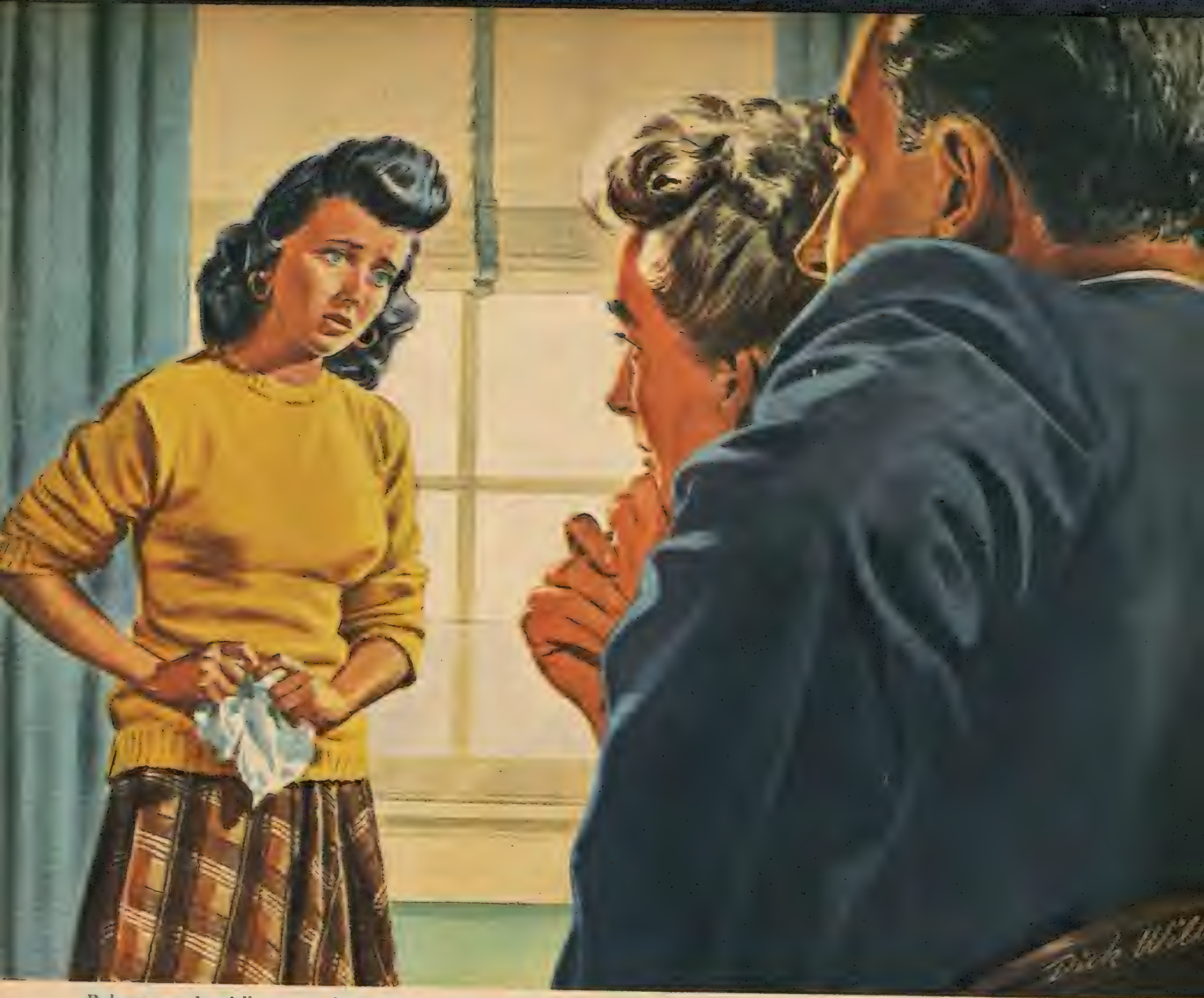
The door opened. Dr. Craig MacKenzie stood there looking across at her with his direct, searching gaze. There was a curious, weighted silence in the room. Then he was across the room and had her in his arms. She was too honest to be arch. She kissed him back. And his kisses went clear through her, mind and body. A sweet violence gripped them both.

Someone entered an adjoining office. They broke apart guiltily. She stooped breathlessly to gather up her keys.

Craig held out her coat for her. She flushed as she looked up into his taut, rueful face. "That was all that saved you!" he grinned. "Another five minutes and there'd have been a vacant chair at the rally tonight!"

She wished shamelessly that it might have been so. During all her first love of

His hand closed on hers—hard. They had forgotten war and fifteen-year-olds.



Roberta saw the girl's eyes go from the woman behind the desk to Craig, and they were abject, shamed, and just plain scared.

whirlwind Phil Waldron, she had never been so stirred as she was by this mild-mannered, fortyish, overworked doctor.

At the Purple Parrot, he was humorously impressed by her fur coat. "You look as fine as the girls out at the plant who work seven days and overtime."

She flushed, hoping anxiously that he didn't think— After all, she had put more than ten per cent into war bonds.

She remembered the night they met. She had given a talk to mothers at the day nursery in his down-at-the-heel neighborhood. That nursery and his boys' club were his two chief passions, outside his work. She'd sensed his quick flare-up of interest. Sometimes she'd had a baffled feeling that they had understood each other better that night than at any time since.

Yet, as he looked across at her now, she knew he was everything she wanted. He was too big to mind, as Phil had, her little forays into the spotlight; her having her own job, her own income, her own triumphs. Oh, she'd fit them all into his larger and perhaps more important career. But she'd have them. With Craig, she'd have everything!

She made him talk about his own day. It helped him. Long ago she had discovered how great was his disappointment at not being in the war. But Procurement had said that he was essential where he was.

He smiled across at her. "And you? The same old alphabetical rat race down at your place, I suppose. All the lesser rats asking favors of the bigger ones. And the bigger ones scared that there's been a new and overlapping rat agency appointed overnight to take away their cheese-dispensing powers—huh?"

They both laughed.

Then, because he had often expressed his impatience with the bureaucratic hoopla that was a part of her job, she said appeasingly, "About tonight, Craig. You mustn't mind if the bombast and flowery tributes get pretty thick. It seems to take a certain amount to keep the war effort rolling."

"I suppose so. Funny how we hate to do our share unless we can do it picturesquely," he said soberly. "Took me a while to accept it that my bit in saving the country was to stay home delivering babies and taking care of factory accidents, instead of removing shrapnel under bombfire.

"Everybody has to work it out—weigh it —especially women. With a family to look after, they've got two jobs. If they fail at one of them, they stand to lose the chief thing this country is fighting to keep safe —homes." He seemed to be trying to tell her something, to make her see something that was unhappily clear to him.

But Roberta saw what she wanted to see. She agreed readily. "Exactly what I told Mary Leslie one night last summer when I caught her sneaking in through the service entrance. She'd lied about her age and got herself a job in a defense plant. Heavens, but she looked tough and dirty!"

"What was it you told her?"

"I told her *I* was devoting my life to the war effort, and that she simply couldn't be Rosie the Riveter at fifteen. There was plenty she could do selling war stamps and collecting scrap."

"What did she say to that?"

"She sulked and said, 'In a little red wagon, I suppose!'"

He nodded thoughtfully. "That's what I meant about mothers having a double problem these days. The kids are hell-bent on doing something big and personal and real. But how really to harness that dynamite—"

Oh, dear, he was going all benevolent social worker about Mary Leslie again. She flushed irritably.

"Of course it's harder for me to handle Mary Leslie than it would be if I were just a home woman," she said with conscious plaintiveness. Let him think about *her* for a change. "But once this campaign

(*Continued on page 62*)

Ethelred the Unsteady

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

THE rubicund visage of Thaddeus K. Dark, president of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, advertising specialists, wore an expression of mystification and anxiety.

"Now, look here!" Mr. Dark said. "I can take a beating in fair fight. But there's a difference between a beating and a trimming, if you understand."

Chlorinda Calder—Chlo to everyone save, possibly, the Collector of Internal Revenue—understood. She rejoiced in the role of first-string secretary to Mr. Dark.

"Trimmed in the tricky sense of the word?" she said.

"Precisely." T. K. Dark thumped his desk. "And when I'm threatened with a trimming from a shady double-dealing outfit like Wills-Rutherford, I see red. How any sane woman could narrow the choice down between that crew and a firm like ours, I can't think."

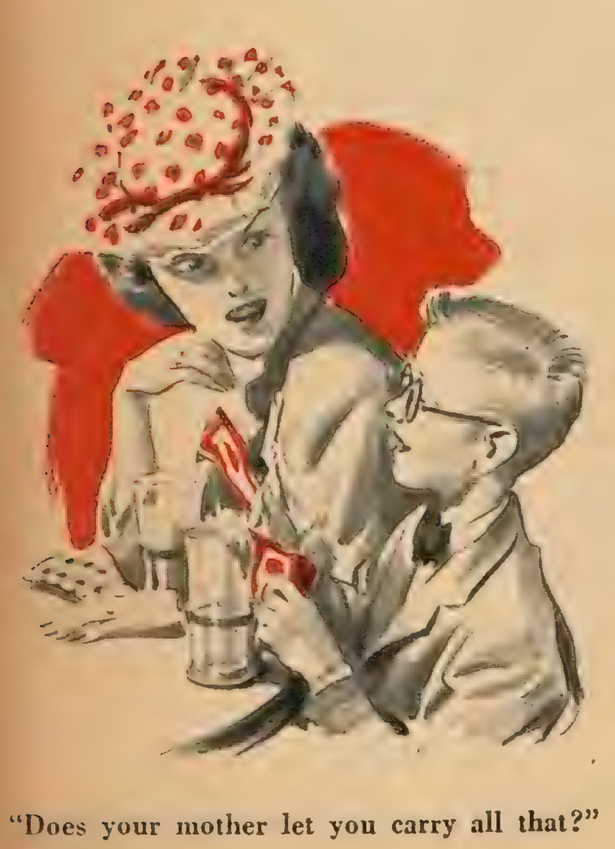
Chlo wrinkled her nose meditatively.

"But is that actually what Mrs. Claypool has done?" she asked.

"I am telling you," Mr. Dark said with wondrous patience. "I decided to go after this account personally, so this morning I went to her hotel for a preliminary discussion. Well, Mrs. Claypool stated that she's studied the work of the big agencies and that her own mind is made up. It's either us or Wills-Rutherford. We are, therefore, to make a presentation. W.-R. have already made theirs."

"Well, my goodness, T. K.," Chlo said, "Chuck and Pix'll spark campaigns to knock anything Wills-Rutherford can do out into the Atlantic." She referred to Dark, Devlin & Disbrow's infallible production team, Chuck Eiler and Pixsley, copy chief and head art director.

"Why don't you listen?" T. K. waved petulant hands. "I said Mrs. Claypool had made up her own mind. Unfortunately, there is her son, Ethelred. And Mrs. Claypool told me he is in favor of giving the business to Wills-Rutherford."



"Does your mother let you carry all that?"

"Ethelred? What on earth could a man named Ethelred Claypool be like?"

"How the devil would I know?" Mr. Dark glared out of bright blue eyes. "I didn't meet the fellow. He was out, at an exhibition of airplanes. Anyhow, the point is that Wills-Rutherford has managed to impress him. And I can't understand how."

Upon the death of her husband, some years before, Mrs. Amelia Claypool had inherited a prosperous business. This enterprise was known as the Claypool Cereal Company. Mrs. Claypool had slid into the driver's seat and promoted cereals in a manner to cause the late Claypool to gnash spectral teeth in envy.

Chlo, the ad genius, gets into complications involving a doting mama, her breakfast food, and her private-consumer jury composed of one spoiled brat

As a result, Mrs. Claypool had become an industrial celebrity. And when such invade Gotham for the purpose of determining upon an advertising agency to introduce a new product, agencies leap for the morsel.

Mrs. Claypool's new product was Flaky Flips, a children's breakfast food.

"She wants completely fresh thinking behind the stuff," said Dark. "That's why the Chicago agency that handles her other business isn't getting this. And, by gad, if we—" He broke off and glowered morosely into space.

"You want this business badly, don't you, T. K.?" Chlo said.

T. K. threw his short round body forward in his chair. "Right!" he barked. "I'd want it if Mrs. Claypool wasn't going to spend fifty cents. Because it's the first time we've ever had a situation where Wills-Rutherford is our only competitor. And if that crowd licks us, I—by heaven, I'll shut up shop."

"Well, they haven't licked us yet."

"No." He gloomed. "But it looks as if we've three strikes on us already, due to that confounded son. Mrs. Claypool spoke as if our presentation is to be a mere formality."

Chlo left him alone with his sorrow then. On the threshold of her own small office, next door, she paused.

Behind her desk sat a young man. He was making free with her cigarettes. Clouds of smoke wreathed his light leonine head. His face registered serenity of soul.

Chlo's long black eyes came alive with pin points of yellow light. Stormy light, too. Which was strange. Russell Calder, her brother and only close relative, was something special in young men. Broad-shouldered and slim-waisted, he looked like a viking who has fallen into the clutches of Brooks Brothers.

"And how," Chlo's ordinarily nice husky voice dripped vinegar, "is the ace of aces? Come for more argument?"

"Nope." Russell's face lost a touch of its serenity. "You—you're not going to like it, Chlo, but— Oh, heck, I just dropped in to give you a close-up of Corbin & Cosgrove's newest test pilot."

Chlo's knees went suddenly weak. Instinctively she knew he wasn't kidding. And it was now clear that his mind had been definitely made up even in the first bantering stages of the debate that had started two months ago, when he'd come back from Europe invalided out of the Air Forces and practically buried under decorations.

"So you've done it!" she said, lips twitching. "After all I've said!"

"Now, sis, did you honestly expect me to take that job?" He snorted in disgust. "Selling space in a magazine! Wouldn't that be rugged?"

"It would have been safe, for a change," Chlo said sharply. "But no! That isn't good enough for our hero!"

His eyes darkened. "So you think I'm impressed with myself because I was lucky enough to knock down a few Jerries?"

"Oh, Russell!" Impulsively Chlo crossed over, put a slim arm around his shoulders, "I'm a dog, talking like that. But I've worried for so long, and now—test piloting." She shook her head. "The most dangerous job there is."

"Don't be silly," said Russell.

"When did this happen?" Chlo asked.

He looked a little guilty. "I signed up last Wednesday. And I had to sell Corbin & Cosgrove a bill of goods. They were sticky about my wound. But, nuts! That healed long ago and it was all eyewash anyhow, me being kicked out of the Air Forces on account of a gimpy shoulder. I—oh, to cut it short, C. & C. are hard up for pilots. I had my first job this morning. It went off O. K., too."

"And that," Chlo frowned, "is that."

Russell got up. He bent, kissed the tip of Chlo's nose.

"That's that, kid," he said. "And the way it should be. But don't worry. They can't kill Calder. Ask the Luftwaffe." He went out, his rangy frame swinging jauntily through the doorway.

CHUCK EILER, the copy chief, ran a hand through his wiry wheat-colored hair. "Satisfied, T. K.?" he asked.

Mr. Dark studied the last of the advertisements with which he fondly hoped to corral Mrs. Amelia Claypool's Flaky Flips account. In a few minutes Mrs. Claypool and her son Ethelred would arrive.

"Yes," he said at last. "These are good campaigns, Chuck. If it was just a question of advertisements— But never mind that!" He glanced around to Chlo. "What do you think of them?" he demanded.

"Me?" said Chlo, as if far away.

"Yes, you." Mr. Dark spoke irritably. "What's the matter with you? You've been walking around in a dream lately."

A touch contritely, Chlo realized that Flaky Flips had become a matter of scant importance to her. She had been thinking exclusively of her brother and his earnest desire to break his neck in the interest of bigger and better aircraft. She knew it would have been sporting to wish Russell all luck in his preferred profession. But she hadn't. And now she was painfully aware of a slight, but growing, coolness between herself and her handsome, reckless kid brother.

"Oh, the ads?" she said now, vaguely. "Why, they're—"

She was saved by the sudden opening of the door. A small blonde girl whisked into the room. This was Miss Wintz, under-undersecretary to Mr. Dark, and Chlo's assistant.

"Mrs. Claypool," Miss Wintz announced. "And her—well, her son."

"Good gad, Wintz," T. K. Dark said testily, "there's no need to act like a hysterical jack rabbit! Show them in."

MISS Wintz vanished. Then . . . came Mrs. Claypool.

She was, hands down, the most massive formidable-looking woman that Chlo had ever seen. Measuredly, like a flat-top nosing into a wharf, she crossed Mr. Dark's office.

In her wake was a small boy.

He was about twelve. His features were nondescript, his complexion sallow; his chin had given up before completing the course. He carried a little model of a Flying Fortress.

Mrs. Claypool berthed into a chair that Eiler held for her. The boy stood, undecided, gazing at the airplane model.

Mr. Dark, visibly shaken, introduced Mrs. Claypool. "But," he said, "I had no idea that—that—"

"I understand," said Mrs. Claypool with composure. "You thought, of course, that Ethelred was an adult?"

"Well, yes," Mr. Dark admitted.

"My fault entirely." Mrs. Claypool smiled like a benign siege gun. "You see, I consider Ethelred largely as grown up and I suppose I failed to explain his actual—er—status the other day." She regarded the chinless one as if he were covered with chocolate frosting. "We must think of ourselves as adults, mustn't we, lambie-pie? The future head of a great business cannot realize his responsibilities too early, can he?"

Lambie-pie, adult or no, kicked at the carpet. "Don't want a business," he stated moodily. "Want to be a flier."

"It's a phase he's going through," Mrs. Claypool assured them, "due to the war. And, speaking of war, one object of my trip East is to enter Ethelred in military school. I want his body to be as robust as his mind. *Mens sana in corpore sano*, you see. But"—she sighed profoundly—"we are having a little trouble about the military school."

"Won't go to military school," Ethelred announced.

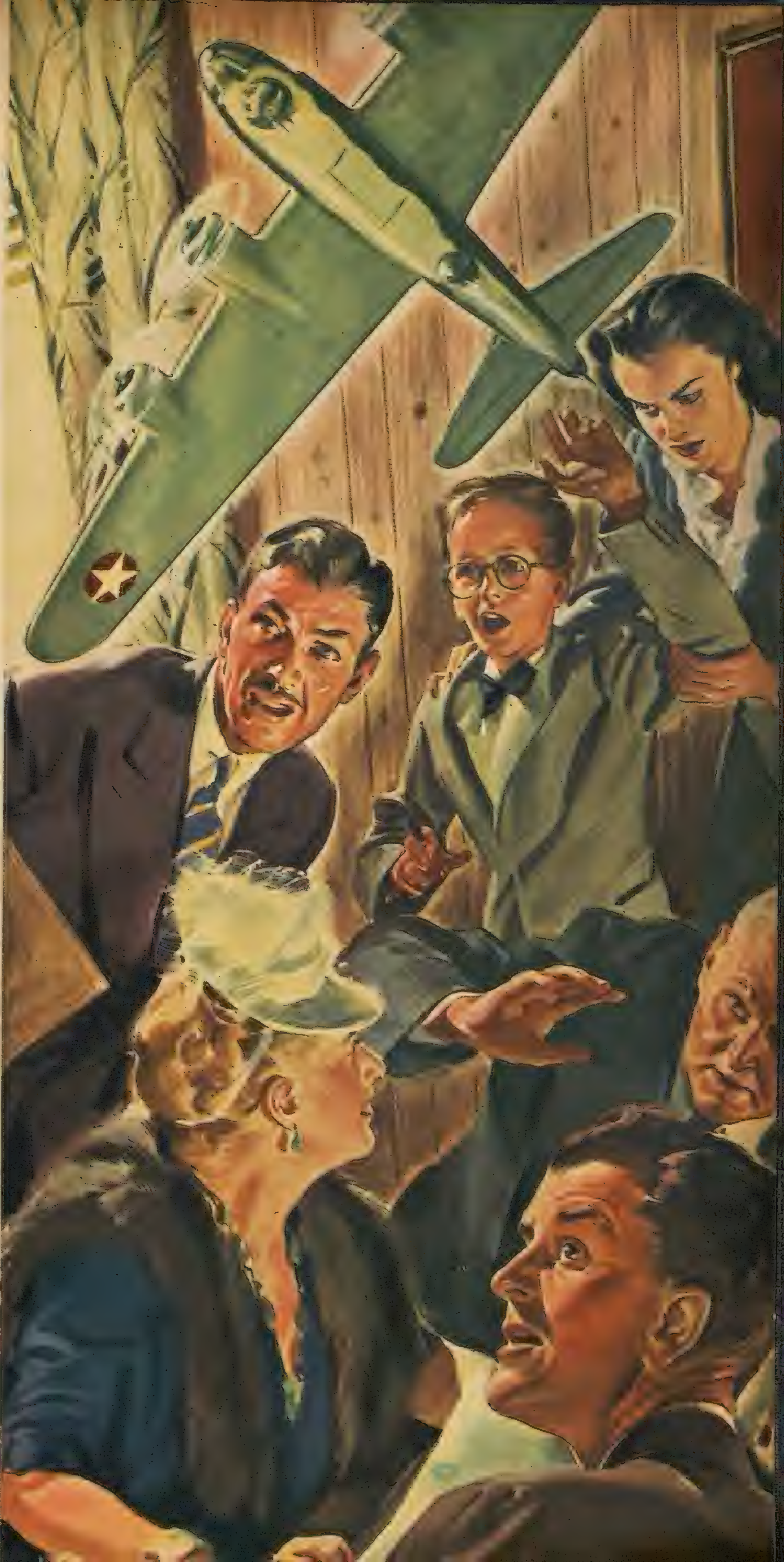
"Let's forget it now, sweet," said Mrs. Claypool placatingly. "We are here to judge advertising." She addressed the congregation generally: "Flaky Flips are, of course, designed primarily for children. That is why I regard Ethelred's opinion highly. As a normal healthy boy, he will know instinctively whether your ideas will appeal to the juvenile market."

It seemed to Chlo that Mrs. Claypool was somewhat balled up. First, her offspring was a man among men—then, presto, a boy with a boy's outlook.

T. K. Dark looked as if apoplexy were just around the corner.

But there was good stuff in T. K. With a Herculean effort, he controlled himself and presented the first of the campaigns.

(*Continued on page 66*)



An instant later the Fortress sailed clear across the room.

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

NYLON-HAPPY—Nothing stronger than a pair of nylons causes Nancy Southern's exhiliration, 5,000 pairs, grabbed from black-market operators, were sold at Greensboro, N. C. ↑

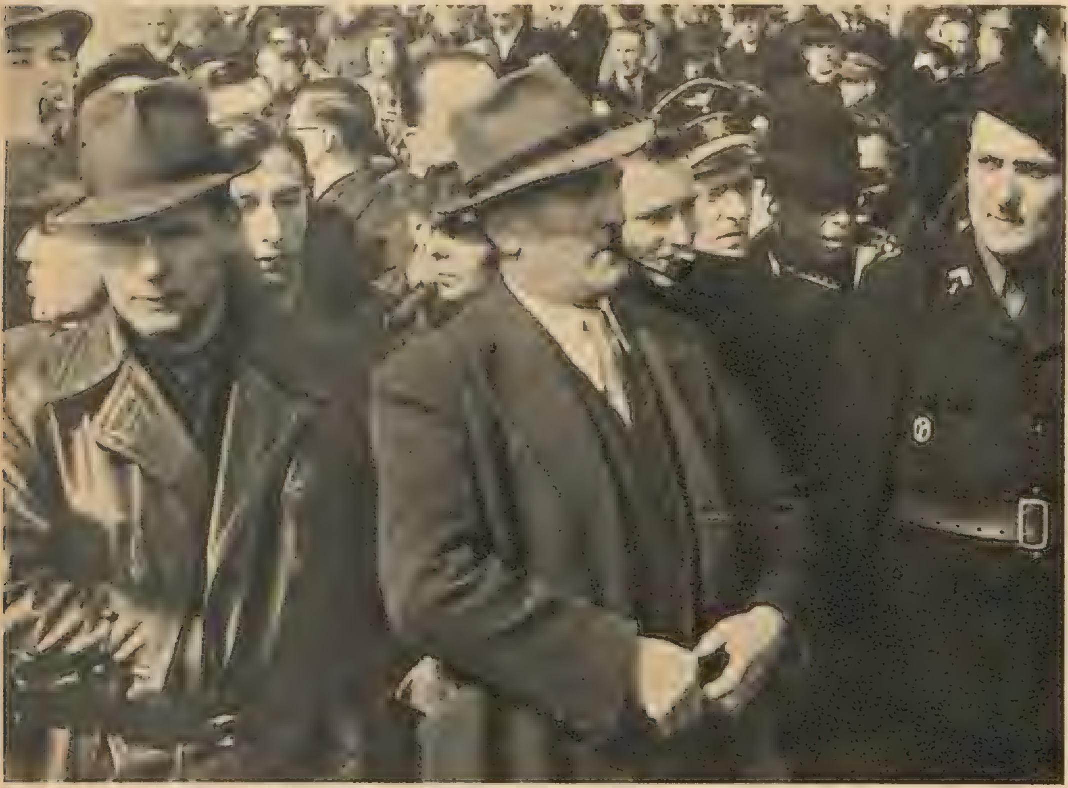
NAZI NURSE—A woman in war will always get attention—even when she's on the other side. Dietrich-like pose of this German nurse helps. She and eight others were captured in the Normandy fighting and later were returned to the German lines. →

HALLELUJAH!—It's Aimée Semple McPherson, preacher of that old-time religion, as she returned to her Los Angeles Temple after a recent illness. ←

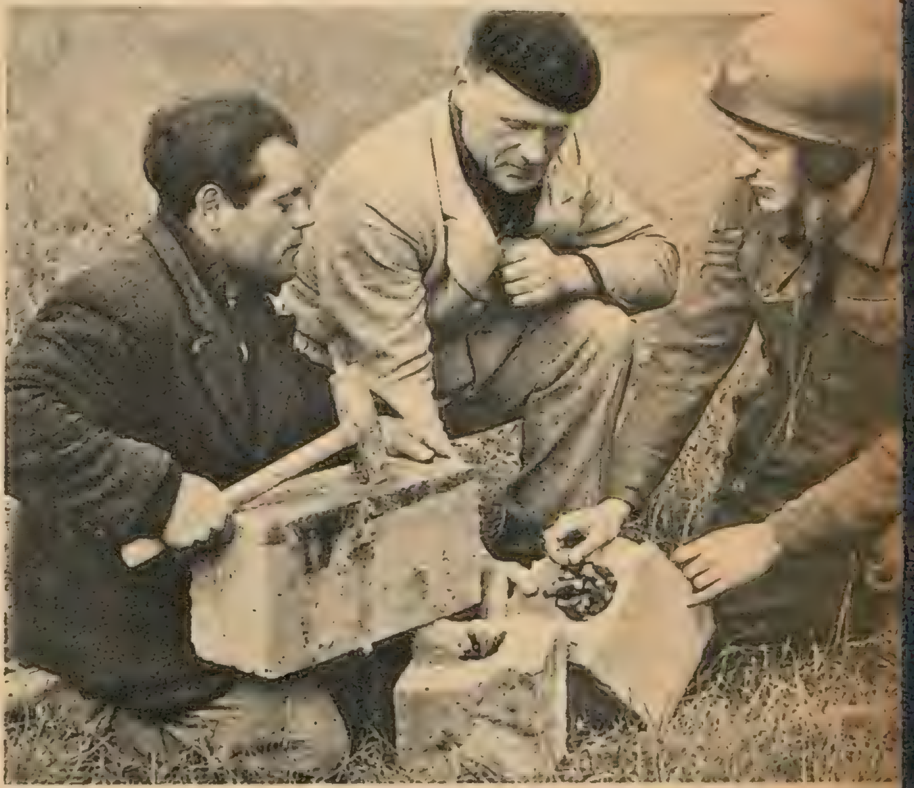
OFF-WATCH DOG—The pup "Guns" and Seaman Clyde Rosenberg of Rock Island, Ill., hit the sack together after a hard day aboard their Coast Guard combat cutter, of which "Guns" is mascot. ↓

FUZZY-WUZZY?—No, he's not a bush boy, but Pvt. Sidney Block of Philadelphia, one of Merrill's Jap-killing Burma Marauders. ↑

CAVE CHILDREN—While father battles Japs, this young son of a Chinese guerrilla fighter stays at a cave nursery established by Mme. Sun Yat-sen and supported by U. S. funds. This youngster takes no chance on losing his bread while he downs his soup. ↑



MARKED MAN—Members of the French resistance movement have their eye on Joseph Darnand (hands on belt), archtraitor and leader of the Vichy militia formed to hunt patriots and suppress revolt. Bodyguard is so touchy he goes for his gun at the click of a camera shutter. ↑



UNDERGROUND AMMUNITION—Doisy Marcel, French patriot and builder, shows how he concealed rifle bullets stolen from German soldiers. Filling wine bottles with them, he sealed the bottles in paving blocks.

G. I. JOURNALIST—Homely and homespun, Ernie Pyle, who tells about the fears and gripes of the doughboy, talks shop with Lt. John Mason Brown, another scrivener, as they "take ten" during a lull in the battle of Normandy. ↓

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER— Pfc. Rocco Festa of Brooklyn, New York, crams some French aboard an invasion boat. His expression indicates difficulty in learning to parlez-vous without a Brooklyn accent. ↓

The LEAGUE of 60,000 WOMEN

Who says women cut no ice in politics? The League of Women Voters knows what it wants and makes the politicians sit up and take notice

BY VOLTA TORREY

WORLD-TELEGRAM PHOTO BY AUMULLER

League members, here querying Repr. Kennedy, poll legislators, present findings to voters.

A PRETTY girl in Manhattan and a motherly white-haired lady in Chicago know more about their cities' politics now than many men who are reputed to be party bosses. They and women like them throughout the country are running a new kind of political machine. Their purpose is to make politics intelligent and clean. They will not tell anyone whom to vote for this fall, but they will help countless American citizens make up their minds. These women are leaders of the League of Women Voters.

There now are 600,000 more women than men among the political voters in the United States. Millions of men may be too engrossed in winning the war to take time out to vote this year.

Women, consequently, are likely to outnumber men at the polls in November, when a President, a third of the U. S. Senate, and a whole House of Representatives will be elected. Some experts, in fact, predict that three out of every five votes cast this fall will be cast by women.

League president Anna L. Strauss

When women first won the right to enter voting booths a quarter of a century ago, some of them rushed pell-mell into political parties. There now are as many women as men on the Republican and Democratic National Committees, and women hold many important public offices. But men still rule the roost within both parties; the committeewomen often just praise the party and pass the teacups. And the records of women in high government positions are not conspicuously better or worse than those of men.

But some women, when first admitted to the great game of politics, set out to improve as well as play the game. At the National American Suffrage Association's victory convention in 1920, these women organized the League of Women Voters to "finish the fight" by teaching women to wield ballots wisely. "Choose your candidate as carefully as your dress," has been one of their slogans. And this league has become a highly unselfish and increasingly effective political machine.

It now has about 60,000 members, organized in 600 local units in thirty-five states. The dues vary from one to six dollars a year. Some members wear mink, and some wear shoddy coats. But most of them are public-spirited, middle-class housewives and business and professional women who often are the molders of public opinion.

Some local leagues are less significant but in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and many other cities, the League of Women Voters has become one of the most reliable and least partisan sources of information available to a citizen. Men as well as women have acquired confidence in these women's unbiased reports and now turn to them for political guidance. Hence, the League of Women Voters is a much greater factor in national affairs than its membership figures suggest.

Many of the women now most prominent in politics learned the ropes in this organization. Even Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt credits the league with having taught her a great deal about this country and its government, and "how to investigate and weigh its problems." But when a woman runs for office, or becomes an active party worker, her influence in the League of Women Voters is likely to wane.

The league does not discourage partisanship, but it considers its particular role in the democratic process to be that of a coach. It is mainly interested in explaining the complexities of government, showing the ramifications of political questions, and encouraging people to stop, look, listen, and think before voting. It endeavors to "present all sides." It stands for principles, but never endorses principals.

More than twenty years ago the League of Women Voters started a national drive to induce more people to vote. Nearly twice as many Americans voted in 1940 as had voted in 1920. But there still are millions of election-day slackers. So the league is still ballyhooing elections with movies, radio shows, and leaflets. It reminds people of the time and place to register and to vote, and distributes information about candidates and issues.

A New York member, whose profession is public relations, proposed two years ago that the ladies go out and stump the city to tell people why, rather than how, they should vote. Three nights a week a housewife, a high-school teacher, a book reviewer, and a lady dentist spoke from soapboxes on dimmed-out city street corners. When hecklers asked them for whom they should vote, they replied that everyone should decide that for himself, but the league would be glad to furnish information about the issues.

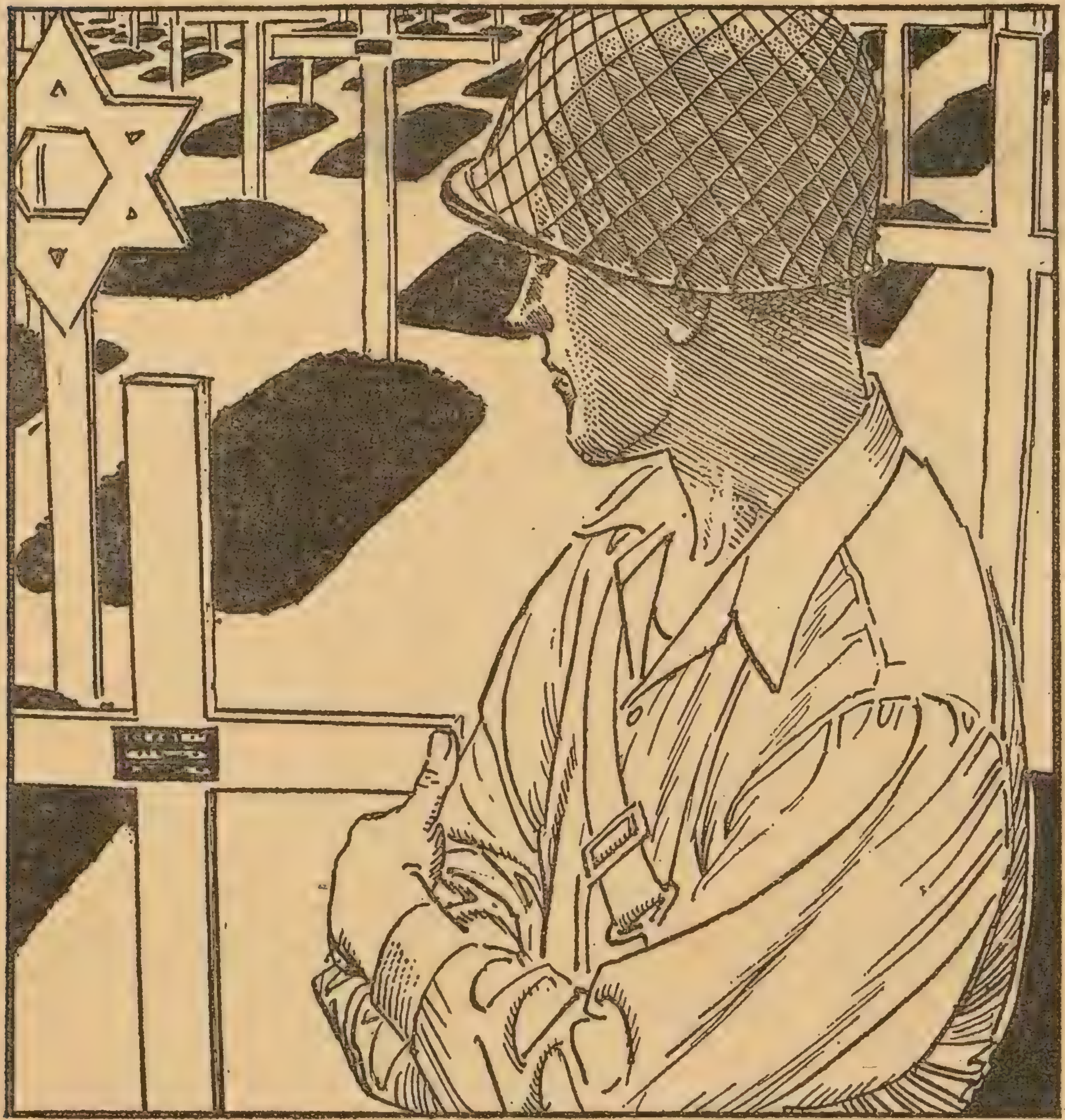
Some professional politicians howled with laughter behind the ladies' backs. But the league's phones jangled constantly, and women flocked to headquarters to find out about candidates' views as though they were bargains in a department store basement.

In Syracuse, New York, the day before the last election, the girls put a loudspeaker in a buggy, got a horse, and drove around town conducting quizzes on the issues. They gave buttons to everyone who could answer their questions correctly. In Missouri, the league distributed 175,000 sample ballots and had a booth in each one of a big grocery chain's stores in St. Louis, to show people how to mark the ballots so that their votes would count.

(Continued on page 53)

Tell The Folks Back Home

BY U. S. SENATOR JAMES M. MEAD



When a senator turns out to be a gifted reporter, that event in itself is news. After you've read this keen and breezy account of his tour of the fighting fronts, you'll vote for Senator Mead as one of your favorite war correspondents.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

The Senators Take Off

THE first thing we noticed about our four-engined plane, as we got ready to board it this morning, was the name, Guess Where 2. After all, this was a "secret mission."

As we took off from the huge Washington air strip, Senator Brewster said, "The only capital in the world that's still bombproof."

"I wonder how this place is going to get along without us for two whole months," sighed "Happy" Chandler with a twinkle in his eye.

It was two weeks ago that we really began this trip, when Army doctors started puncturing us with all hypodermics known to the combined services. We are also loaded to the ears with statistics, charts, queries, and reports.

Our job is to be the eyes and ears of the whole Senate and American people.

We all represent key committees. The youngest of us, trim, tall, erect Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts, the only one to look much like a soldier in our special "blank" khaki uniform, is from the Senate Military Affairs Committee. So is Senator A. B. (Happy) Chandler, former Governor of Kentucky. From the Senate Naval Affairs Committee is the chairman of our round-the-world flight, Dick Russell, senator and former Governor of Georgia. From the Truman Committee are both myself and Senator Ralph Owen Brewster of Maine. He has been my partner on a lot of jobs before, and is always bursting with energy and good spirits. His bald dome makes him stand out in any company.

Brigadier General George Shulgen is in command of the ship. Brigadier General Fred Rankin, Assistant Surgeon General of the entire Army, will inspect U. S. hos-

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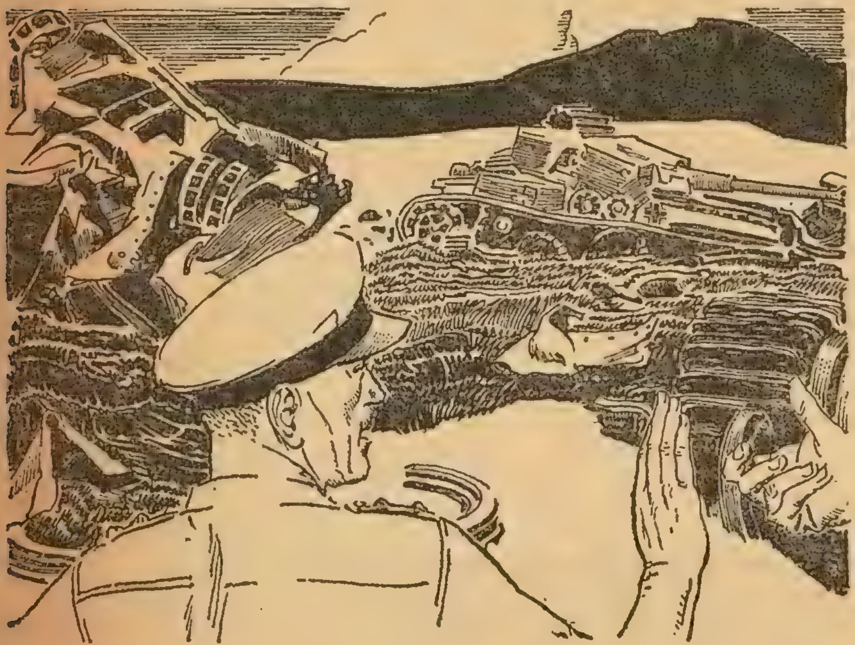
pital and medical facilities at every American front. Our crack pilot, Major Henry Myers, flew Senator Chandler's subcommittee around Alaska and the Aleutians last year. And Captain Theodore J. Boselli is the trusty navigator who brought General MacArthur out of Corregidor.

After breakfast in barracks, we went to be "checked out" for the long hop. "Don't forget you flying senators are civilians after all," said the customs officer, and gave our passports a good going over.

"But you gents are cargo, too, and you've got to be waterproof and bound to float," said the next official. So we got a long briefing at air-base headquarters on how to seize the small chance of saving our lives if our landplane were forced down on the ocean.

Going over the wide St. Lawrence Gulf, the water was so crystal clear that we all saw a large submarine cruising well submerged. There was lively speculation on whether it was friend or foe. The next morning we saw our first icebergs, dazzling in the noonday sun. They rise, gleaming white, like some huge new kind of beast swimming southward.

Landed in Labrador after only two hours, at Goose Bay air base. The lakes, mountains, and evergreen forests all around the base make this place seem like a health resort. "You guessed it," the C. O. confirmed our impression. "We have the lowest disease record of any American camp in the world. In Labrador there are no colds!"



Saw our first Quonset huts, the staple barracks for these snowstorm areas. They're of corrugated iron and shaped like a loaf of bread, with flat ends and a rounded top.

Seeing our first real mail call out here was like a revelation. The boys come a-running, with their faces all lit up like a Christmas tree. The lads who get a letter—or even a newspaper from home—go away looking even brighter. Many of these boys haven't seen a civilized settlement in over two years. Wherever we queried them we got the war cry, "Get us transferred into a fighting zone! We want to get this war finished!"

But there's plenty of fun in these boys, too. They were ribbing a top sergeant tonight because when one of his men asked, "Heard anything from Kiska lately, sarge?" the big gruff noncom answered, "Naw, bud. When I joined the Army I left all that sissy stuff behind me."

Owen and I did our usual Truman Committee probing here and found our American investment at Goose Bay is $6,500,000—although we still have acquired no postwar rights here whatsoever. "We haven't any postwar rights at Gander either," said an official, "though it's probable that German commercial aviation has. German business men started that airfield before the war and the contracts probably still exist. The United States has a ninety-nine-year lease only on Argentia, which is often fogbound."

Iceland next. As we got ready to go to bed at 11 P. M., the summer sun was still in the sky. Our aide told us to draw the curtains tightly, "because that sun will be up again before 4 A. M." When somebody asked us later on how long we stayed in Iceland, Happy Chandler answered: "Why, just about four days and one night."

Transatlantic Hitchhike

Met Bernt Balchen, the pioneer aviator, over at air headquarters today. He is a powerful, out-of-doors, plain-spoken man.

Some of his boys told us how Balchen searched for days for a crew that had come down in a snowstorm far out on the icecap. When he finally spotted them, he set his seaplane down in a slight depression where the noon sun produced a film of water. Once there, he had to keep the plane circling so it wouldn't freeze fast in the slush. Each time he came around, he would reach over the side and, with the plane in motion, would haul another marooned man aboard. It is lucky he is a strong man as well as a great aviator.

Got first measure of the remarkable work of America's Seabees today. These Navy engineers took over where private contractors were falling down, and saved exactly $2,135,000, not counting labor costs. In the curious bookkeeping of Lend-Lease, no charge is entered for labor—since it is a Navy, not a civilian, accomplishment.

Met a lad on his first furlough in fourteen months. He has been stationed at a lonely outpost in Greenland. I asked him what the climate was like. "Climate!" he snorted. "There ain't no climate—just half snow, half solid ice."

The mechanics are nursing the Guess Where 2's motors, so Owen Brewster and I went down to busy Keflavik airport, and hitchhiked a ride on a cargo plane bound for Scotland.

There we visited the Firth of Clyde. It was a big day, with the Queen Mary docking after a fast run from America with an all-time record cargo of troops. Our boys appeared to be in grand shape, and none better than the Negro battalions we talked to on the first quay.

We toured the harbor in a launch and boarded the famous U.S.S. Augusta for lunch. There we ate at the historic table on which Roosevelt and Churchill signed the Atlantic Charter two years before.

The roads today were swarming with men, women, and children getting a few miles into the country for bank holiday. Eye-opener as to what real gas rationing means are the hundreds of wood-burning autos—with a stack in the rear, like a small locomotive tender. The buses, rigged out with their bigger ones, look as though they are bundled up in a circus tent.

Took a light plane this afternoon from Prestwick over to the big American naval base at Londonderry in Northern Ireland.

I think ten people today cited for me the list of Irishmen at the head of England's fighting forces, and indeed it is remarkable: Generals Montgomery and Alexander, First Sea Lord Admiral Cunningham, General Sir Alan Brooke, and General Auchinleck, to name some of the topmost.

Learned officially also that, while Eire may be "neutral," she has furnished 200,000 volunteers to the British military forces. As to Eire's real feelings, I got them pretty direct from a uniformed lad in a restaurant tonight. He was damning the British for everything he could think of in a rich County Kerry brogue. I couldn't help saying, "Pardon me, brother, but what's that uniform you're wearing?"

"Oh, sure," he said, "and that's the devil of it. The British are on the right side in this fight."

Our senatorial party was reunited once more, and we went off on a special train for London.

Calling All Crickets

From London out to the Eighth Air Force Command, ending up with lunch with Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker, now bossing the U. S. bombing of the Reich. It is amazing what labor—and brains—are necessary to put 1,000 planes into the air. Sixty thousand specialists must be mobilized in split-second harmony, hundreds of miles apart. And behind them 65,000 more must put in a tough day's work in co-ordination hardly less close. We heard a lot on how the Yanks and Tommies are hitting it off.

Our soldiers play baseball, which still irks the British as somewhat foreign, and the other day one cockney spectator demanded in a shrill voice why they didn't play cricket like grown-up men. One corporal made the long hit of that day with the snappy answer: "Lady, we ain't *got* no crickets!"

Got one of the experiences of my life at a briefing of bomber crews for the sixth blasting of Hamburg by boys from the U. S. bomber fields near Blank village. They came trooping in and took their places as in a schoolroom, where they faced a big map on a platform, with red ribbons strung on it, showing the line of flight.

There was a hush as the Old Man stepped up to the map. He gave them a fight talk on how vital their target was, and laid down the departure minute, the rendezvous position, and fighter aid.

A second officer briskly took his turn and hammered home the details of an aerial photo of the target. With jaunty gestures, he outlined the exact feint, the swerve back to the real target, alternate targets, the return routing.

"That boy," whispered General Anderson, "was shot down over the Continent this summer. He was passed on by the underground and came out via France in twelve weeks. Said he had a swell week in Paris!"

Next was the weatherman, with a clear picture of the layer cake of different clouds and winds. In quick succession came the Intelligence, Signal, and Ordnance officers.

The gang hustled out, like a football team to the kick-off.

On the auditorium door I noticed a sign: "REMEMBER! If you bail out, don't give out any information."

Pilot of the lead squadron today was a boy from my home town of Buffalo—Captain F. Robert Spitznagel.

"It's amazing," he told me. "You're up 24,000 feet and it's way below zero. But under that constant attack, I find the sweat running right off the end of my nose, and I'm sweating right through my fatigues, coveralls, and heavy suit."

The boys come back, those who do come back, as limp as if they'd been through wringers.

"The terrific fatigue is beyond anything pure physical labor can produce," General Rankin says. "Exposure to danger turns on an automatic switch—providing 100-percent tension of both body and mind. Fear is a healthy, normal instinct. But take it for two hours straight, like a bomber crew, it doesn't leave much of your nerves. A man ends up limp as an oyster!"

Buckingham Palace and Downing Street

Dinner at our hotel tonight was given for us by General Devers, with a genuinely star-spangled guest list, including Lord Mountbatten, the British Commando chief, along with Devers, Eaker, Admiral Stark, and our Ambassador Winant. They were all world figures, but the gathering seemed quite a letdown after seeing our boys themselves in action this afternoon. I watched Mountbatten closely. He is big and handsome and you can hear his motors running all the time.

General Jake Devers got some general laughter with an unvarnished account of conversation in flight and in combat. American fighters go into action yelling bloody-murder on the intercom phones—"talking it up" like a football game. High light of Devers' "recording" was the remark of a U. S. tail gunner as Messerschmitts came swarming in. In a bored, falsetto English accent he said, "Something around, I think."

The next day Brewster and I went over to the American Embassy for conferences with the heads of OWI, BEW, and Lend-Lease. (The co-ordination among all our civilian agencies, and between us and our host country was the smoothest here of our entire world-wide check-up of red tape and administrative flypaper.)

Shortly after noon the other senators joined us and we were all driven over to Buckingham Palace, in official cars. The King and Queen received us informally. They both seemed very plain and pleasant. It wasn't long before the valiant Happy pulled out his "short snorter" and asked the King to sign it. He did so at once, writing "George Rex" in a small hand on Chandler's dollar bill.

Proceeded to 10 Downing Street for a date with the Prime Minister.

"America must be in the peace setup this time," he said, his cigar blinking with his enthusiasm as he talked. "Don't worry; we'll see you through in the Pacific with those Japs," he repeated many times—as Chandler kept prodding him on that point. He spoke briefly of his pet idea of "dual citizenship" for Britons and Americans—enjoyment of common citizen rights and passports by the English-speaking peoples. Humped over like the bulldog the cartoonists portray him, Churchill radiated dynamic force and supreme confidence—in himself and in his nation.

Three days later, at one of the world's biggest airports, we got our first "war-zone" briefing for a night flight straight down to Africa. "You are on the Nazi radar now," were the officer's last words. "Good-by and happy landings."

A Tale of Two Bathtubs

It was a nervous night. In my mind I could see the big radar marker, denoting our plane, moving over the central Nazi air-control table in France. By radio instruction, we flew over Casablanca right on to Marrakesh. There Brigadier General Arthur R. Wilson took us to our first fancy billet, the fantastic Villa Taylor. It is a fabulous dream palace built on a scale fit for a sultan by an American steel man.

The general warned us emphatically to stay away from any uncooked fruits and vegetables, or any liquid not from Army mess tables. Soon found out why. We went out to see the native *souks* or market place. It was like something out of the Arabian Nights. In the tiny crowded shops there are artisans busily at work. Fowl and animals scurry about amid a thousand colors, a thousand sounds, and as many odors. The motley crowd is entertained by acrobats, snake charmers, storytellers, and jugglers.

The scene has not changed one iota, I was told with native pride, since Christ was on earth. To us, the odor and the filth seem to date back equally two thousand years. Flies hang over the market place like a cloud, and vie with the customers for the atrocious cuts of meat.

Marrakesh is the outstanding Arabic city of North Africa. We were royally entertained tonight by its pasha, El Glaoui, a swarthy six-foot mountain chief who swooped down with his tough tribesmen to throw out his predecessor. As we inspected his luxurious group of palaces, modern plumbing was pointed out to us with pride. The main guest chamber actually had no less than two bathtubs. They were placed side by side; in order to get in the second, you would have had to walk through the first. El Glaoui wore a priceless silver-threaded burnoose—and an American butterfly-bow tie.

The pasha's *diffas* deserve their fame as feasts throughout the Arab world. We sat at ease on deep pillows, and the endless courses were borne in inside great earthen jars. By Arab ritual, you dip right into the central pot, and if your luck is poor the Pasha of Marrakesh reaches right in and gets a choice chunk out for you himself.

The pasha talked for a long time, in a reverent voice, of the Atlantic Charter and the great hope it gave the Arabs.

"Maritime Scandal" in North Africa

We hopped into Army cars for a scenic inspection trip along the Atlantic shore for the 212 miles to Casablanca. First major stop was a replacement (rest) camp at one of the loveliest spots on this "North African Riviera." Here the heroes of Hill 609 were being rehabilitated on the sunny beaches, and fresh casualties were being flown in daily from the fighting in Sicily. Mostly up and about, the boys were clad in the snappy-looking maroon pants and jacket that are the regulation U. S. uniform for convalescents. One husky happy lad told how he "got his" a half hour after they hit the beach at Sicily. In ten minutes two "company aid" men were lugging him back on a stretcher, and a medic was running alongside, holding a bottle of plasma above his head so it could drain into the soldier's arm.

"Plasma on the hoof!" he said delightedly.

Another wiry youngster seemed prouder yet. "Listen," he said. "I was a pre-medic once, so when a hunk of shrapnel tore open my chest in that mess at Kasserine Pass, I thought I was a goner. One of the bearers slipped me the green bullet [morphine syrette], and they had me out of there by litter, jeep, and plane in no time. And, boy! Here I am!"

They certainly all sing the praises of the front-line "pill rollers," the company aid men, who roam unarmed where the casualties—and bullets—are thickest. They feel even prouder of the nervy Army nurses who fly in the ambulance airplanes. They call them "Hell's Angels." One of these girls said to me today, "When we were flying the worst ones back from Hill 609, one of the boys woke up, looked at me, and said, 'My God, I *am* in heaven!' and passed out again."

Before dinner we looked over what they call Little Detroit, down at the harbor in Casablanca. We saw assembly lines turning out no less than 500 fighting planes a month, and the vast machine shops simply gobble up damaged ships hot from the front lines, handling 200 and 300 repair jobs at a time.

Major Lupton, an old friend, was one of our guests at dinner. He told us many of the boys are marrying the beautiful French and Spanish girls here, and many are planning to stay. America's "invasion" here may bring internationalism along faster and more happily than mere diplomats are planning.

Heard our first real discussion of how to bring Britain's Middle East oil fields into the war before American wells are depleted. No one over here seems to have an over-all authority, and every American leader is worried. What we need in Africa is some big American, with top-notch brains and full responsibility.

One of the naval officers tonight reported a "maritime scandal" that entertained us all. The sharp Yankee sailors, so he said, had noted the standard raiment of the Arab sheiks—white robes made by folding large squares of cotton cloth—and sold every piece of bedclothes on their ship for "formal dress."

An Army officer in charge of Military Police easily topped that one. "The boys are strictly cautioned," he said, "never to touch the dress or veil of an Arab woman, as it is a mortal insult. So some of the smaller men have taken to skipping camp after hours by wrapping themselves in sheets, up to their eyes, and toddling right past the sentry. When I was going into camp gate last night, an Arab woman bowed past us, and the M. P. exclaimed, "—— it! I am sure that's a G. I. But then if I'm wrong, it's an international incident, and I am in the brig."

"My Gosh, Am I Tired!"

Next morning we flew on to Oran. Expected to find Algeria different from Morocco, but the only shift here is that the Arab women are permitted to expose one eye, instead of two.

We rode up the Mediterranean to Arzeu, where Lieutenant General Mark Clark is putting his Fifth Army through rigorous training for the "big push."

Over an area of square miles, machine guns were stuttering, heavy artillery was thundering, and dive bombers were roaring low overhead. We first struck a division of Combat Engineers. Their colonel stopped, full of pride in his outfit's accomplishments. "We engineers aren't supposed to get the time to fight, you know," he said. "Over in Sicily we had to wham open roads at every beach head with bulldozers and tractors. Just human targets, that's us! And now they're dropping us out of planes, with sticks of dynamite tied to our backs." If they land right, the TNT can't go off.

Next we saw the infantry getting their "real war" workout. Instructors outside the line of fire started tossing in half-sticks of dynamite, aiming carefully at open spaces between the men.

"Don't you ever kill 'em?" we asked.

"Not here," answered our escort. "We do wing a couple of men every week. You can't help it. But the Command figures now that this training saves fifty per cent of first-day battle casualties."

At supper tonight the officer in charge of censorship told about one of the soldier boys who wrote home every night. Since the invasion training began, his post card reads daily: "Dear Mom and Dad, My gosh, am I tired! Your loving son."

I don't wonder. As only a spectator, I am worn to a frazzle myself tonight.

On Tuesday went down to "invasion practice" again, this time with General Mark Clark. He is tall and athletic-looking, and in civvies would pass for a university professor or member of the diplomatic corps. His manners are mild, almost gentle. But he packs as much wallop as he has tact and brains.

Four-Star Dinner Party

Big dinner in our honor tonight by Eisenhower in his headquarters. Eisenhower is a Texan, full of energy. A fine conversationalist and an attractive personality, he made everybody feel at ease and at home in five minutes.

We heard him give the Italians a hearty boost. Sicilian soldiers wouldn't fire on our doughboys even when Nazi officers shot them down from the rear. Other Nazis in key sentry positions were found with their throats cut. Captured Nazis are a real problem. Eisenhower described the first few brought in here. "They were regular tigers. When G-2 told them England was *not* destroyed, and that Hitler's order was doomed, they jumped the guards with fists and teeth. One of them leaped over the table and bit G-2 right through the fleshy part of his hand!"

"The Nazi draft is now taking the fifty-nine-year-olds," said another officer, "just when we're beginning to induct our first young fathers. So doughboys are yelling across no man's land to the Nazis: 'Hey, I'll bet my father can lick your grandfather!' "

We inquired about the OWI's "psychologic warfare" and heard it roundly praised. "Hundreds of Axis soldiers surrendered in Tunis, waving OWI leaflets instead of a white flag," said Eisenhower's aide. When Italian General Daurente, a veteran of six wars, gave up in Sicily, he said: "You hit us with thousands of leaflets. I forbid my men to read them, but they answer that the leaflets only say the truth. The truth is a terrible weapon!"

The leaflets had 'Safe-Conduct Passes' inside, the aide explained.

A U. S. naval officer spoke up: "The Algiers radio here also lays down a barrage twenty-four hours a day, in forty languages and dialects. Those OWI boys are so ambitious, they claim they're going to capture the whole Italian fleet singlehanded—by simple radio invitation, R. S. V. P."

(Three weeks later, that happened. All Italy's ships, in response to a single message broadcast from Algiers, came steaming into Allied ports.)

In the morning I had long conferences with Murphy and with Royce, head of our North Africa Economic Board, concerning the "supply scandals."

The United States has guaranteed to buy all wheat to stimulate top Arab production. But the French government fixes the price of wheat and has raised it by twenty-five per cent twice since June. It's the fashion here also to "blame the French government" for permitting the gigantic black market in Lend-Lease supplies. Political favorites, free of U. S. supervision, are making a killing by diversion to speculators of huge amounts of textiles, coffee, tea, and sugar intended by America for needy Arabs. Yet with U. S. troops in control here it seems to me we have only ourselves to blame. What's called for is simply judgment and vigor.

The British generals were glad to discuss the black market. They said that, from the strictly military point of view, any local price whatever is better than wasting a ton of cargo space that can bring in ammunition; it means lives. Lives must come first.

Got another slant a minute later. Our Lend-Lease officer said, "We can hardly believe it, but we haven't suffered *one* case of sabotage yet on our thousands of miles of supply line. Lend-Lease is some bargain if it's bought that alone!"

Came down Saturday in an airfield deep in the desert, where Brigadier General Arthur W. Pence clapped us into an Army car and we set off by "an educational route" for Bizerte. Got out first at blood-drenched Hill 609, where the Nazis put up such a determined stand. We stopped at two of the many cemeteries, their little white crosses a strange crop in ground otherwise barren for miles. One was American, and one was Nazi; the size of both was a shock.

Almost the entire route was littered with debris—burnt-out tanks, scattered pieces of planes, and thousands of pieces of metal and machinery. We detoured constantly around road areas marked "Land Mines Unremoved." I walked up to the first wrecked tank we saw with a big black swastika on it. But I came back quick when our colonel yelled, "That's probably one big booby trap, senator!" We had a brief visit at a small prisoner-of-war camp, surrounded by barbed wire. On our asking, a dozen Nazis testified that they were being treated "quite properly" and that the food especially was "very good."

Our Secret Weapon: The Dump Truck

In Bizerte, we found there wasn't much left—and saw for the first time what happens when a block buster strikes. There's nothing but dust left over. It blasts a big hole, too, but you can't see it for the rubble. At least 1,000 of these hit Bizerte. Seventy-five per cent of this great port city is now dust—actually dust.

Throughout the vital traffic areas we saw specialists patiently running the famous "outdoor carpet sweepers," still cleaning out mines. These men walked slowly forward in a line, each holding a ten-foot pole with a big eighteen-inch disk attached to its end, and sweeping it constantly over a big arc ahead of him. When the wooden disk approaches the metal object, the constant hum rises to a high warning note. The sweepers just pointed the spot out to the men behind, stepped around, and calmly went on sweeping. The "follow-up man" brought one mine up to us—the standard Nazi *Teller* or pie-plate mine, black and shaped like a big thick pie, about eighteen inches across.

The Engineers had another proud boast. Their chief claimed that the dump truck is one of America's "secret weapons that is winning the war." "Believe it or not," he said, "the Nazis are still using the old flat-bed truck for moving earth. We can outbuild their field fortifications two to one." The engineering point of view is certainly a fresh one for us.

On Sunday we looked at the great Bizerte harbor and naval base, practically rebuilt from scratch, and inspected both the big station hospitals. After that we attended a gigantic field Mass outdoors under the open sky—a great experience. Jewish and Protestant clergymen also hold field services in each outfit, and the co-operation among all the chaplains is edifying.

At the convalescent hospital we lunched in the enlisted men's mess, and with the boys washed our tins when we were through. It was good chow. At dinner at headquarters we heard more about the prowess of the Engineers. "You American road builders have it all over us British there," said one of the English officers. And we heard the story of how a 200-mile road was reeled off in three to four days, to put heavy U. S. armored divisions in the Nazi rear by complete surprise. The road was laid at an average of four miles an hour, or "faster than a man could have walked it." The boys hoisted the bulldozers on trailers and sped them ahead to work on the gullies and washouts, while regular road-patrol graders were hitched six abreast, and "made" the road as they went. The stream of Army trucks and tanks moved bumper-to-bumper behind them. This was the audacious tactic which broke the Bizerte line.

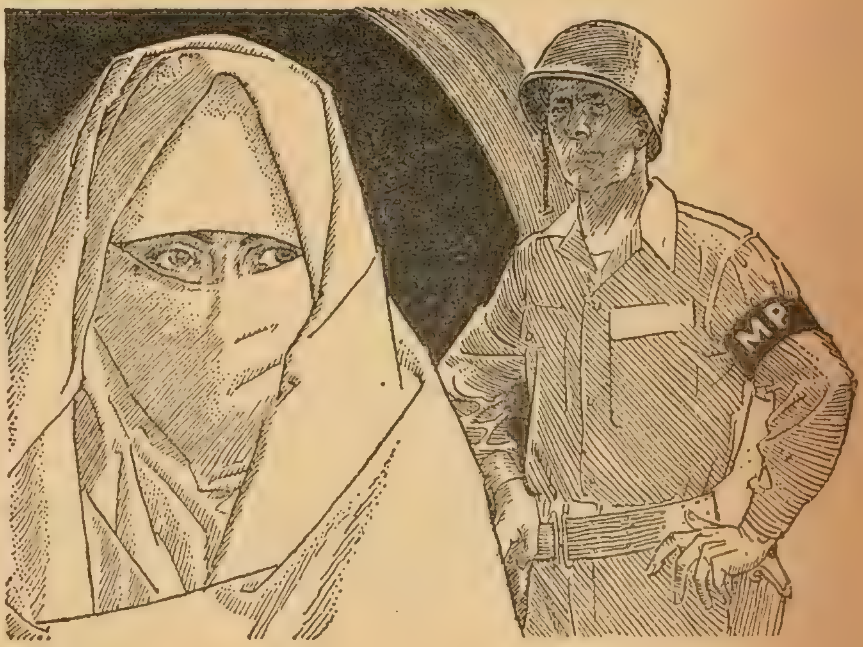
"How do you get the gas for the thousands of planes and tanks out here?" we asked. "It's a lot bigger job than you think," was the answer. "Here in the desert, gasoline is, by dead weight, more than half of all our supplies." The Engineers have a "portable pipe line" and units lay it at speed as high as ten miles a day. That piping is only four to six inches wide and as tough to spot from the air as it is to knock out. Nothing's easier to repair.

Lend-Lease Niagara in Egypt

At 9.25 the Guess Where 2 was up and out over the Mediterranean, bound for Cairo. Below us it looked like the score sheet of the whole war. For miles and miles the continent was littered with crashed planes, wrecked tanks, broken half-tracks, and trucks—and partly sunk ships dotted the shore line. At 1.30, with Malta visible off to the north, we saw a cargo ship attacked by a surfaced submarine, and a cruiser speeding to the rescue.

Just over Lampedusa we broke out some K-ration cans for lunch. It was the first we had ever tried, and it definitely killed our hunger. Someone got out a paragraph he'd clipped from an Army post paper, "How to Eat K-rations," and read it to us for an appetizer: "Open the can," the G. I. article directed, "and feed contents to the pig, placing the can carefully aside. . . . Then roast the pig to a turn. This way it is highly edible."

After a 1,500-mile flight, we landed at Egypt's capital, Cairo, and motored to our rooms at Shepheard's Hotel, the world's favorite scene for spy thrillers. Cairo's streets are modern, but the Army car had to dodge camels, water buffaloes, and donkeys, even in mid town. Egypt tried hard to stay out of the war, but you can't be neutral with the Suez Canal running through your country.



Owen and I took on the OWI for the usual Truman Committee powwow next afternoon.

The Niagara of Lend-Lease that pours into Cairo heads up under Chief Co-ordinator Douglas M. Moffat, and we had a long session with him and the agencies involved. Here is the "Middle Eastern Supply Center" for all countries to Palestine on the north and the oil centers of Iraq and Iran on the west. Brewster asked what was being done to increase oil shipment from here through the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean had stood open for a month now, but oil procurement had been assigned to no one.

What we need over here, it was amply clear today, is one over-all U. S. policy—with an American official of high enough rank and vigor to put the pressure on and carry it out.

Held a big press conference for British and American newspapermen next. The U. S. boys asked persistently why we weren't publicizing the Atlantic Charter out here, to win the Middle and Far East to our side. Sometimes I think our U. S. correspondents get around farther, and know more, than some of our Foreign Service—which, indeed, recruits with much less attractive pay.

We had a thirty-minute audience with young and handsome King Farouk in his palace. Both his good looks and his modern attitude gain him cheers from the populace whenever he goes out. He told us of his country's desire for political independence, and asked America's aid in terms of the Atlantic Charter just as soon as the war permits.

Weather Report from Eden

Senator Lodge returned from a side trip to Sicily, full of the mechanical wonders of the invasion. Best were the two-and-one-half-ton amphibian trucks, which took loads direct from large freighters at sea, right up to road junctions inland.

"But the real miracle that wins for us," he said, "is the spirit of our men. I saw a regiment that marched sixty miles, with full pack, in forty-eight hours! There was a boy badly wounded on the beach; all he had to say to me was a joke: 'Boy, this is a beach party that ain't no picnic.' "

"This is an engineer's war," Henry also reported. The Engineers have expanded incredibly fast since Pearl Harbor—by 3,500 per cent.

Took off from Cairo at 8.45 A. M. on Friday and flew all the way across Arabia. The sands seemed vast and endless as space itself, with a few tiny dots of oases. Finally we hit the narrow green valley of the Tigris and Euphrates where live nine tenths of all Iraq's 5,000,000 people. This may well be the fabled site of the Garden of Eden, but it's the world's prize hellhole today. The temperature was 125 in the shade, and my metal glasses began to sear my nose.

The Americans started at Basra with no wharfage, not even enough water for Liberty ships to dock, and with the shah's toy railway! What was originally a mere trickle of supplies we have run up to one million tons in a year—a perfect torrent of help to Russia. The day before we arrived at Basra, twenty-six boys went to the hospital with sunstroke or heat prostration. American entertainers who venture in here do a heroic job. One troupe had to change its program when the heat melted away the wax on their accordions.

On Saturday we inspected the huge British oil refinery at Abadan, one of the biggest in the world. But we found it operating at only 60- to 70-per-cent capacity.

On Sunday, as we sat there waiting for the Guess Where 2 to take off, with the perspiration streaming from our foreheads, the great news of the U. S. recapture of Kiska arrived, and there wasn't one of us in this climate who didn't wish doubly he was there. Our big ship flew down the northeast coast of the Persian Gulf, and over the Gulf of Oman for 1,100 miles to Karachi.

"The main thing about India," said our Minister, "is that it's always bigger than you think it is." He reminded us that one out of every five people on earth lives there.

"And," some one added, "they're pushed around by about 200,000,000 sacred cows."

"That's the craziest thing about the terrible famines," said another. "The people don't eat the cattle, but live on vegetable growth alone—and so, in turn, those sacred cows are starving, too."

Between here and our U. S. forces pinpricking away at the Japs in China, there lie the Himalayas and 3,000 full miles. But when Burma fell, this was for a while our closest port of supply. We saw hundreds of young Chinese training at our big air school for them here. They're a happy and sturdy-looking lot. "They're famous for their guts," the instructor told us, "and just crazy to learn."

Indian Leaders Like the Atlantic Charter

After lunch in the boys' mess at the hospital, we took off in the Guess Where 2 for New Delhi.

The official duties over, Senator Brewster and I dropped into the big Red Cross center for the boys here, called the "Duration Den." And we sure got an earful. We had a crowd of 100 around us in no time. "How is the coal strike?" was the first question.

But the loudest, almost unanimous shout is: "What are you keeping us here for?" Just the same G. I. gripe as in Newfoundland, Greenland, and Basra. Then they demanded in chorus: "Are you going to put prohibition over on us soldiers again—and without our getting a vote?" Every other sentence began with: "Now I'm telling you, senator. . .!"

Couldn't help thinking tonight that this is the only Army and government in the world in which such give-and-take can take place.

Visited the General Indian Assembly in a fine modern building, and watched the Hindu, Moslem, Sikh, Punjabi, and other leaders debating.

Though the Hindus outnumber the Moslems 256,000,000 to 100,000,000, they are so fractionally split that they cannot muster a Congress majority.

Dr. Ambedkar, the untouchables' phenomenal leader, has said, "I am against Gandhi and his 'immediate independence.' Let our fellow Hindus declare *us* free first. We want the caste system broken. British citizenship is not slavery; this is!"

All the native leaders we saw were unanimous in one thing—the affectionate way they spoke of both the Atlantic Charter and President Roosevelt.

Lunch with General Auchinleck in his home and headquarters, a magnificent palace lent him for the duration by an Indian prince. He is a popular and genial man, known widely as "the Auk," and we liked him at once.

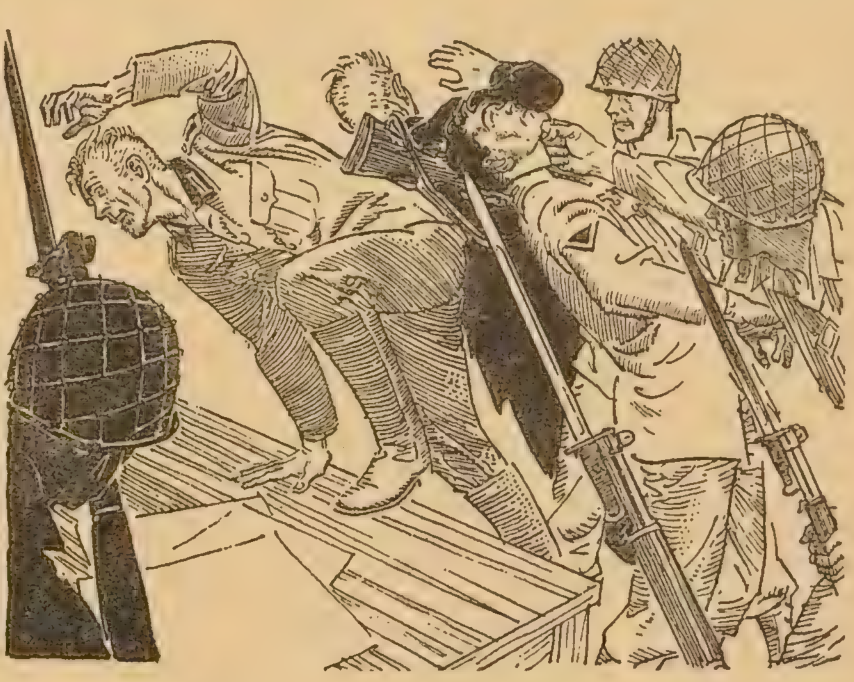
I asked Auchinleck if they were having trouble getting India to defend itself. "Not with soldiers," he answered. "In the Indian Army we have a million *volunteers*. They're good; they are the boys who wiped up the Axis at Sidi Barrani, and the men who held Tobruk."

"Uncle Joe" Stilwell and Chennault the Tiger

Took the air as 8.30 A. M. and flew down the Ganges and then up the Brahmaputra River valleys to the huge V in the Himalayas that holds our most advanced U. S. air base.

"This air route," the post commander told us, "now carries more supplies into China than the Burma Road did at its peak." The cost, however, is terrific. To put one gallon of gas into Chennault's great camp of Flying Tigers on the other side of the Himalayas averages twenty dollars.

"The real cost is tougher than that," he emphasized. "The weather up there—*five* miles high—is beyond prediction, and fifty of our planes have crashed either in the jungles or on the mountain peaks. The maximum, I figure, downed by enemy fire is about twenty."



He told us this whole region also belongs to headhunters, the Nagas. So the boy who bails out, on top of everything else, has to worry about becoming Naga "long pig"!

All talk was of the Ledo Road, probably a tougher job than the epic Alcan. It's a-building on the route of Stilwell's famous retreat from Burma of May, 1942—only in reverse, through tangled forest so thick that visibility is about ten feet, and over mountains 2,000 to 6,000 feet high.

Again it's the great American bulldozer and dynamic American engineer that are making the Ledo possible. "It's the bulldozer against the Jap's elephants out here," said a colonel of Engineers, "and the elephant hasn't got half as many speeds."

The next day we began our 22,000-foot climb over the Hump of the Himalayas. As the Curtiss Commando cargo ship began to suffer "wing flutter" from the cold pack, Owen Brewster ran his hand dramatically over his balding head, and said, "Here's where I have it over you matinee idols at last! When the Nagas pick this gang up, mine at least will be the *last* head to go—*if* they want it!"

For all the kidding, every one of us looked hopefully at the bright red markings sewn on the backs of our special flying jackets; they read, in the language the Naga understands: "I am an American. I mean no harm. Help me back to an American camp and you will be rewarded."

With the Japs only 200 miles away, we were lucky to fly most of the way between two layers of clouds. Emerged over the lake region of China and landed at Kunming, scenic headquarters of the American Fourteenth Air Force. Lieutenant General Stilwell and Major General Chennault opened our door in welcome.

Our General Stilwell is reticent, almost scholarly-looking, has a pleasant Southern drawl, and is affectionately known to everybody as "Uncle Joe." He certainly knows China. He's had three years of study in Peking and three at Tientsin; he put in seven consecutive years as military attaché of our Peiping embassy. He led the terrific trek of the Allies back from Burma, personally enduring everything the troops suffered, including the man-killing march, and he outlasted many of them. He showed us over the Chinese officers' training school he had built.

"Most of 'em have been fighting five long years already," said an officer. "Without any real tangible help from America yet, Chinese armies are keeping a million Japs flypapered so they can't bother us in the Pacific right now."

Texan General Claire L. Chennault, we found, looks every inch the warrior the press has represented him to be. His personality—buoyant and confident, but serious and determined—dominates the whole place. Sunburnt and weathered, he looks like a man who can do anything —including all he has done: held off the Japs with several dozen circus aviators and air-mail pilots and a handful of planes—aged P-40s at that.

He got there just the way you'd think from the grim, good-humored, all-powerful look he has. Chennault worked his way through night school and college to learn aeroengineering. He spent a few years leading a pursuit squadron in Hawaii, then heading an Army flying school in Texas, and barnstormed as one of the "Three Men on the Flying Trapeze," trying to sell the brass hats on precision pursuit flying. He wrote about his ideas, too. Like Billy Mitchell, the only thanks he got was being booted out of our U. S. Army air service at fifty-six years. He came over and sold his ideas to Chiang Kai-shek. He was set to recruiting the A. V. G. and making war aviation history with his Flying Tigers. He sees the big job is bombing Hankow and Canton, the two big Jap air bases. "The way to kill flies," he said vigorously, "is to pour gasoline on maggots where they breed."

One of Chennault's pilots at supper tonight told quite a story. It was a month or so before Pearl Harbor and he was coming home, hopping from cloud to cloud, with the usual swarm of Zeros hanging tight on his tail. The radioman just happened to tune in one of our big-chested banquet speakers back in Manila. ". . . and when poor Japan *does* ever declare war on us, it'll last just two weeks—one week for us Americans to find 'em, and one more week to clean them up."

"I just looked at my buddy," said the A. V. G. pilot, "and then I looked up at that swarm of Zeros, and I said, 'Why don't we tell that guy where they are, Cap, and save him one whole week!' "

A tremendous Bible story capped the evening. An American officer described being in Canton when the last shipments went out to the Chinese armies in the interior. Four trucks of his motorcade were already loaded with Chinese-text Bibles. "I thought it was a mistake when these weren't dumped to take on gasoline or rifles instead," he said. "But when we got into Changsha, it was those four trucks that got the priority in unloading. Those translations of the Scriptures are actually a weapon. The Bible not only teaches a man how to read but it preaches the brotherhood and equality of all men. I'd forgotten, in that sense, what dynamite for free men the Bible packed. That load was probably worth more to New China than the same weight of bullets."

Dinner with China's First Family

At the press conference this morning our American correspondents were impatient again about the Atlantic Charter. They see the value of psychological warfare. "Why don't we advertise it at once to the underdog peoples out here in the Far East?" they pressed us.

Stopped at Stilwell's H. Q. at five to start the trip to Yellow Hill, home of China's First Family. The climb was hairpin, horseshoe, and corkscrew! The Chiang Kai-sheks live on top of the hilliest hill I've ever traversed. Got there at seven and were taken deftly in hand by Madame. "Well, now," she said after welcoming us, "so everybody can have an opportunity to enjoy the Generalissimo, we'll alternate." So each of us had fifteen minutes with him before dinner.

As we sat down to dinner she said, "I've prepared this meal to make everybody feel especially right at home." And she was right. Here was a real American dinner complete to the last detail. It certainly achieved the result she wisely intended, after the strange places and strange things we've experienced for the last thirty days.

When we rose, she left the Generalissimo to deal with us senators undisturbed the rest of the evening. We talked with him for an hour, through an interpreter, but in a steady stream. He would watch each of us intently as we spoke, and followed the interpreter with little impatient "Uh-uhs."

"In five years of war," he told us, "we Chinese have had 5,000,000 casualties. Originally they ran at a rate of three times the Japanese losses; now things are about even."

He was the first to make a clear picture for me of the vast difference here between manpower and industrial power. "Free China," he said, "has only 2,000 machine-powered plants—though we are larger than the United States. We have the men; you have the plants. Get the heavy arms to us, and we'll stop the Japanese. With the help of God, with America's assistance, and with our own strength," he concluded the evening, "I know we shall win."

Steel and Starvation in India

On Sunday, flew to Calcutta. We emerged from clouds and saw a magnificent sight: hundreds of rainbows, some of them seeming actually to touch the plane. Could clearly see the old Burma Road, and later the new Ledo Road, beneath us. From here they looked good only for mountain goats—or jeeps.

Landed first at Chabua, where the whole Eric Sevareid party was waiting with a thrilling tale to tell of thirty days in the jungle. Forced down by engine failure, the whole bunch parachuted, including a Chinese civilian who was by chance flying the first time as one of their fellow passengers. When they hit the ground, he earnestly inquired if this was the usual way to disembark from an airplane.

From Chabua we flew over the big Brahmaputra River. Whole land area was lush with crops: rice, tea, coconuts, and bananas, and herds of sheep, goats, and cattle. Yet when we hit Calcutta at 1.15, there were thousands of people dying with hunger, lying in the streets. Helpless, half-naked people are lying everywhere, in the yards and on sidewalks and highways. Hundreds of sacred cows, water buffaloes, burros, and bullocks block traffic on every hand.

Over one hundred people a day are starving to death inside Calcutta. Then came Number One memo in this land of paradox: only a few miles distant from the starving multitudes of this city are the Jamshedpar steelworks, the largest in the British Empire!

Amazed to find we're actually having to ship in boatloads of food for our soldiers in India—a land whose remarkable fertility we've seen from the air.

Our U. S. hospital cases here gave us less of a shock than the people in the streets. You see children, their little stomachs swollen up like balloons from starvation, with arms and legs as big as good-sized thumbs.

Lethargy and indifference of the authorities here are getting our boys down badly, particularly as regards famine. "The Japs in Burma have cut off some rice," said one of the officers, "but there has actually been a better crop this year than last. But the government has let rice go from two to sixteen cents a pound!"

"And on top of this," said a U. S. official, "we have to see placards in the streets advertising the coming Gold Cup. The government is actually finding freight space during this famine to ship race horses to Calcutta from all over India."

We're all five unanimous on the imperative need for a top-flight U. S. representative to fight our battles in New Delhi.

Stopped in our Red Cross center here on the way home, and joined the boys in the singing and games with pleasure. Find the boys here are depressed by their surroundings. "Let us out of this hellhole!" was the unanimous request. The USO is an absolute lifesaver in places like this.

Villages on a Vegetable Hunt

Spent the next morning with usual get-together of U. S. agencies at our consulate. They complain that Reuter's is spreading the report that reverse Lend-Lease is releasing heavy food deliveries to us, and thus increasing the shortage and starvation.

On our sight-seeing tour we saw groups of beggars everywhere, and long lines waiting outside soup kitchens. People fall down and die right in the lines. It's hard for an American to picture hundreds of starving people lying on the sidewalk in front of big department stores, but that's the picture here. Whole villages have trooped in here in a body, and will just lie down patiently till they die. They came in looking for vegetables! And everywhere in the same streets are cattle, as scrawny as the people whose lives they would save if only they might be eaten. These sacred cows are surely one of the greatest impoverishers of this pitiful nation.

Most horrible sight of the day was without question the lepers. One man had already had his fingers drop away from one hand and his other arm was gone at the elbow.

Tonight lost all appetite not only for food but for staying in Calcutta. Don't blame the British, in some ways, for closing their eyes to this; a man can't look at it closely every day and live. When I lifted the window shade and looked down, I saw a youngster lying flat in the alley below, with just some burlap over him. . . . He is a nice-looking boy. I tossed him a coin so that he could get his supper.

First thing next morning I went out and talked to him. He is thirteen or fourteen years old, and has lain there for days, suffering from malaria and little food. Took my breakfast down and gave it to him, and have seldom felt so helpless in all my life. There are tens of thousands of such people in this city alone.

At noon went to our military hospital and had my throat treated. Feel terrible all over, but think it's mostly from what we see. Lunch at the de luxe Bengal Club today was definitely not the curative I need.

We had to stay another day, so I took refuge for lunch with our colored troops in their port battalion mess. Still impressed by the tragic daffiness of having to haul this American food thousands of miles, due to the utter breakdown of India's own economy. Many American lads have lost ten, twenty, and thirty pounds. Four officers have reckoned up the poundage lost among them and it added up to 185 pounds! They then drank to that fifth man—"the little man who wasn't there."

For American doughboys this probably rivals Greenland or Labrador as the loneliest billet on earth. A Red Cross officer told us there are cases of boys taking out marriage licenses with Indian girls. "I wonder if you've thought anything about what it will be like to take her back to Philadelphia?" the chaplain asked one lad. "I think you had better wait two or three months." "You can make me wait as long as you want to," said the lonely doughboy, "but I'm going to marry her anyway." If prospective WACs knew how much the very presence of American girls is appreciated out here, I think they'd volunteer in droves.

Nonstop to Australia

Took off in the Guess Where 2 at last at 9.50 and after 1,400 miles we landed at Colombo, capital of Ceylon. By contrast with Calcutta, Colombo seems like Paradise. The men and women are energetic, none go around like nudists, and we didn't see anyone starving—indeed, no one begging.

At the Governor's, learned that the general prosperity springs from a romantic list of products: rubber, tea, coconuts, cinnamon, kapok, citronella, cocoa. Couldn't help noting that this place, too, is run by the British; and that, after all, probably only basic populations can produce basic results.

On Sunday we took off for the biggest flight of our trip. In fact, believe the crew was a little nervous, knowing they were to have the dubious honor of flying the first landplane nonstop from here to Australia. It is 3,200 miles, with nothing to come down on in case of trouble.

At 1.30, after the usual dope on what to do, including pray, in event of an emergency landing at sea, we put on our Mae Wests, and the Guess Where 2 headed out over the deep. Awoke about midnight, frozen through. We'd been flying steadily over 10,000 feet, and it was bitterly cold, even though we were passing the equator.

In the morning, as we circled to come down, our crew was jubilant—and well they might be! They have set a record and hung up a first flight simultaneously. It looked as though the whole town was down to give us and them a great welcome.

Didn't know how long—or how thoroughly—we'd been away from home till we set foot on the ground here. Carnarvon looked like any little place in Florida, with lemons and oranges growing all around, but mostly because of the plain, simple, friendly people. For the first time in our trip the public all looked and acted *American!*

The Australian Air Force boys threw a big dance for us. Some dance! The lively crowd galloped off the Pride of Erin, the Gordon March, and about everything you can think of, making the ceiling shake. Ever-popular Happy Chandler was in great form, singing hearty solos to great applause.

Great fun and great boys! And great kidders, too. Best story tonight was of the newly arrived wise-cracking American soldier who turned to his first Australian and said, "Well, Aussie, you can go home now. We've come over to save you." The Aussie came back good-naturedly with: "Izat so? I thought you were a refugee from Pearl Harbor."

You're Distributing Samples, Mr. Taxpayer

From Carnarvon we flew to Port Darwin, 1,200 miles away, on Australia's northern hump.

Hit the ground at one of our U. S. Army airfields, carved right out of the jungle and neatly camouflaged. The air officers who picked us up solicitously inquired if we gentlemen would like to register for the Hotel Mayflower or the Hotel Shoreham. We duly registered and were escorted through the jungle to two tents—with signs SHOREHAM and MAYFLOWER printed on them in big letters. Some helpful soul down in Sydney had wired up here to this advanced air base, reserving "rooms" for us.

Had a fine dinner at officers' mess, and then rode down to see a bunch of our boys briefed for an early-morning bombing raid tomorrow, to smash at the Jap base of Wewak. It was the same as the scene at the big bomber base outside London, except that here the runway was cut out of virgin jungle.

Stopped at the "Club." There were fancy cubbyholes on the wall for each man's liquor. The Army physicians here prescribe a drink for each crew member when he gets back from a mission, to help him relax.

Heard here the story of Jack Kennedy, son of our former Ambassador to Britain. His PT boat was cut in two by a destroyer. Eleven of the boys drifted for eighteen hours, and finally got to a small island right next to a Jap encampment. Kennedy swam out into the channel every night, to signal with a flashlight to attract a U. S. boat or plane. After a week he finally did, and the whole group were rescued, right under the noses of the Japs.

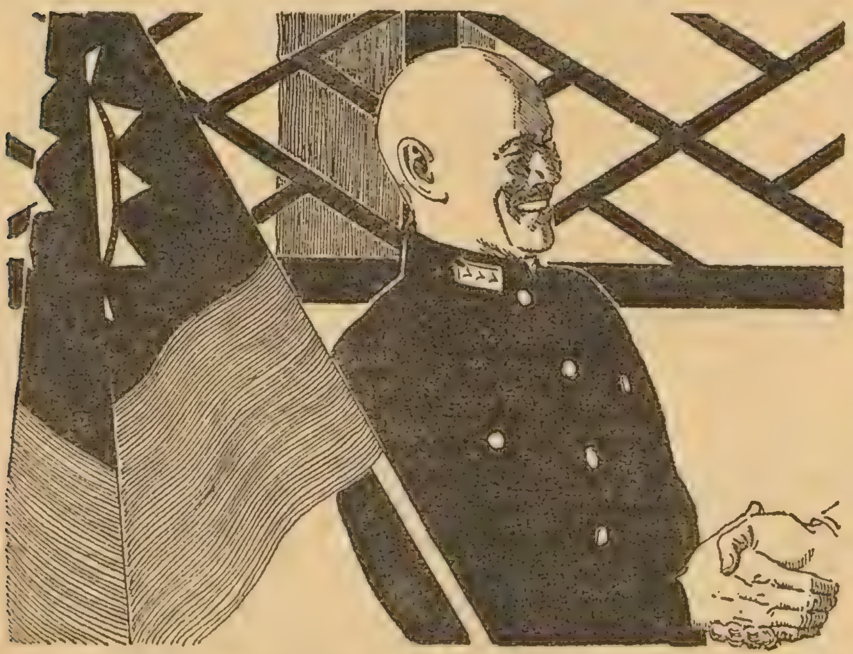
Most eye-opening story today, though, came when we got to talking about Lend-Lease and its cost to the American taxpayer. "Don't anybody call that Lend-*Loss* while I'm around!" said an engineer mechanic. "Why, we're just giving away *samples.* These trucks, planes, and jeeps gotta wear out some time, and, boy, will all this country be sold on American stuff by then!"

Owen awakened me at 5.30 A. M. next day and we rushed out to see our bomber squadron off. It was a thrilling scene there in the misty jungle, warming up the motors in the cold gray dawn. The boys were a sober lot, grim and tight-lipped in that eerie light. I asked one how he felt. A captain, and heavy with responsibility, he answered, "A little low, a little low!"

The first shipment of good U. S. beer was due in camp today, and I broke the news just before the take-off. How they did brighten up! "Wewak and Anheuser-Busch," they hollered, "here I come!"

There were kangaroos all around the field, inquisitive as giant dogs. "—— those 'roos!" shouted our escort. "One of them tangled with a bomber last week and crashed it, killing ten men." As our planes roared down the runway, a herd of 'roos came hopping onto the air strip. One of them banged right into the speeding plane, but it went right on with the others, leaving the 'roo dead on the field.

"Nice flying, boy!" exclaimed our officer. "Even coming back for inspection, you know, means leaving a permanent hole in the formation; they haven't got enough gasoline to wait up there."



Only four planes had hit the air from our strip, but there in the distant sky, like a magician's trick, forty-eight planes were clicking into quick, complex formation. They had come up from twelve separate runways, in and under the jungle.

Took off at 9.40 A. M. and expected to see the many airports supposed to be located around here. But, masked as they are by the jungle, and also by the labors of our camouflage artists, there was not a sign.

Who Are in MacArthur's Black Book

Everywhere we went today, the talk was all about Italy's surrender, and how "we sure ought to get some more air and naval strength out here now!"

Hit the air at 1.15 for Port Moresby, flying out over the Great Barrier Reef and shortly into nothing but blue sky and water. First news we got on landing was from an excited radioman: "Darwin got a real bombing just after you left," he reported. "Apparently the Japs are onto you senators at last." But we were more interested to hear about the U. S. bomber boys we'd seen head out for Wewak; he had the report on them, too: every ship and man came back.

Motored to General MacArthur's headquarters, a little white bungalow named BATAAN. As we came up on the spacious veranda, he stepped forward—dashing, handsome, and wearing his general's cap as swagger as though it were a plume. He dominated the entire stage at once. He's dynamic and theatrical at the same time, an overwhelming personality.

At "retreat" tonight, we witnessed the phenomenal sight of a crack color guard of New Guinea blacks in their "uniform" of shorts, gym shirts, and big earrings. They were stepping smartly past BATAAN to lower the blue-star and red-jack flag of Australia at General Blamey's headquarters next door. Throughout the flag-lowering ceremony General MacArthur stood stiffly at attention. He gets along splendidly with Australian Commander Blamey.

The tough bunch of Aussies are the boys whose transport liners came coasting into a full-dress reception at the docks at Singapore, all lustily singing Roll Out the Barrel, and astounding the high officials with a shower of pennies; and the same boys that stormed and took Tobruk singing, We're Off to See the Wizard of Oz.

Talk fell quickly to the bitterest and constant subject of all men out here—Jap atrocities. In Nanking, the girls found alive were done to death by torture too foul to be printable. Herds of Chinese were machine-gunned and the still writhing heaps drenched with gasoline and set afire.

We heard of American prisoners by the dozen killed in cold blood, and of others left lashed to trees to perish of starvation and thirst.

"We still don't know how that vile Jap mind works," said MacArthur, his teeth bared in anger and disgust. "Most of the time the torturing is done before other captured American boys, in an effort to get information.

"I've catalogued every one of these barbarities," MacArthur said, "with the Japanese officers who ordered or sanctioned such savagery. I call it my Domesday Book, and I'll see that list is used to bring those men to trial and punishment after the war."

The Japs apparently do get one result from this maltreatment of prisoners—the Nipponese private is too frightened to surrender. MacArthur testified that less than 150 Japanese had yet been taken in his theater. "They invariably kill themselves first," he said.

Now, About Siberian Bases . . .

First-rate aid from the native islanders out here was also discussed at length. They hate the Japs and will trail them for weeks through the jungle, steal up on them finally at night and slit their throats. This bloodthirsty enthusiasm for the welfare of our military is due, paradoxically enough, to the great work of our Christian missionaries out here through centuries of peace. American doughboys are reaping heavily where the missionaries have so long and patiently sown. A famous case was recounted to us tonight of a bomber captain who woke up hanging in a tree in his opened parachute. He had sprained his back badly, both ankles were torn, and he had a huge gash in his knee. The Japs were only six miles away. But natives found him. And they carried him on a litter for twenty-one days, up and over the towering Owen Stanley Mountains. They brought him in to Port Moresby alive.

A military aide wound up the evening describing the plan of action in the Pacific. "No island-hopping," he said emphatically, "with waste of blood and of years. This is a war of air bases, of giant seven-league boots."

"Wouldn't Siberian bases, if Russia would give them to us, save all that tremendous effort?" asked Lodge.

"Siberian bases will be worth the lives of one million American boys *when* we get them, and *when* we can hold them," was the reply. "Right now, granting them might cost the lives of one million Russian boys."

As the evening drew to an end, MacArthur was striding up and down. Every few minutes he clapped some one emphatically on the back, or stopped earnestly in front of Lodge, punctuating his oration with "Now, Henry."

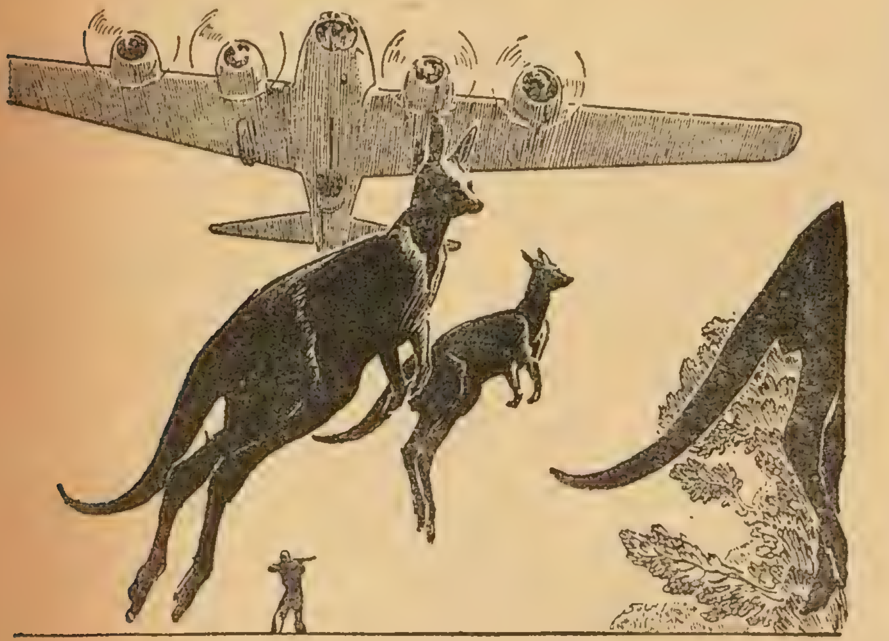
After he went out, one of his assistants said, "Don't think that's all an act. When the Old Man is working on a tough one, he'll walk and walk far into the night."

One of the newspapermen said about the same: "Some of the boys laugh at all these dramatics about MacArthur," he said as we broke up. "At a distance, he looks easy to kid. But you've got to have it on the ball to keep kicking these Japs around. And he sure impresses them and the Aussies, too—we're winning now! And when he comes through with lines like, 'I'll keep the soldier's faith,' they know he means it."

Sure Cure for Racial Prejudice

Up at 6 A. M. and there was the General, up before us. Early breakfast got us into the air at 8.15, bound for Buna, traveling this time in a Flying Fortress bristling with guns and carrying a complete fighting crew. I rode in the Fort's nose turret with the bombardier, and we flew over dozens of our fighter and bomber strips and saw some U. S. planes, recently wrecked.

Australian and American officers were there to greet us at Buna, and we began our inspection tour in jeeps. That's the only possible way. For it's just swamp, jungle, and eight-foot kunai grass, with a few clumps of shell-torn coco palms. This was practically an amphibious battlefield of muck and steaming slime, and water holes from a foot to ten feet deep. "The boys battled crocodiles as well as Japs in here," said our escort, "and mosquitoes and snakes, right during the fighting."



We got a look at the Jap pillboxes built of big logs buried deep in the ground, and with only tiny slots for the Japs to fire from. Our doughboys had to ferret them out as you would rats, at heavy cost. "Only way you could get at these blockhouses," said our guide, "was to toss dynamite through the slits."

Our boys finally drove them into the sea. And we paid a price for the victory, we saw, when we visited the U. S. hospital here and the big cemetery outside.

Looked at scores of our great American names—English, Russian, Polish, Italian, German, Jewish, Irish—every creed and race under the sun. Seeing them buried shoulder to shoulder there makes you more impatient than ever with those who advocate racial prejudice at home.

"You can't imagine the handicaps against transport and supply out here," one of our officers told us. "The only pack animals in this awful climate are the New Guinea people themselves—human dray horses. And the only bridges are ones of woven jungle vines. So we did it by air. Our big pioneering transports ferried men and guns and supplies 600 miles over 13,400-foot passes. MacArthur didn't take honors in engineering for nothing! And Air General Kenney is the human shuttle plane, up in the air over these mountains and jungles almost more than he's on the ground."

The most inspiring story was one from an Aussie engineering officer. "When your Yanks first came and we flew 'em out here to reconnoiter," he said admiringly, "they just looked down at this awful mess of jungle, and they said, 'What we need is roads and roads, and ports and ports, and an airfield here and an airfield there—and then more airfields!' The dreamers! And then they built 'em. They were like fanatics, and they began to drop Seabees like hail out of the skies."

The Army Engineers and Seabees were the first forces to see ground action in the South Pacific, and they rate as one-man-gang "task forces," because they often enough have to fight as they work—building hospitals, cooking food, constructing railroads, highways, repairing tanks and guns, and—you name it!—with guns slung over their shoulders, like our pioneer forefathers when they tended their farm patches in the savage wilderness.

Good story on the trail-blazing Negro troops who landed early at Milne Bay, next to Jap-held Buna and Gona. They were whacking up an airfield and a causeway for heavy artillery under hot Jap strafing. Time after time the colored drivers were replaced only after being shot down in the seats of their tractors. One of them, shot through both arms and bleeding badly from a head wound, protested violently as he was hauled away in a litter: "Boss, leave me stay with that 'dozer. I kin still sit! We gotta get this done!"

Stopped at the regimental hospital and heard of other modern wonders. Sulfa dusted direct onto open wounds heals on the double-quick. It has eradicated the first World War's worst horror, gangrene. In the great parachute jump which closed our trap on Lae, when seventy planes let fall 1,700 men in one minute and a half, one plane let its platoon jump at less than 400 feet. Some had their ankles broken; some had shattered bones sticking out through the skin. But they got plasma and sulfa on the spot, in fact from their own kits.

The doctors dream great dreams that their work here will at last eradicate from the South Seas the multiple scourges of malaria, dengue, fever, hookworm, and even venereal disease. There are still more American casualties from malaria than from Jap bullets!

Those grand girls, our Army nurses, are right on the job in this hellhole too. When we flew in today, we saw a trim weather-beaten girl sitting on the fence in the denim outfit of the U. S. Army nurses. She had just flown out critically wounded boys, and here she was, waiting for the next "shuttle" to go right back.

"And don't think she won't be there and back again tomorrow!" said our escort. "I've seen full colonels bounced off our planes to make place for a nurse."

Bug Bombers from Buffalo (New York)

At supper tonight, heard of a regiment from my home town stationed in Dobodura, and am staying behind to see them. General MacArthur has kindly given me his personal plane to make the Owen Stanley hop. It is a beautiful ship, named the Silver Bullet. It's a regular yacht of the air. "This little beauty has made the flight from California to Australia, nonstop," the pilot told me proudly, "in thirty-nine hours!"

Hit Dobodura at 8 A. M. For two hours I motored from one air strip to another, visiting with the boys in hangars, gun pits, ack-ack installations, and in barracks. Met hundreds closely connected through relatives, friends, and neighbors. They seemed as delighted as I felt myself, though I suspect these homesick lads would have welcomed the devil if he happened to come from the old home town.

One platoon was working in a swamp with head nettings hanging from their tin helmets, which made them look like old-fashioned street lamps that had grown fast. They also wore white gloves to protect them from the plague-bearing bugs. "There's a million of them out here," said one of my old neighbors; "but we've got a neat invention." He took me over to his tent and demonstrated the "bug bomb." It's about the size of a grenade, and it sprayed a fine mist of insecticide which cleared the place in about five seconds.

"Fifteen minutes' worth in each one. It's God's gift to foxholes. We got some fine louse powder, too," he said. "We heard this stuff was originally developed to kill bugs on rare orchids. Believe me, there's nothing you feel less like than an orchid!"

The pride of Dobodura's doughboys is their record-breaking air strips. "When we came in here, we came like greased lightning," one of the airmen told me. "The boys flew here over the mountains in one hour and built a series of airfields all around—starting from scratch in the solid jungle." He described the details: First a light scout plane flies over, picks a fairly level spot, and crash-lands. That plane brings a load of beads and things, and attracts the natives en masse to get in there and wallop out the grass with their machetes. They get enough space hand-cleared for a circus pilot to bring down a fighter plane with real mowing equipment, and pretty soon the heavy transport planes start bringing the big tools. They even brought in 4,200-

pound bulldozers and the big road scrapers that take over 200 cubic feet of space—more than you can get into any known type of cargo plane. Somebody just thought of cutting these big machines in two with a blowtorch, flying them in in sections, and welding 'em together again right here in this scratch in the jungle.

"The big job, you know, is to get the airfield ready to take care of fighters before the enemy can bomb it. Nowadays," he said, "there's about one week standard time between when the spotter plane lands in the jungle and when our big bombers can come in and roost."

"I heard you boys got a lot of medals for this job out here under fire," I said.

"Oh, sure," said the Seabee. "But we're not heroes. We couldn't let a little firing drive us away from one of our air-strip jobs. Good Lord, if we let these yellow monkeys knock out one of these taxi ways, it's us Seabees who've gotta work all night in the rain to repair it again."

Picked up my flying mates at Brisbane next day. We paid our respects to the governor general at Governor's House. "Can't wait to get you fellows out of town," he told us jovially. "The Japs plastered Fort Hedland the morning you were first due in Australia, and both Darwin and Townsville caught it right after you left them."

Brisbane is a beautiful city, and the average citizen you see is good-looking, strong, and healthy.

What Price Butter in Australia?

Up at seven, and off down the coast for Sydney.

To lunch as guests of Australia's Foreign Minister, Dr. Herbert Vere Evatt. We found him ready to discuss thoroughly the questions of postwar aviation—key matter in Australia's protection as well as ours. His whole attitude was: "Let's get down to business—and to lasting friendship." He testified wholeheartedly to the complete trust of Australians in the United States.

The wives had a lot to say about our doughboys. Hundreds are marrying Aussie girls and preparing to settle down here permanently. "It's the Yanks' politeness that impresses us most over here," said one of the ladies. "They treat the girls so courteously."

Our American boys are liked and invited everywhere; the affection, hospitality, and co-operation found down here is one of the bright spots of the war.

Press conference at three, and the usual Truman conferences with OWI, Lend-Lease, OEW, and others of our agencies. Lend-Lease has worked miracles of good will in this area. Got another insight into Lend-Lease's bookkeeping difficulties in discussing "reverse Lend-Leasing" of all food for our troops down here. The immense amount of butter we're putting away every mess hour has an Australian ceiling price of only twenty-five cents a pound. Purchased back in America, it would come to twice the figure, not counting shipping costs. How to charge it? It's going down on the books now at twenty-five cents. For a change, Uncle Sam has been a pretty good trader there!

Heard a lot about Australia's presto change to war industry. Without a single aircraft plant in 1938, they were turning out planes at a rate of 1,000 a year, even by 1941.

We also heard a lot about Australia's sport heroes. "They're more sports-loving than we Americans, if that's possible," said one officer. "Everybody's outdoors all the time, and every man and woman play golf and tennis. Cricket is still the national game, but our first American units over here got the shock of their life when an Aussie ball team came over and gave them a real shellacking on the diamond."

The Two Gamblingest Guys on Earth

Melbourne, with its 1,000,000 people, appeared laid in somewhat flatter country, without Sydney's many hills. Invited for lunch there with Prime Minister John Curtin.

"We're all for you Americans and for General MacArthur," he said. "His popularity here is tremendous."

He twitted us about our poll-tax problem. "Over here," he said, "we run things the other way round. Every man has to pay a tax if he does *not* vote. That's a sure way to keep the people participating in their government.

"In America the government is criticized, I notice, for invading the field of business. Over here the government owns outright the telephones, telegraph, and saving banks, and most of the power companies and railroads."

Press conference at eight with our American correspondents, as usual, very well-informed and refreshing. "How do you like these Aussies?" one of them asked me. "How do you like being in a land of pioneers again? Boy, I like 'em!" he said warmly. "These people stick together just like our pioneer forefathers did; and the worst thing an Aussie can say about anyone is, 'He let his cobbers [pals] down.'

"They and we Americans are the gamblingest guys on the face of the earth," he went on. "They're just daffy—bet on anything. Two Aussies in a saloon will lay odds on which of two flies will rise first from the bar. And if an American happens to be there, *he'll* be making book."

Landing at Brisbane again, we went over to Lieutenant General George C. Kenney's headquarters. Kenney is imaginative and chuckful of his work. When MacArthur first questioned Kenney's capacity to get enough troops into Buna by air, he said, "Give me five days to prepare and I'll shift the whole Army to New Guinea by air."

Went over to the American Center Service Club and had dinner with the enlisted men. It was some meal for fifty cents—topped by a good T-bone steak. The boys talked plenty about the opportunities over here.

"I'm going to stay right on," said one. "Ever hear of the Golden Mile up at Kalgoorlie, where they picked up chunks of gold the size of your fist off the side of a hill?"

"No," said another; "but I have seen the grasslands down south, and you can get staked out there for a song. I've made up my mind to marry and stay here myself."

"Marry here!" said a Cleveland boy. "I'm going to go home and get my girl and bring her back here with me. *Any* man can get to the top out here, if he's got the stuff."

This has been a grand country to see. Americans' and Australians' close friendly relations are deeply rooted in the same high, free-enterprise standard of living. Feel strongly that our international teamwork will always be on the highest and most friendly terms.

"Don't Call Me *Old!*"

Got to sleep at 9.30, preparing for a start tomorrow on a long swing around the Pacific islands.

Coasted into our big U. S. air depot on New Caledonia at 1.40 P. M., Thursday. Army, Navy, and Marine officials were out in force to greet us, including ex-Governor Stassen of Minnesota, assigned to us as aide by Admiral Halsey.

"I'm going to warn you about Admiral Halsey," said one of our greeters. "He's one of the grandest guys alive. Was out on a battleship inspection with him once, and some gob said, as the boss passed, 'There goes that old barnacle!' Halsey swung around, went back to the sailor, and said, 'Listen, bud. Don't let me hear you call me *old!*'"

Our informant hadn't exaggerated any. Halsey is a dynamic fellow, his eyes twinkling under big shaggy eyebrows, over a fighting jaw.

When Admiral Halsey took over in the Solomons as naval commander of the Southwest Pacific area on October 17, 1942, it looked very much as if a huge Jap fleet would cut off our marines at Guadalcanal. The new boss went in slugging, and really walloped the Jap armada two weeks later. Guadalcanal was saved, and the Japs were back on their heels, calling loudly for more help from Tokyo.

"Listen," he told us when we asked him what his program was. "My formula for winning is to kill Japs. Kill Japs. Kill more Japs. Sink ships. Sink ships. Sink more ships."

One of the senators asked him, "Do you consider this a war of attrition, admiral?"

"It's a war of knocking hell out of their ships!" was the answer. "Don't think it doesn't scare the pants off you in these modern naval battles," Halsey told us. "During the last real engagement I lost twenty pounds. That was a real workout."

The admiral knows everybody by his first name, gob or officer. And they refer to him by a dozen nicknames, but they love him, and say heartily in chorus, "With Halsey we'll win quicker!"

From 9 to 10 P. M. we did our usual stint with the civilian agencies here. The story of U. S. nickel purchase is a good example of Lend-Lease *non*-bookkeeping. There are enormous nickel mines here. The nickel is being sold to Australia, transshipped to Canada, and then sold there to the United States—with all the middleman increases in cost. But that's not all. We have paid for all our nickel—via Canada—entirely in cash; not a cent has cleared through reverse Lend-Lease.

Spotlight on Guadalcanal

Over Guadalcanal at 2.30, and struck by its beauty from the air. The vegetation was colorful green against the brilliant sea, with lagoons in the white coral reefs that are as clear as crystal.

But when we hit the air strip ten minutes later, it looked and smelled different. The foliage is so thick that you can see absolutely nothing. And your shoes stick, with a sucking sound, in the mud. "You ain't seen anything yet!" said Admiral Halsey feelingly. "You should spend nights on end in it, like the boys out here, through tropical storms, with uniforms clinging like sacks, bedding-down on soggy burlap in foxholes, ankle-deep in swamp water, and with our champion three-inch ants for company."

The record of the marines out here beggars description. The official message given his men by Colonel Hunt, on the eve of their first contact with the Japs here reads in part:

"The coming action in the Guadalcanal area marks the first offensive of the war against the enemy. Our country expects nothing but victory from us, and it shall have just that.

"Good luck and God bless you and to hell with the Japs!"

After the bloody struggle was over, the order of the day issued there was:

"The fight was carried to the enemy at all times by the resolute attack of men who were not afraid to die. God favors the bold and the strong of heart. We salute the officers and men who achieved so brilliant a conclusion."

"The boys lived during those weeks," said our guide, "in nothing but pup tents, caves, and the little tin-roof pigpens left by the Japs. Some guys still swear the mosquitoes were the worst; you almost needed a blood transfusion when one of those giants got through with you."

We went all over the battle sites. Over every jungle path the gang had erected signs like: Shangri-La, Hogan's Bluff, and Mo-Skeet-O-Flats.

"We sure watched the boys in the air," said an officer. "The odds were about four to one against our pilots at first. We cheered Joe Foss the day he shot down his twenty-sixth—and hung up the all-time record for this war. It was those pilots and the good old U. S. Navy that finally saved us."

"Finest feat on the official Marine record here that I heard of," said the officer, "was a lieutenant who actually broke the 'attack-proof' fortifications at Tanambogo. He was running the first of two tanks that went in ahead, and the Japs swarmed over it, thrust an iron rod into its treads, poured gasoline over it, and set it afire. That Marine lieutenant opened the top of his tank turret, trained his AA gun on the Japs, and killed twenty-three of them before he was knifed to death."

Foxholes in Hell

"Don't let me give you the idea we marines did it all, though," the officer said. "The Navy was terrific. One plain gob got the Congressional Medal of Honor here, for his job in evacuating our men who were trapped at Point Cruz. He placed his boat between the rescue shuttle and the Japs, drawing all the fire. He was soon full of bullets, but didn't die till he had the satisfaction of seeing the last marine pull out."

"Our aviators maybe were tougher than that," our guide went on. "The pilots who ferried loads of gasoline drums into the airfield here in unarmed transports—while the Japs were raiding hourly—had the key job that let us turn the tide."

"Worst of it all," another veteran told us, as we went out in the dark jungle, "were the nights in here. You felt worse than blinded. I felt stunned. A foxhole in this green hell is a sweet little billet in the loving embrace of all that muck. That fighting with a knife is a terrible thing, especially in the dark. Those sneaky Japs tried to get our goats every night. Some of them would flop around on the ground and scream in English: 'Bill'—or Hank or Jim or Charlie—'Help, help, he's killing me!' But if once you ever got out of your foxhole, you were done for. That's what the Nips were after, to lure us out in the dark."

An officer took up the story: "Jap machine-gun nests that were hardest to dislodge were built under big tree roots," he said. "Then one bright sergeant started sneaking up and pouring gasoline around and coming back and shooting them into bonfires with incendiary bullets.

"Next, somebody got flame throwers hooked on to light tanks, and the first step could be omitted.

"But the jack pot was when we couldn't pitchfork the Japs out of a strong position just over and under a ridge. A Coast Guardsman licked that one. He got a flight of Airacobras to hitch depth bombs under their fuselages, and gave them instantaneous fuses. They dropped them right on the ridge and sunk it.

"You can't beat the average American when it comes to turning a tough situation inside out!"

The Man Who Prayed in Ten Languages

"How's the collection of Samurai swords coming?" Halsey asked one of the Army officers.

"The boys have been through everything with a fine-tooth comb," was the answer. "There isn't even a Jap helmet left unclaimed. Those swords are shooting up on the market every day—they're going right now at one thousand dollars or two quarts of whisky."

"That's one of the things that baffles the Japs," said Halsey. "The only Jap officer captured on Guadalcanal said: 'Japanese fight for Emperor and Rising Sun. Italian fight for Fascism and Mussolini. German fight for Hitler and great Nazi Empire. But Americans fight for souvenirs and for the hell of it!'"

There was a lot of talk about battle psychology. "This life makes Christians of men, doesn't it?" said the chaplain.

"Yes," answered a young captain. "In that last big attack I sure found myself praying in ten languages."

But the chaplain was serious and convincing. "My congregations, I notice now, are four to ten times larger than a year ago," he said. "There's hardly a soldier who doesn't carry around with him some sort of prayer book or Testament—and I've found them reading these out in shell holes and foxholes under heavy fire."

"How does that suicide stuff of the Jap religion work?" we asked.

"How it works, exactly, baffles us all," replied an officer. "We found numerous Japs with neat bullet holes through their foreheads, and the revolvers in their hands. But, nevertheless, their commanding general and ranking officers made their escape by boat.

"Definitely, though," he went on, "when a Jap outfit is defeated, its members formally become 'shadow men,' never to show their faces before loyal and believing Nipponese."

"It's the glory of death for the Emperor," said an infantry officer. "A Nip will sneak into our lines at night—simply to shoot once. He knows he'll be shot himself, but that apparently makes no difference to him. It's part of the same state of mind that makes the Japs still turn out Zeros without armor on the cockpit, and unequipped with parachutes, rubber boats, or flares. The death of a Jap is glorious, apparently. And do we ever say Amen to that!"

"At any rate," said the commanding officer, "I figure that *Bushido* has proved our best friend. Don't know how we'd have held our own losses down to one to ten without it, getting 1,500 Nip planes at the cost of about 350 of ours. It surely keeps the number of prisoners down. We haven't taken more than seventy-five live Japs here—and we welcome that, too, as a tremendous saving of labor."

As we broke up, Halsey walked outside with us and took a look at the fine full moon rising. "With that spotlight," he said, "they should be over tonight for sure. Better sleep in a crouch, senators, ready to take off for the foxholes."

Sure enough, the wail of the sirens cut into our heavy sleep some three hours later. But no raid; it was just an "alert."

The Adventure of Superman Miller

At 9.45 A. M., took off in a cargo ship entitled Hitler's Hearse and landed at our big installations on Espiritu Santo Island to the southwest. Took a long look around the excellent naval hospital and rest center. There were a lot of New York State boys here, all soundly recovering. They were full of two of the biggest thriller stories out here.

One was about the unique marine leader, Lieutenant Colonel Evans Carlson, and his smashing Carlson Raiders. In their green leopard-spotted coveralls and with tactics halfway between our old Indian scouts and the stranger *thugs* of India, they netted 800 dead Japs for sixteen Raider casualties in their latest exploit. Carlson, a lean six-footer, enlisted as a leatherneck private in 1922 and soldiered his way up in marine hot spots all around the world. He built his unique Jap-killer corps in a special camp in San Diego, sifting 1,000 boy wonders from 7,000 volunteers. They were put through marches of forty miles a day with full pack, taught all the arts of soundless assassination, especially knife-play at night, and given daily "skull drills" to be sure every man was heart and soul convinced of his country's right stand in this war. The officers wore the same clothes, ate the same food, lived in the same barracks as their men. *Gung ho!*—"Work together"—was their Chinese password of brotherhood.

With this go-getter gang, Carlson first staged the famous Makin Island raid and killed 350 Japs with no losses to his men. Then they were ordered to Guadalcanal to spearhead the regular Army landings which reinforced the hard-pressed marines.

The real talk of the tents, though, is the superman adventure of Lieutenant Hugh Barr Miller. He was one of twenty-three men to survive Jap torpedoing of his destroyer. He had severe internal injuries from the explosions, and such hemorrhages that he thought sure he'd die. So he made a barefoot boy in the marooned company take his shoes and socks and the only water, and they all went on, leaving him only a broken sheath knife. Big Jap barges were going by constantly; shore patrols were marching past within a hundred yards of him.

But he lived, and, to his surprise, began to recover. He slashed his bare feet to ribbons on the coral, getting to his first water. He soon got himself socks and shoes from dead Japs. He stocked himself with bayonet and hand grenades the same way. Before an American plane spotted and rescued him on August 16, he had wiped out three entire Jap machine-gun nests.

Church in the Jungle

Reception at 5.30 in honor of Mrs. Roosevelt, whose path we were crossing. Mrs. Roosevelt seemed to charm everyone.

Much impressed with the admirals' statement this evening that at one time, at our lowest ebb in the Pacific, we had only one U. S. carrier left undamaged. We have come a long way since then.

Called at 6.30 for breakfast with Mrs. Roosevelt and the military.

An Army officer assigned to accompany Mrs. Roosevelt had a lot to say after she left. "I was sore when they gave me this job," he said. "I said that was a heck of a way to kill Japs, having to go on a sight-seeing tour. But she cured me quick. She had just the right thing to say to the boys—always. Mrs. Roosevelt went through hospital wards by the hundreds. In each, she made a point of stopping by each bed, shaking hands, and saying some nice motherlike thing. She left behind her many a tough battle-torn G. I. with a memory he will never forget."

For church I went over to a big clear grove in the jungle, just as a terrific tropical downpour began. There were hundreds of men there, kneeling in the mud in the tropical rain. The chapel had a thatched roof, and I joined those huddled there. These prayers today, going up in the black heart of the jungle and in a slashing jungle storm, were re-enactments of what I had seen in the African desert and in the Australian bush. It gave those men a deep sense of spiritual well-being; you could sense it welling up to steel them against the trials of savage war and bizarre wilderness.

After a look at Operations H. Q., we climbed in the Black Cat Number 13 and flew to Nandi in the Fijis. Found Russell and Chandler waiting for us here, and also the good old Guess Where 2.

The natives, Polynesians (meaning the people of the myriad islands), are really handsome folks—so easygoing and gay that the British have been forced to import much real labor from India for generations.

We found, in trying to shop, that shelves in the general stores were absolutely bare. Prices are sky-high, and as for my buying a handicraft souvenir of any kind, the great swarm of doughboys beat me to it long ago. The officers told with pride the case of a young private who, after much bargaining, bought an old boomerang from a storekeeper here for two dollars. He banged it up a lot more, carved a picture of the Statue of Liberty on it, and sold it back to another "smart" native merchant for twenty-five dollars. But the Polynesian wasn't outsmarted after all, for he resold it a couple of days later for fifty dollars—to a top-ranking officer.

The Bulldozer that Buried Them Alive

We heard a lot about the improved assault methods at New Georgia. The usual split-second waves of men and machines hit the beaches "just where the Japs ain't." Bulldozers were ahead and they simply smashed the "impenetrable" jungle growth to left and right, with engineers unrolling the wire-matting "road" right behind them. Securely footed on that, even our twenty-ton cannon went right in, roaring over the swamps. In that Munda landing of three entire divisions (45,000 men), we lost not a single case of supplies.

"Those combat engineers, both amphibian and regular, are terrific," said General Hodge. "And the bulldozer is beginning to look like a combat weapon out here. Some of those tree-root machine-gun nests held us up until one driver, a big Southern boy, jumped into his cab and leveled off the jaws of the 'dozer as a shield. He rode that way point-blank on the nest, which was spitting bullets all the while, then lowered the 'dozer, scooped up a big load of earth and buried the Nips beneath it! I think we're going to armor those machines to use for just that from now on."

There is plenty of praise for the great Seabee organization. In all America's modern history, we've never before been in a real sea war, and right up to Pearl Harbor the Navy was still building all its installations by normal civilian contract. On December 7, 1941, Rear Admiral Ben Moreell was charged with enlisting 200,000 Seabees overnight. Into this service poured electricians, carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, mechanics, welders, metalworkers, boilermakers, crane operators—and especially 'dozer tamers. They have wrought miracles everywhere.

At New Georgia, General Hodge told us, the little Nip transports sneaking down the coast at night were weathering our PT boats' machine-gun strafing, until an engineer knocked down one of our big antiaircraft guns and proved it could be strapped to a PT deck. There were a dozen such contraptions by nightfall.

"The boys were more enthusiastic though," he said, "about another invention. We got some beer ashore in a couple of days there, but it was as hot and sickening as the climate. So the pilots used to take a maximum load of it up on every mission possible—not to drink it, but just to bring it back nicely chilled from the stratosphere."

Christmas Shopping—Early

Flew in the trusty Guess Where 2 straight out over the blue Pacific, and we soon crossed the fascinating international date line. I had a hard time getting the date shift through my head. Here it was Monday morning when we left the Fijis, and now here in the Samoans we were once again back to Sunday. This is our second Sunday in the last three days!

Just then our co-pilot said impressively, "Gentlemen, it's only a day or so now to Christmas!" That floored most of us before we realized he was referring to the famous atoll of Christmas Island.

An unforgettable house party followed a reception at General Miller's home tonight on lovely Tutuila Island. There were native songs, music, and dances. The honor guests were the entertainers and all were notable for intelligence and beauty. We hear the American boys here are enthusiastic about the Samoan girls, and some will marry; some are planning to stay on at "this idyllic island of the Pacific."

The next day brought us to the speck in the vast Pacific that is Christmas Island. This is just an atoll, a sort of stagecoach inn of our era of world aviation.

Some of the boys went shopping at the Army PX here. Happy Chandler took a couple of coral necklaces "just to get in the quip," he said, "that this year I'm doing my 'Christmas' shopping early."

Went over to inspect the hospital and medical buildings afterward, and found that, though small, they are as good as we've seen. There are only fifteen invalided out of the whole 2,400 Army boys stationed here.

One youthful old-timer here gave me a firsthand story of the Air Transport Command. "America sure pulled a world airway out of a hat when we got going," he said. "When we got the sneak-attack news of Pearl Harbor on the radio, I was in mid-ocean, riding a 500-ton dry dock toward Christmas here. There we were, being pulled as slow as molasses by two tugs, and with no guns or escort whatever. When we got here we worked like mad, especially after the news of Wake. So did all our men everywhere. The War Department directive was declared 'completed' on December 28—a red-white-and-blue air trail paved around the world in just eleven weeks!"

The Day that Remade Hawaii

When we arrived in Honolulu we were welcomed by Admiral Nimitz, Vice-Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, Earl Thacker of OWI, and a whole crowd of officials.

Owen and I took a proffered flight around the islands. America's "Paradise of the Pacific" and our biggest naval base in all history were thrilling sights from the air. It was hard to picture the sneak raid of December 7.

"That day was terrific," said our officer escort. "Seems to us out here the folks back home should know a lot more about the heroism of that day and not its shame. Pearl Harbor was a tremendous defeat," he said. "But the big thing was the way our boys reacted when they got the shock—and the horrors many lived through like real men. We didn't feel ashamed; we felt proud of the way American men behaved here in the white heat of the uneven battle."

"How about the sabotage stories?" I asked.

"You should have been here that wild night to hear the rumors," said our guide. "Parachute troops landing all over the island . . . Honolulu's water supply poisoned . . . milk trucks dropping their false sides and turning into Jap tanks spitting with machine guns. Man, you could hear anything for a couple of days! But fortunately it was not true. Right down to today, I don't know of one good genuine spy story of this war that happened here in Hawaii."

"That day remade this island," said a veteran newspaperman. "The Japs picked Sunday, because they knew it was America's day of rest and worship. We thought the crashing explosions were just maneuvers, even when the machine guns were rat-tat-tatting against buildings a block off. Then came the wail of the sirens, ambulances starting to clang-clang, and we made a dash for the radio.

"The radio called all Army and Navy men to stations, all mechanics to their jobs, all doctors to their emergency posts. Then came 'An important announcement!' and you could hear Governor Poindexter's voice trembling with emotion as he read a decree of martial law and told us Hawaii was officially at war."

Owen and I had a conference on the food situation here with Mr. Dillingham. With the war on, the normal fishing industry is as good as abolished. The islands are not short of food but, due to the shipping shortage, are surfeited with one kind: pineapples and sugar.

Had conferences with the OWI and OCD, and all confirmed the amazing fact of no sabotage out here. "Everybody is nervous as a cat, though," said one official, "and rumors will still shoot around like wildfire. The Japs are our biggest block of Hawaii's population, 35 per cent, and it's amazing that we have had absolutely no sabotage." They outranked the "Caucasians," who are about 25 per cent, and the native Hawaiians, who are 15 per cent of the total.

"The astounding fact is the unity all races have shown here in supporting America in this war."

In Admiral Nimitz's Front Yard

Motored to an interview with Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, and found him a tall wiry man with white hair and steel-blue eyes. His manner is deceptively mild. He has a pleasing Southern drawl with a real Texas twang, and is as calm and kindly as a scholar.

Just twenty-four days after Pearl Harbor he was named Fleet Commander in Chief in the Pacific—and soon paid off with the crashing victories of the Coral Sea and Midway.

"We have quite a front yard to tend here," the admiral told us dryly. "Seventy million square miles extending across 160 degrees of longitude. The Jap bread line from the front lines back to Tokyo is a target just 3,000 miles wide. One of our subs alone, the great little Wahoo, got a whole convoy singlehanded. Our underwater boys have hung up a score of no less than 300 vessels sunk, and another 100 damaged.

"Add to that the wonderful work of our Air Force, and our statistics show we have smashed and sunk one third of all Japan's merchant fleet."

Our quintet went over to the famous Ranger and Combat school run by Lieutenant Colonel François d'Eliscu. There picked men were training for the toughest hit-and-run assignments of the war. We all got a chance to handle mortars and bayonets ourselves, and we were taught a lesson in using the marvelous walkie-talkie radio equipment.

Happy Chandler had a field day out there. He's forty-five, but when Colonel d'Eliscu began demonstrating jujitsu at the end of our visit this afternoon, Happy shouted, "Try me, colonel!" and waded right in, ending up with the colonel over his shoulder like a sack of meal. The doughboys went wild.

On the way in, we saw a big stockade for Jap prisoners, with the inmates looking very healthy and playing volleyball in the big yard inside.

We got into a motor launch and were taken all around the harbor, particularly over the wreckage from the sneak attack of December 7. It was a ghastly sight. The Oklahoma was still there, partly submerged in oil and water.

While we were still in the launch, a big shout went up. A sub was coming in, back from a prolonged deep-sea mission. Everybody strained his eyes to see its score. When the pigboats come back from a "fishing expedition," the boys fly pennants on the conning tower for every Jap ship sunk—and if they've scored a hit on every target, they tie a broom on the masthead to signify "a clean sweep."

It came closer, and you could make out a broom sticking up there against the sky. The whole harbor joined in the welcome, everybody yelling congratulations. The boys were all on deck, white as ghosts after spending weeks shut off from the light of day. They were loaded into Navy cars and speeded on to the famous Royal Hawaiian Hotel, now the de luxe rest home for the combat submarine crews. Here they get a scientific build-up; foremost of all, fresh air and sunshine to load them up again with Vitamin D. These white-skinned underwater fighters are as brown as berries by the time they go down under the sea again.

The Short Voyage Home

Over to the governor's unusual residence for reception and lunch held for us by Governor Stainback. It is the old royal palace of the Hawaiian kings, where Queen Liliuokalani presided elegantly over one of the most colorful courts of the gay '90s. It still calls up a picture of that grand decade when dashing U. S. officers waltzed and one-stepped with the belles who made up the queen's retinue.

Off to a *Leuah,* the islanders' version of a roast-pig barbecue back home. The hog is served along with the rest of the meal in a small wooden carton, and is to be eaten in native style without aid of any table tools. This was no trick for a veteran of the pasha's *diffa* at Marrakesh.

At 7 P. M., in our faithful Guess Where 2, Mae Wests and all, we took the air for the 2,500-mile flight right back to the U. S. A. Everybody seemed very happy that home was dead ahead.

Sunday I woke about 4.30 A. M. and was glad I did, for from my lower berth I could already see a golden glow in the east from the rising sun. The whole California coast, as far as you could see, looked like one big Golden Gate.

Have seldom been so impatient to get anywhere in my life as on the eight-hour trip from Los Angeles to Washington. I recalled the day I first came to Washington as a congressman. I was a pretty proud man that day.

And here now, I felt, was my second great "coming to Washington." For the first time now, I knew exactly what my country's capital means to others, thousands of miles away. I had an immensely higher pride in my job and a far greater realization of the opportunities for service which it offers.

All around the world we saw, close up, the man who's really fighting this war for us. It was those average American boys and girls that left the big impression on us all—the kids from my neighborhood back home, and from yours.

America is fighting now with more planes than all her enemies combined, and with far better technical equipment in every field.

But, after all, equipment can't win wars, nor can grand strategy. It takes men. We saw everywhere enough American fighting men of every kind to appreciate strongly what they are going through.

We saw torpedoed sailors; we talked to paratroopers and snipers, antitank squad men and doctors, and to dozens of those strong brave nurses who are adored as real "angels of mercy" by the fighting men on all our battle fronts.

The Green Hell of the South Sea islands left the deepest impression on us. But I remember equal tension in our Air Force scenes in England. Every commander we saw had the same recommendation for maintaining high-pitch efficiency. "All boys, and the best of them, must be replaced," they said, "after a certain period of service. If a man knows—like the fighter pilots after fifty missions, or the bomber boys after twenty-five—that at a certain point he can get his breath again, he'll spin along like a top."

The most popular answer, ten to one, everywhere in the world to our opening question, "What do you want most, boys?" was always, "I want to go home!" That didn't mean they weren't willing to fight, even anxious to fight. But it did tell what fills their minds most, day and night.

Consequently one of the most vigorous of our committee's ten joint recommendations on our return was:

"A policy of relieving men overseas after they have served a certain length of time would be in the interest of efficiency, as well as conducive to physical and mental welfare. A definite promise to a man that after a certain length of time he will be replaced is an important morale factor."

Remember This When You Write to the Boys:

In a war world like this, any entertainment and diversion is a godsend and important medicine for weary soldiers.

What these boys want from America, we found, is what gives them the quickest feeling of peace. What they wanted to talk to me about was: how the home town looked; how were business, weather, and the crops; and what were the baseball and football scores.

That's what they need in letters, not "distraction," but the everyday news of home. Letters are the greatest thing those boys look forward to, beyond the thought of eventually getting home themselves. The commonest gripe everywhere is the "ads we see in the magazines, with lovely battle scenes where all we soldiers are always clean as a whistle and our pants spotless and pressed." They want a realistic picture of what they're going through out there understood by Americans at home. The crying need and common sense of this so impressed us that another recommendation of our joint report reads:

"The men do not feel that the true picture of their hardships is being given to the public. They have a realistic viewpoint regarding war, which they would like to have shared by our public relations officials and the public."

I have tried to give that viewpoint in this book. I want to share as widely as I can the great experience of this trip around a war-torn world that looks to America for leadership today and tomorrow.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

A GAL you won't forget for a long time is Ellen Harland, the alluring, vivacious, and determined modern Lorelei around whom **Ben Ames Williams** has woven his novel, **Leave Her to Heaven.**

Ben Ames Williams

This book is a portrait, on a big and lavishly crowded canvas, of a consumingly jealous woman. To explore her character, Williams runs the gamut from idyllic love scenes to intense melodrama.

There will be a good deal of controversy about some of the author's excursions over the border line of abnormal psychology, in the course of which his enchanting lady becomes a murderess. But it would be hard to dispute the fact that his story has unusual drive and vitality. Few modern novelists are as adroit at a job of sheer storytelling as Williams.

Published by Houghton Mifflin, Boston. Price, $2.50.

YOU will find several different Alexander Woollcotts, all of them well worth meeting, in his posthumous book, **The Letters of Alexander Woollcott,** edited by **Beatrice Kaufman and Joseph Hennessey.**

Alexander Woollcott

Here is the sentimental, yarn-spinning Woollcott of radio fame; the brilliant theatrical critic whose reviews of plays were like an acid test—an extremely acid one; the generous-spirited discoverer of talent who beat the drums for a young vaudevillian named Harpo Marx and a promising new writer, James Hilton; and the professional celebrity and celebrity-collector of The Man Who Came to Dinner.

Writing to Mrs. Kaufman from London in 1930, he recounted:

"My blossom:

Noel Coward is the only gamester I ever knew with my own wholeheartedness. We played backgammon or Russian bank all the way over. I had never before crossed the Atlantic without once laying eyes on the darned thing. . . . 'Cavalcade' last night. Noel's party in the royal box. A convenient arrangement, with a salon behind it for coffee and liqueurs and an adjacent room for the occasional relief of the royal kidney."

Published by the Viking Press, N. Y. Price, $3.50.

LORD HALIFAX, father of the present British Ambassador, was a connoisseur of ghost stories. A collection of yarns gathered by him from many sources, and edited by **Viscount (now Earl) Halifax,** has been issued under the title **Lord Halifax's Ghost Book.**

Here's a typical one, told to Lord Halifax by the officer who commanded the Mediterranean flotilla in 1919:

A popular submarine skipper named Ryan had been missing for some time. Another submarine was operating on his beat. Suddenly the captain cried out, "By Jove, there's jolly old Ryan waving to us like mad from the water!"

The submarine surfaced, but, says Lord Halifax, "not a sign of Ryan was to be seen. . . . After a short while, an object was discerned in the sea right ahead and on the course the submarine was steering. As she came up with it, it resolved itself into two mines, which the submarine would undoubtedly have struck if Ryan had not waved to warn them off."

Published by Didier, N. Y. Price, $2.75.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

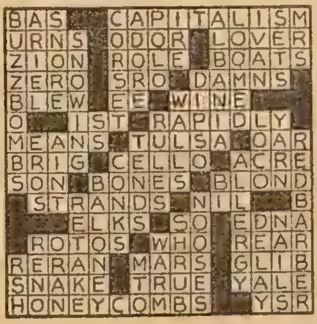
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

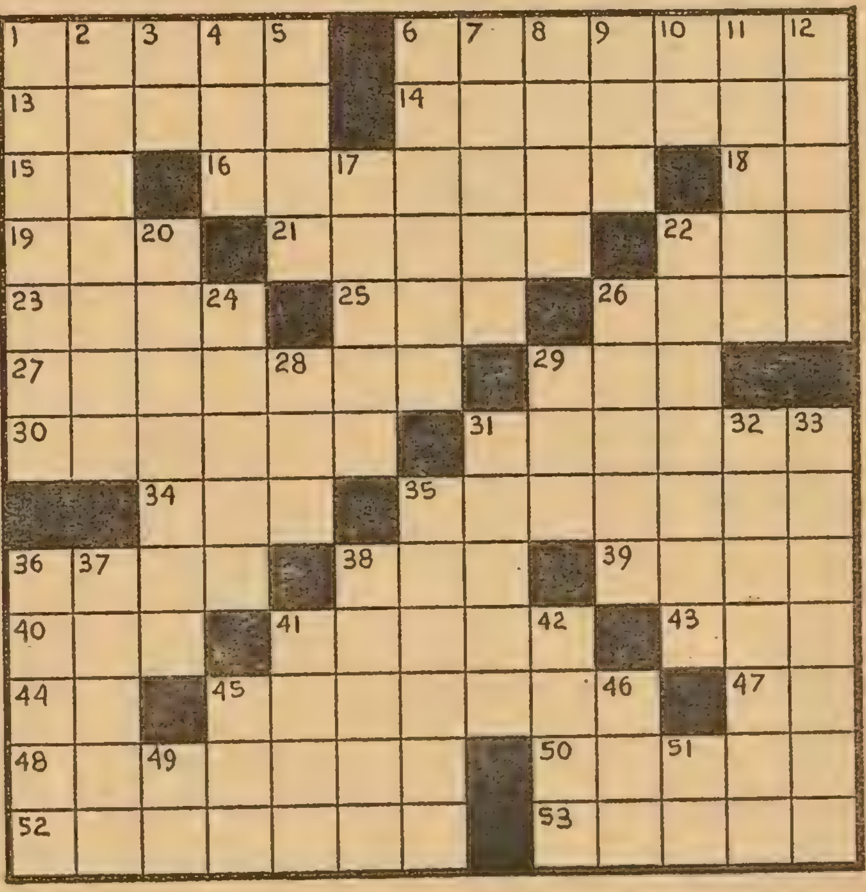
1 What house fell gruesomely for Poe?
6 Name the No. 1 U. S. Infantryman
13 What has a weigh with it?
14 What lettuce came from Cyprus but was named after the Romans?
15 That is—uh—well—
16 Name a Senator from Connecticut
18 What's thanks, childishly?
19 And two in Spanish?
21 He who has a full mind does what?
22 Abbr. for a glamorous ball and chain
23 What species of creature is known for its flat feet and love of purloined fruit? (pl.)
25 Terrific commotion
26 What Wisconsinite became Governor of Wyoming then Prexy of the U. of Wyoming?
27 The hero of Bulwer-Lytton's Zanoni was supposed to be what?
29 Stout folk like to diet down to what weight?
30 Escoffier was known for his whats? (sing.)
31 A slacker is said to be what?
34 What word grows rarer in Hitler's vocabulary?
35 What American former Lt. Gov. is running Italy for the Allies?
36 Ekes (anagram)
38 Name a kind of bean that's edible
39 The postmaster with the perennially even temper was always what?
40 Saturn's wife
41 Sir Toby. Shakespeare's windiest character?
43 Lawyer's widget-word
44 Name another of those International Basic Englishes
45 What kind of prophets are women now making?
47 Latin connective
48 The Germans have learned to do what backward?
50 Egypt might have fallen in this war except for what?
52 Ernest Hemingway has hairified everybody recently by appearing how?
53 The only people whose neutrality we truly welcome?

VERTICAL

1 What was one of the last items to have a price ceiling put on it? (2 wds.)
2 Name a famous mean man
3 What word when doubled is a bird?
4 What's the slipperiest tree?
5 What portion of the line has disappeared in modern warfare?
6 A disrespectful name for dames
7 The music goes round and round in what type of piece?
8 Idaho State College is where?
9 Who wrote Life with Father?
10 First half of life
11 Many a no trump bid isn't made for lack of a what into dummy?
12 What could be termed the ex-vitamin craze?
17 Biggest loan business on earth
20 Complete: Darwin's Origin of ——
22 What kind of radio station polices the airwaves?
24 Magazines that use glossy paper are nicknamed what?
26 What are men's greatest securities?
28 Name a letter
29 Complete: Am —— and ——
31 What's a blattid orthopterous insect fond of culinary accomplishments?
32 In business districts what'd be the buy-ways?
33 The Mexican government recently abolished what popular pastime? (pl.)
35 Flung riotously
36 Anagram boars
37 What's an after-song?
38 Senator Lodge helped wreck the what after the last war?
41 If you feel faint, what is it good to do low from the waist?
42 Shem (anagram)
45 This word is 46 Vertical forward
46 This word is 45 Vertical backward
49 What state's famed for its women and gentlemen? (abbr.)
51 If you got 10 Vertical, this should be easy

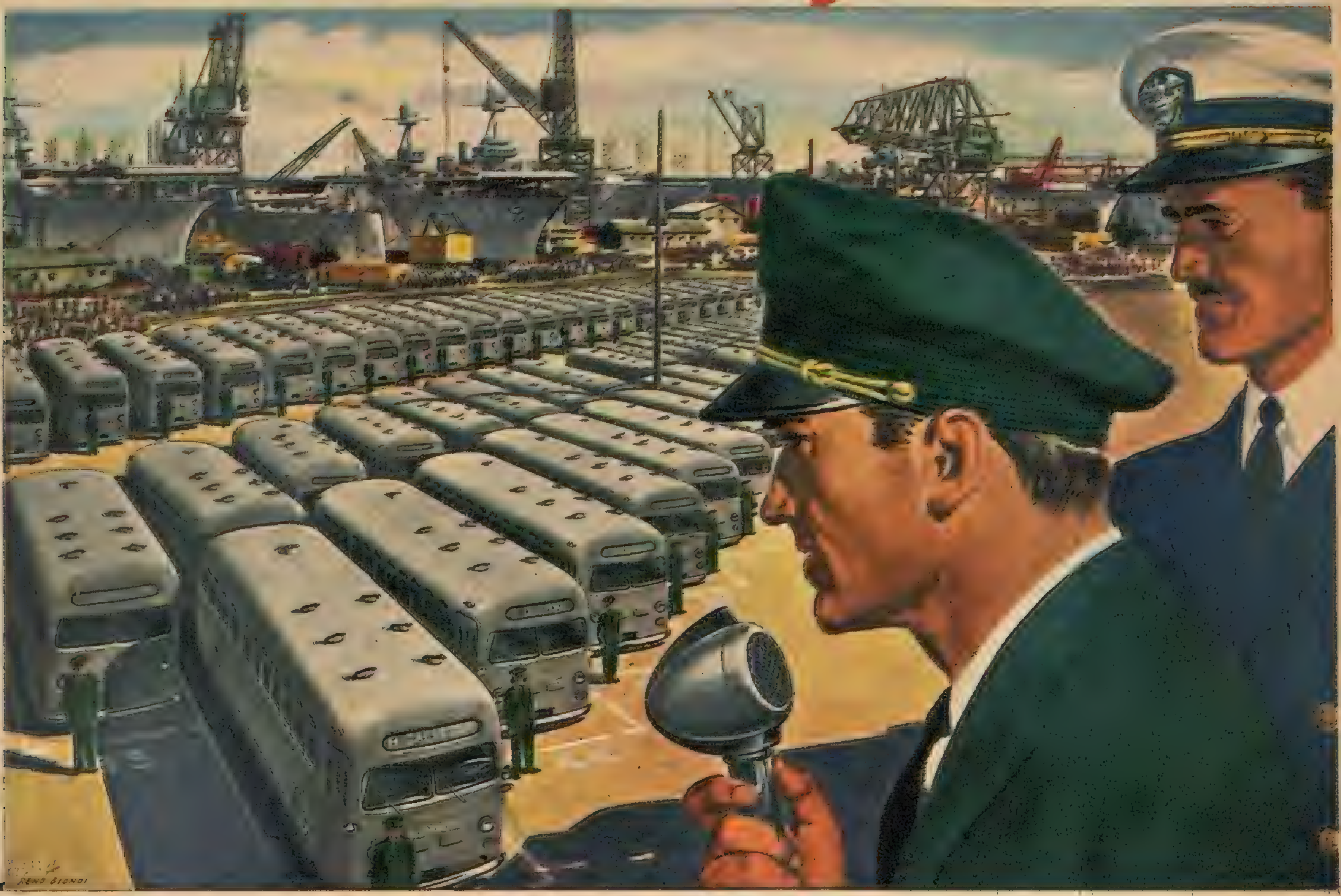


Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

"DRIVERS—Man Your Buses"



. . . and a great land fleet rolls into action for the Navy

Aboard warships on the sea routes to Tokyo, these ringing commands send fighting men into action . . .

"*Pilots, man your planes!*"

"*Gunners, man your stations!*"

And in one of America's great naval shipyards, still another call tells of an urgent war job to be done . . .

"*Drivers, man your buses!*"

Three times a day the dispatcher's signal is heard, as thousands of workers change shifts at this immense center of naval might. Swiftly, smoothly, one after another, the buses roll . . . carrying workers to and from their homes in scores of cities, towns and villages near and far.

It's the Navy's bus fleet . . . and the Navy has recruited the accumulated skill and experience of America's intercity bus operators to plan and direct its split-second operation. This and similar jobs for the Armed Forces, entrusted to intercity bus lines, point up the tremendous importance of highway transportation in wartime.

These special assignments can be handled by no other form of public transportation, because they call for flexible, mobile units that can go anywhere, anytime, over any route . . . directly to highway points where people live and work.

At the same time, intercity bus lines are maintaining regular, scheduled service to all the war-busy places in America . . . serving the nation with convenient, low-cost transportation at the record-breaking rate of 963 million passengers in 1943!

Wherever manpower must move by highway, there "drivers man their buses"—and there *the highways work for victory!*

MOTOR BUS LINES OF AMERICA

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MOTOR BUS OPERATORS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The War Bonds you buy mean
security for your country and you
Invest Again Today!

TAME THIEF

Continued from Page 17

"Wh-wh-what?" he asked, startled. "Have you searched Elisha's room?"

"Nope."

"Any objections if I do it?"

"No use," replied the officer. "Elisha wouldn't have the stove there. He never takes title to anything until it's been missing for a year. He hides it somewhere until folks have forgotten."

Chris took a manila envelope from the desk drawer and dumped the prisoner's property upon the green blotter. "It's one of them four keys, but I'm not sure which one. So you'd better take all of 'em along with you."

"They're odd-looking."

"Skeletons."

"Sure enough?"

"Oh, yes. Elisha's a handy man with keys. Almost as good as a locksmith."

Williamina frowned. The biggest key looked as if it would open the rear door of the meat market. Not that she ever left anything valuable in the back room, and the connecting door was always bolted on the inside. But it gave her a twinge of uneasiness.

"I'll bring these back later."

"No hurry. He won't be needing them for quite a spell."

ELISHA was domiciled on the fairgrounds at the edge of the village. In his skirmishes with the law he always gave his occupation as "caretaker" of the property. Once, in order to establish credit with a mail-order firm, he ordered printed letterheads: ADAMS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—E. Finch, Jr.—*Resident Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings.*

In the beginning, this business stationery gave the community a hearty laugh. Later, most people forgot how he had acquired his status. A vague impression remained that a deceased director of the fair had given him permission to live there. It was "something about the insurance," Elisha claimed.

Finally his identity as an employee became so well established that he even ventured into the hardware store. There he bought small quantities of nails, putty, window glass, and paint, charging his purchases to the fairgrounds account without any question. In return, he made a few minor repairs and kept a shrewd eye on the property.

The one-room apartment where he slept and cooked his meals had originally been a box stall at the south end of the long horse sheds.

Elisha had contrived these living quarters most ingeniously. The floor was bridge planking, abstracted piece by piece from the county Highway Department's pile. The room was ceiled with matched siding, snitched from the contractor who built the new school. It was insulated with strips of rolled roofing that Elisha acquired one dark night when the Masonic Temple was being remodeled.

His window frames and sashes came from the salvage heap behind the Lawton residence. His front door had graced the Episcopal rectory, before that was torn down. His window screens were legitimate. He'd found them on the village dump.

Williamina felt a lively curiosity as she let herself into this sanctuary. The man had a positive genius for getting along. He was the one person in Adams County who was superior to taxes, gas rationing, tire shortages, and all the other misfortunes of society.

Her first impression was one of surprise. The room was pleasant. Also, it was neat and clean. Whatever his other shortcomings might be, Elisha was a tidy soul, systematic as a filing clerk.

Beside the cold wood stove hung his broom, with "O. & W. RR." branded on the handle. His tool chest, filled with an assortment of saws, pinch bars, plumb bobs, tin snips, soldering irons, screw drivers, planes, chisels, files, wrenches, hammers, jointed rules, and anything else that a handy man might need, was painted a neat battleship gray. But, striking through, one could read the faint lettering beneath: "Property of Hogan Brothers Construction Co."

From the beamed ceiling hung an oil lamp, mysteriously donated by the Squirrel Hill Grange at the time when their hall was wired for electricity. Beneath it stood a comfortable wicker deck chair stained a brilliant Chinese red.

The girl stared at it, vaguely recalling that a similar one, colored green, had disappeared from Frank Leighton's front porch on Halloween night, two years before. Maple Avenue kids had been unjustly blamed for that.

She examined the bedding, folded neatly on the cot mattress. There were two Pullman blankets—and how in the world had Elisha acquired them?—a gray wool hospital blanket, a new horse blanket stenciled "Medicine Spring Stock Farm," a crazy quilt that might have come from any clothesline, and a steamer rug.

Williamina rolled the last into a compact bundle and carried it back to the market. "One seven one," she spoke into the phone.

"Hello."

"Mrs. Paige?"

"Yes."

"This is Rees' Cash Market."

"Yes, Williamina."

"You advertised in the paper that you lost a robe."

"Yes, we did. A long time ago."

"Where did you lose it?"

"We don't know. We suppose it fell out of the car when the children opened the door."

"What color was it?"

"Plaid on one side. Dark green on the other."

"With fringe?"

"Yes. Part of the fringe was trimmed short. The baby did that with my embroidery scissors."

"Well, Mrs. Paige, your robe is here at the store for you."

"For heaven's sake! Where did you find it?"

For a moment Williamina hesitated. Then she decided to tell the truth. "My hired man had it."

"Elisha?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. Paige laughed. "Perhaps it didn't fall out of the car door."

"No, ma'am. I'm afraid it didn't."

"Don't you worry about it, Williamina. I'm coming downtown this afternoon. I'll stop for it. And we'd like a porterhouse steak, if you have a nice one."

"The meat will be ready for you," Williamina promised.

That had been a delicate situation. She did wish that Elisha wouldn't crook things from the regular customers.

MIDDAY business was good and much of it was unexpected, too. She sold a fresh pork shoulder to the restaurant, a pot roast to Hank Sommers, five cube steaks to Mrs. Dan Coleman. Then she ground the materials for a meat loaf, to be sent to the Mill Street Smiths. In normal times, when the chain store had enough meat, every one of those families traded there.

A little later Arch McCann's grandfather came in looking for a half pound of liver and a few strips of bacon. Williamina was secretly amused as she waited on him. Mr. and Mrs. McCann claimed to be vegetarians.

During the slack time between one and two o'clock she ate her cold sandwiches and drank her thermos bottle of hot tomato broth. Afterward, faking an assurance she did not feel, she called William L. Wickens, Attorney at Law.

"Rees' Market. Say, Bill, tell me something."

"Shoot."

"When are you going to sentence Elisha?"

"As soon as I find him guilty," replied the police justice.

"Oh!"

"The arraignment," he continued, "will be at seven."

"In the village building?"

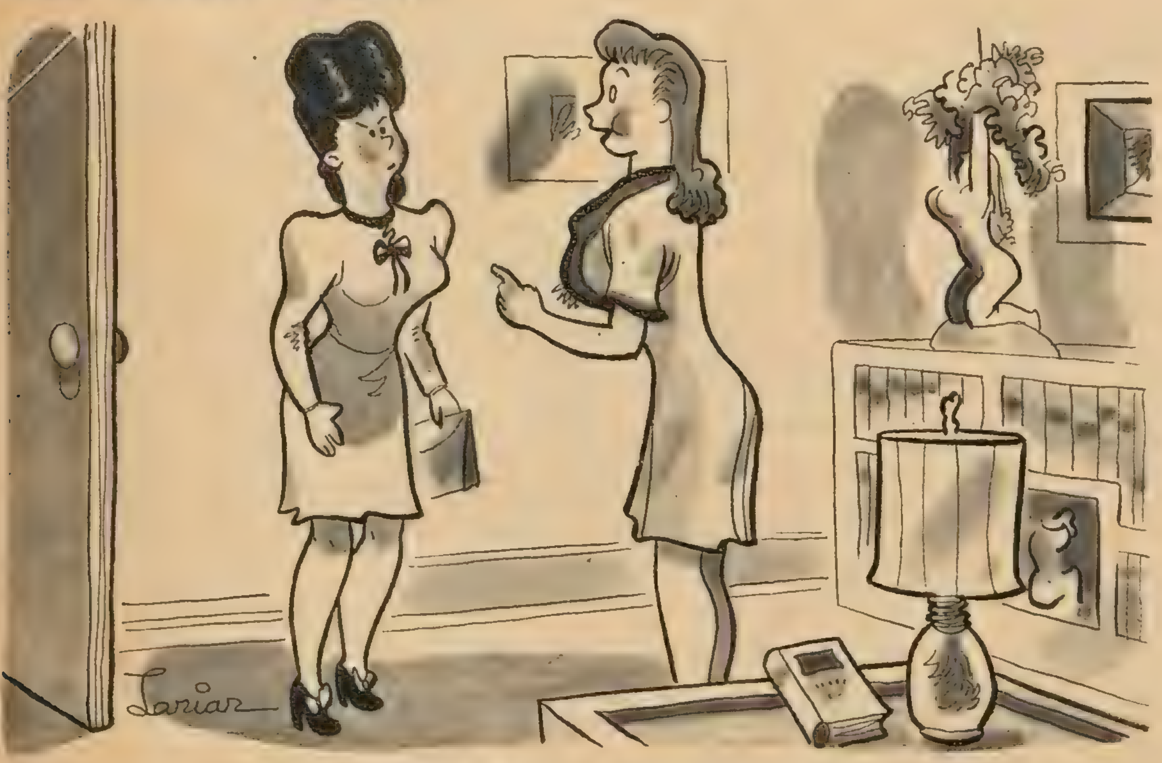
"Yes."

"Listen, Bill. I'd like to ask a favor of you."

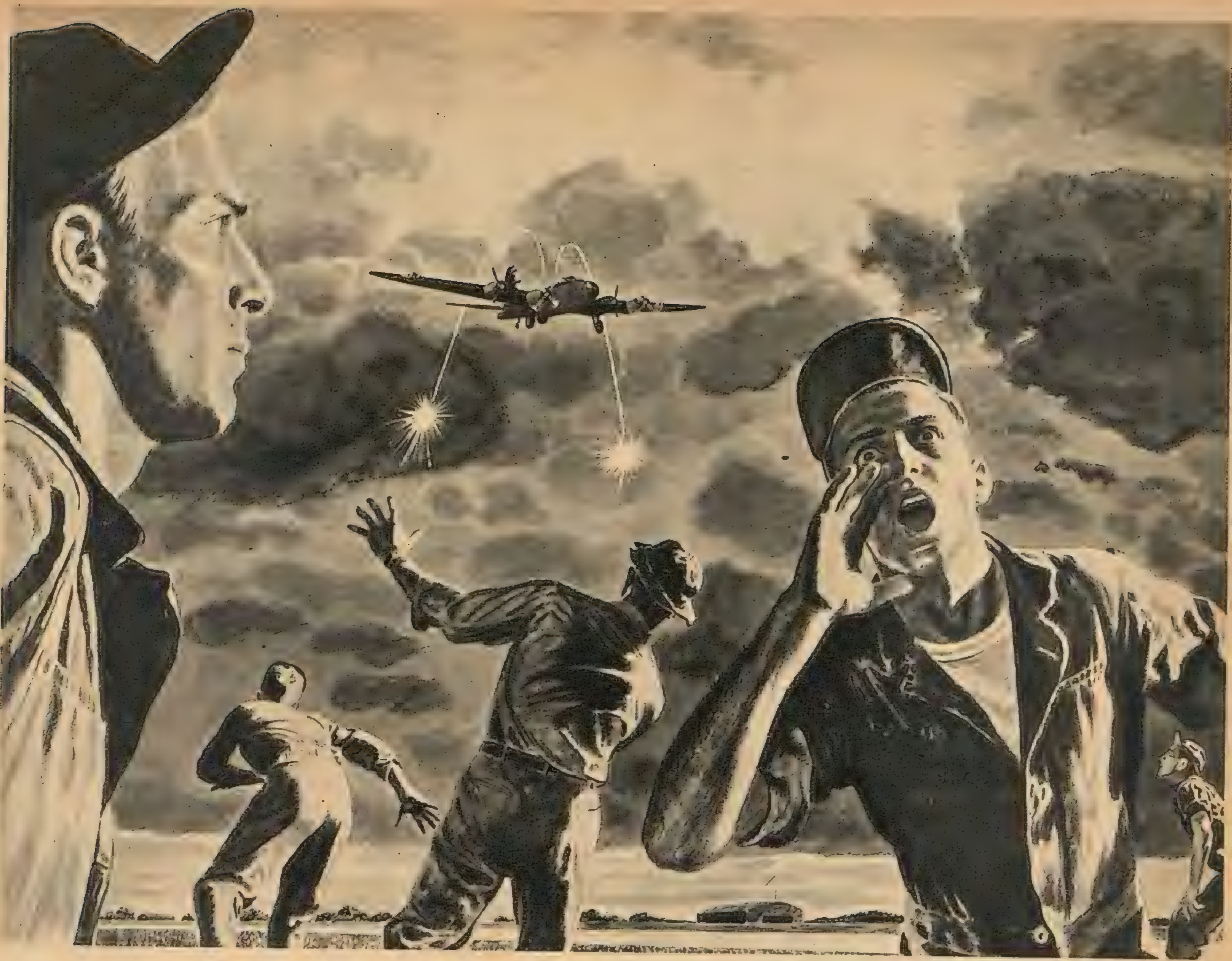
The friendliness vanished from the lawyer's tone.

(*Continued on page 51*)

THE HOME FRONT



"Darling! What a lovely hair-don't!"



G.I. Miracle...

The first time it happened, they knew that they'd seen a miracle. But when it happened again and again, they began to call it (a little humorously, perhaps, but with great pride) the "G.I." miracle.

And it happened again the other night: Long overdue — but never for a moment given up by the men who wait and watch, her ground crew — she came in . . . More than 25 tons of Boeing Flying Fortress that had traveled for 400 miles with two of her engines shot out of action and the remaining two damaged by enemy fire.

To the men and women who build Wright Cyclone engines, stories such as this have a deep personal meaning. For theirs is the pride of building the power for our mightiest airplanes . . . power to bring men back, and to hasten the end of the bitterest war of all time.

And here is the power, too, to maintain peace, insure our national security, and provide jobs in a new era of trade and transportation after the war is won.

For the rise of American airpower offers us our most valuable legacy of this war — 5,000,000 workers and men of the air; 110,000 miles of new air routes; American bases throughout the world; nearly 200,000 planes since Pearl Harbor; 11,000 transports, compared to a total pre-war air fleet of less than 400 planes!

But many problems must be faced immediately, if we are to make the most of these assets: Problems of finance, the distribution of surplus aircraft, our national security and international agreements, encouragement for the overworked airlines and modernization of domestic airways.

You can help to solve those problems! The responsibility of knowing the facts — and of demanding sound governmental planning now — rests with every man and woman in the United States.

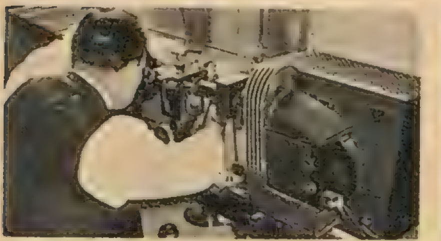


Photo-inspection of a Cyclone engine part; with the grains of the metal magnified 100 diameters. This is only one of more than 50,000 individual tests and inspections that control the manufacture of each Cyclone 18, the world's most powerful airplane engine.

Cyclone crankshafts ready for final micro-inspection before assembly into engines. The crankpins, seen just above the barrels, are gripped by the crankcheeks with a tightness that is actually measured by the amount of *stretch* of the 1½-inch tightening bolts.

Instrument panel of a Wright Aeronautical test cell, where the performance of a 2,200 horsepower Cyclone is being recorded as it goes through its final trial run before delivery for installation in one of America's new Boeing B-29 Superfortresses.

Look to the Sky, America!

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Manufacturing Divisions
CURTISS-WRIGHT AIRPLANE DIVISION
WRIGHT AERONAUTICAL CORPORATION
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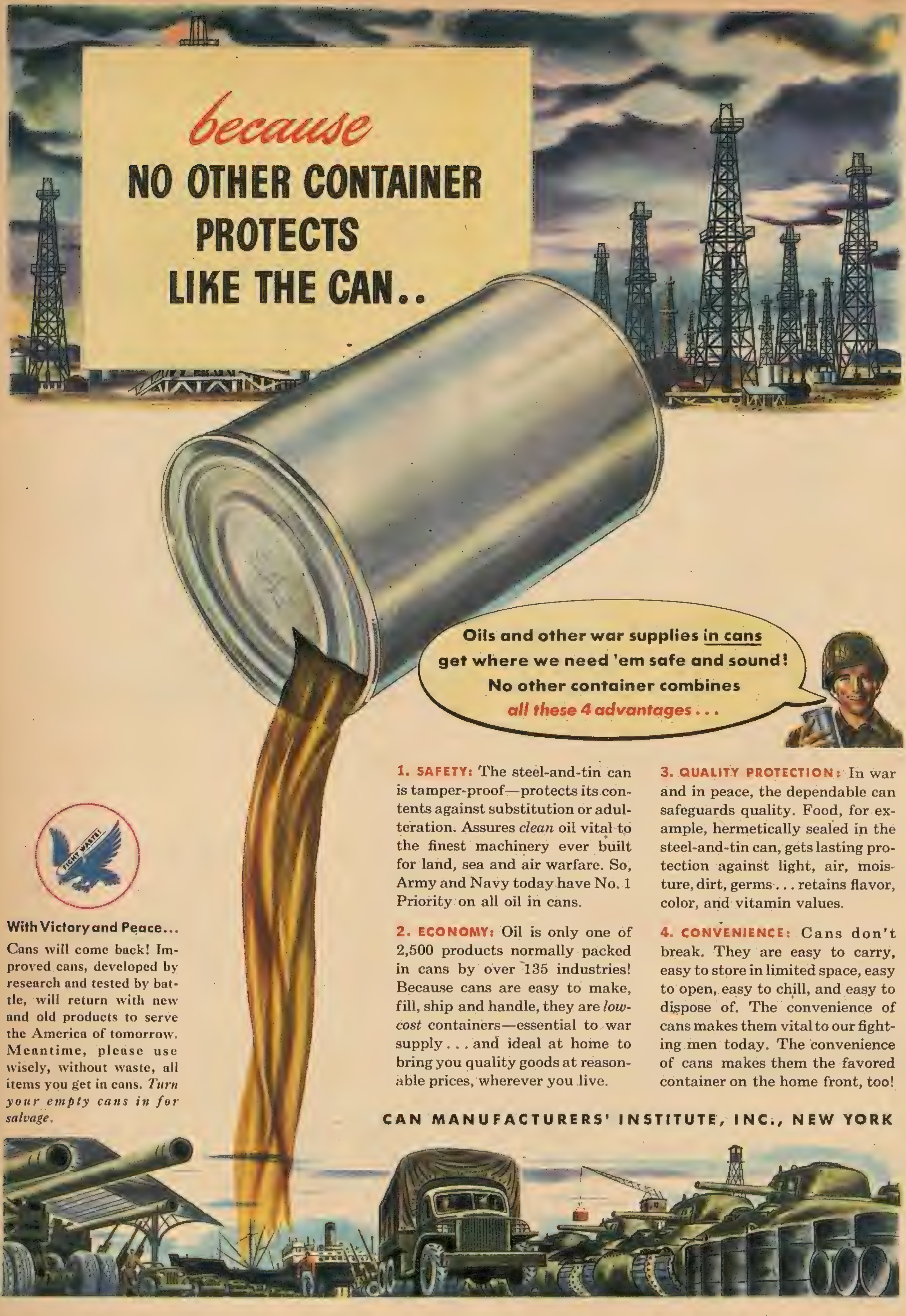
because NO OTHER CONTAINER PROTECTS LIKE THE CAN..


Oils and other war supplies in cans get where we need 'em safe and sound! No other container combines *all these 4 advantages . . .*
FIGHT WASTE!

With Victory and Peace...

Cans will come back! Improved cans, developed by research and tested by battle, will return with new and old products to serve the America of tomorrow. Meantime, please use wisely, without waste, all items you get in cans. *Turn your empty cans in for salvage.*

1. SAFETY: The steel-and-tin can is tamper-proof—protects its contents against substitution or adulteration. Assures *clean* oil vital to the finest machinery ever built for land, sea and air warfare. So, Army and Navy today have No. 1 Priority on all oil in cans.

2. ECONOMY: Oil is only one of 2,500 products normally packed in cans by over 135 industries! Because cans are easy to make, fill, ship and handle, they are *low-cost* containers—essential to war supply . . . and ideal at home to bring you quality goods at reasonable prices, wherever you live.

3. QUALITY PROTECTION: In war and in peace, the dependable can safeguards quality. Food, for example, hermetically sealed in the steel-and-tin can, gets lasting protection against light, air, moisture, dirt, germs . . . retains flavor, color, and vitamin values.

4. CONVENIENCE: Cans don't break. They are easy to carry, easy to store in limited space, easy to open, easy to chill, and easy to dispose of. The convenience of cans makes them vital to our fighting men today. The convenience of cans makes them the favored container on the home front, too!

CAN MANUFACTURERS' INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK

25¢
Frank Beaven

(*Continued from page 48*)

"With his record, I shouldn't parole him."

"I know that, Bill. If they prove that Elisha stole something, he ought to be punished."

"He will be."

"And on the other hand, I need him in the market, like sausage needs sage."

"H'mmm."

"Here's my idea: You commit him to jail, with the understanding that I'll pay the county for his board and room. That's fair, isn't it? All I ask is that they release him to help me two or three afternoons a week. He can serve his sentence and it won't cost the taxpayers a red cent."

Attorney Wickens laughed. "I couldn't do that, Williamina."

"Why not?"

"It's against the law."

"Yeah?" incredulously. "Well, it should not be—not if the law was sensible."

"Sorry, Williamina."

"O. K., Bill. I'll be seeing you at seven, then."

AN hour before the time set for the hearing she began her daily routine of closing up. A meat market, as she frequently observed, wasn't an easy business, like a clothing store. When the whistle blew, you couldn't put on your overcoat and galoshes and run home.

Williamina dismantled the meat grinder, cleaning the knives and washing the machine in soda water. She scoured the automatic slicer, scalded the counter trays, swept the floor, wiped off the showcase and scales, scattered fresh sawdust, scraped the work block, counted her money and balanced the total against the cash register's figures.

She dissolved a cup of salt in a quart of water and added it to the brine pickle in the corned-beef crock. She adjusted the thermostat of the big cooler for a night temperature of thirty-eight degrees, opened a small ventilator, and banked the fire in the pipeless furnace down cellar.

Finally she secured the rear door, counted the live chickens in four crates stacked in the back room, bolted the inner door, and went out the front way, returning twice to try the handle. Once, soon after her father's accident, she neglected this and the street entrance was left unlocked. Williamina had resolved that it would never happen again.

There was a sizable audience gathered in the police chief's office to try Elisha Finch. Only the justice, the complaining witness, the prisoner, and Williamina had chairs. All others stood against the wall.

Justice Wickens droned through the formula: "You are charged with petit larceny; namely, the theft of one stove, valued at eleven dollars, taken from the watchman's shanty at the lumber yard some time last evening between the hours of 11 P. M. and midnight."

"It couldn't have been me, judge," said the prisoner hopefully.

"Why not?"

"I was home."

"How do you plead?"

"Not guilty."

"You are entitled to an adjournment for the purpose of obtaining counsel and summoning witnesses."

"No money, judge, and no witnesses. I was home alone."

"All right." He turned to the complainant. "Mr. Simpson."

"Sir?"

"Stand up and raise your right hand. Youdosolemnlysweartotellthetruth,the wholetruth,andnothingbutthetruth,so helpyouGod?"

"I do."

"All right. Tell us what happened and make it as short as you can," said the magistrate. "I'm due at that hospital board meeting as soon as I'm through here."

Ira Simpson glared back at the lawyer, making no effort to hide his resentment. He was a citizen who had been cruelly wronged and deserved more consideration.

"Where," asked the witness, "shall I begin?"

"At the beginning, of course," returned the magistrate, glancing at his watch.

A tremendous laugh shook the smoke-filled room. Ira flushed. "At ten o'clock I tended the dry kiln. Then I walked around the yard, ringing my boxes. After I had rung 'em all, I come back to the shack."

"What time?"

"It might have been half past."

"Go on. Go on," urged the magistrate.

"The temperature was down to zero," the watchman continued, "and my feet was cold, so I threw on more coal and opened the drafts, warmin' myself."

"How long?"

"Until time to make my rounds again."

"Eleven?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you had a good fire in your stove?"

"Yes, sir," said Ira positively. "She was a-roarin'. The base was a cherry red."

"Go on," impatiently.

"As a rule I eat my supper between eleven and twelve. So I set two bricks on the stove griddle. On the bricks I set the top of my dinner pail. It had my tea in it. Settin' on the bricks like that, I figured it would warm but wouldn't boil."

"Hurry up, Mr. Simpson. This is immaterial."

"That's what you think," returned Ira stubbornly. "I made my eleven-o'clock rounds, tended the dry kiln, and rang my boxes."

"You were gone about thirty minutes?"

"Not over twenty-five."

"All right. Continue, if you please."

The watchman leaned forward in his chair. The fringe of coarse hair about his bald spot fairly bristled with indignation. "I come back to my shanty and my stove was gone."

EVEN Bill Wickens was momentarily impressed. "Gone?"

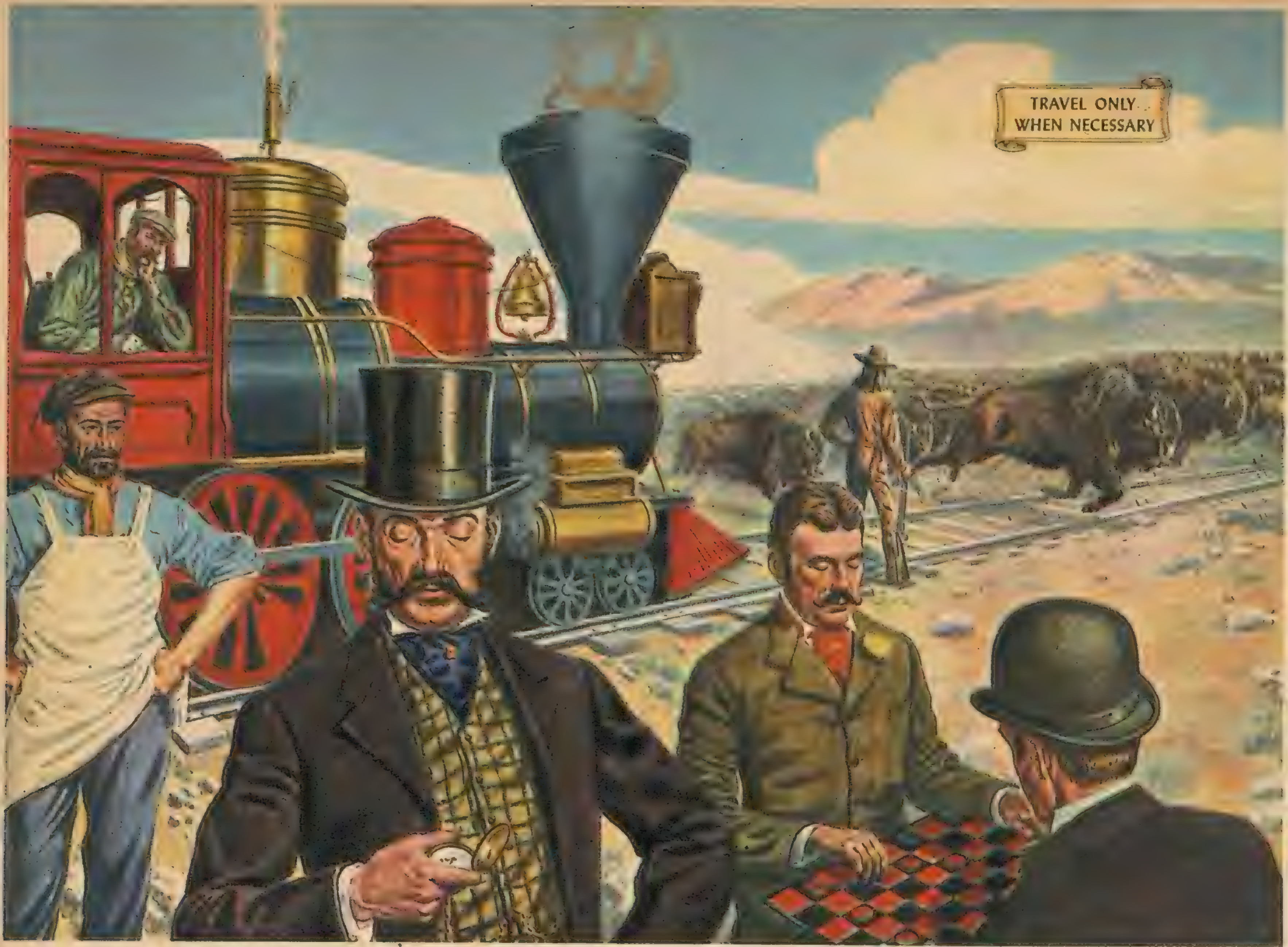
"Gone. Slick and clean. The two bricks with my dinner pail on top of them was settin' where the stove had set."

"What next, Mr. Simpson?"

"As soon as I grasped what had hap-

(*Continued on page 53*)

Letters
Bills
IDENTIFICATION CARD
Stamps
King FINE Leathers
COAT POCKET WALLET
(FEATURING THE NEW CONCEALED SAFETY POCKET)
$6 Including $1 Tax
a new name in billfolds!
—for women, too!
KING LEATHERS OF INDIANA, PA.



When Buffaloes Stopped the Iron Horse

...TRAVELERS WERE PATIENT

Remembering the hardships of the stagecoach and covered wagon days, travelers once looked upon the new woodburner trains as solid luxury . . . despite choking smoke, bumpy roadbeds; no electric lights, no berths or dining cars . . . despite delays of hours on end when great herds of migrating buffaloes marooned them in the middle of an endless prairie.

Today, if the train, plane or bus is late, if reservations are hard to get or we can't squeeze into the dining car, we can still take comfort in the fact that America is moving at a pace that has astounded the world.

When this war is won, the transportation facilities of our country will have hung up an incredible record for efficient movement of fighting men and freight—and civilians, too. Meanwhile, public opinion is agreed that we should not travel unless absolutely necessary and, if we must go, take inconveniences cheerfully and patiently—like good soldiers.

* * *

In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider and bomber fuselage frames, wing parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: Rubber • Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • B Complex Vitamins • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods • Bread and other Bakery products Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles—to name a few.

Like so many other worthwhile products, Budweiser may not be available every time you call for it. People everywhere have discovered that only Budweiser tastes like Budweiser. That is why they continue to ask for it. That is why it is the world's most popular beer.

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS

(Continued from page 51)

pened, I said to myself, 'There's only one fellow in this whole town who'd do this to me. He's that worthless coot who's settin' right there." He pointed a bony forefinger at Elisha Finch.

"You saw this defendant in the neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir."

"When and where?"

"I mean, I seen his tracks in the snow, and the marks of his two-wheeled cart."

The magistrate looked toward Elisha. "Any questions to ask the witness?"

Williamina cleared her throat. "Yes, there's one thing I'd like to have explained. How much did the stove weigh?"

"A hundred pounds, maybe. It was a round caboose stove. Stands about so high." Ira held his hand some thirty inches from the floor.

"And when it was taken from the shanty it was red hot?"

"That's right."

"How could Elisha load it in his two-wheeled cart?" asked Williamina.

"You'll have to ask him that," returned the watchman. "I ain't a thief, so I wouldn't know."

A buzz of conversation disturbed the room. Williamina had raised a good point. How could one man handle a hundred pounds of red-hot stove?

"It would take at least four fellows with crowbars to do it," said Ed Ballard aloud. "It might have been managed that way. But, even then, I'll bet they'd get burned."

Elisha held up the palms of his hands. "See? There are no burns on me."

The magistrate looked at his watch again and rapped sharply for order. He questioned the night policeman, Steve Dillon, who had made the arrest.

"You went to the fair grounds?"

"Yes, sir."

"You found the defendant there?"

"I did."

"What was he doing?"

"He was in bed—seemed to be asleep."

"You saw nothing of the stove?"

"No, sir."

THE magistrate rose. "Unless someone shows me how one man could carry a red-hot stove, I will be forced to discharge this defendant on the grounds of insufficient evidence." He paused. "Discharged. That's all. Good night."

Williamina motioned Elisha to follow. They crossed Center Street in silence.

"My, Mina," Elisha said, "you're smart."

There was no response.

"I'll get at those chickens right away. Tonight, if you say so." His tone was humble.

They reached the post-office corner.

"After this," said the girl, "I'll keep that skeleton key you had. The one that fits our back door."

Elisha started slightly. "O. K., Mina. Just as you say."

"Leave the chickens until tomorrow."

"Yes, Mina."

"You take Ira's stove right back to the lumber yard the first thing you do."

"But, Mina—"

"You heard me."

"All right. I'll leave it where he'll find it," Elisha promised. Then he laughed. "We certainly had them fooled."

"And you return pop's big ice tongs—the pair you borrowed."

"I guess you and me are the only people in town who'd think of using ice tongs on a stove."

Williamina stopped and looked at him sternly. "No more nonsense," she said, "until after the holidays."

"Just as you say, Mina," he replied submissively.

THE END

THE LEAGUE OF 60,000 WOMEN

Continued from Page 30

In Illinois, the League of Women Voters has taught people how to "plump." That can be done in the election of representatives to the Illinois General Assembly. Three are chosen from each senatorial district. Each voter has three votes to distribute among candidates for the Assembly. He may give one vote to each of three candidates, a vote and a half to each of two, or "plump" all three of his votes to a single candidate. In Chicago, the league not only has explained this unusual system to confused citizens, but also has stationed non-partisan watchers at the polls to look out for skulduggery.

The league's reports on candidates and issues often are based on months of research, personal interviews, and carefully phrased questionnaires. The league, for instance, is now asking candidates for election to Congress this fall to indicate clearly their attitude toward centralization of government, their ideas about the functions of Congress, their views concerning the respective responsibilities of the President and Congress, their conception of the best relationship between government and private enterprise, their beliefs concerning our relations with other countries, and their understanding of the bearing of domestic politics on foreign affairs.

IF a candidate wishes, he may merely check whichever of several answers to each question is the best statement of his position. One question this year, for example, is phrased as follows:

"If you accept the idea that the U. S. cannot follow a policy of drift in its relations with other countries, which of the following statements of possible policy most nearly expresses your choice?

"The U. S. should place its principal reliance on its own strength and not associate itself with other countries in the solution of international problems.

"The U. S. should take on the defense of the Western Hemisphere, make certain that the countries of South and Central America follow the U. S., and have as little as possible to do with the rest of the world.

"The U. S. should place its principal reliance on its own strength but join with other nations when necessary for the solution of specific international problems.

"The U. S. should use its power to bring about an association of nations which will have sufficient authority to prevent or stop aggression and which will provide a means for the discussion and settlement of economic, social and political problems that affect more than one country."

Obviously, a candidate risks losing some people's votes, no matter how he answers these questions. But frank answers enable citizens to choose between candidates with more certainty and confidence.

The league publishes the candidates' replies and makes them available to as many persons as its funds permit. The St. Louis Star-Times published the league's findings in a special supplement in 1942, and many other newspapers are now generous with space for their reports. In many cities the league also sponsors public meetings at which the candidates of all parties are invited to debate the fundamental issues.

Many candidates greatly appreciate the league's careful inquiries and free publicity services. In New York City's silk-stocking district two years ago, both the Republican and the Democratic nominees for Congress virtually used as their platforms the statements they had prepared for the

THE PASSION

of great purpose

With white heat, and the passion of great purpose . . . Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence . . . using goose quills for pens.

Today no man needs pointed feathers or any other antique implement for writing. Because in Inkograph he has an indomitable pen to pace his swiftest thought . . . with a point that pressure will not injure . . . fast acting, reliable, adapted to any hand — dependable for years.

Inkographs are preferred by men in Service. So if your dealer doesn't have one, keep trying!

The name Inkograph on the barrel identifies the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders — only dealers can supply you.

Use *any pen* to sign up for more WAR BONDS!

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Join the War . . .

AGAINST WASTE

Use WoolFoam
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Leaves sweaters, blankets, woolens soft, fluffy — really clean. At notions, art needlework, and housewares departments. 25¢

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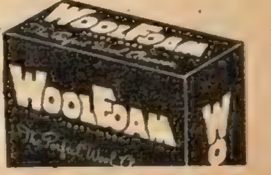

League of Women Voters. But some politicians still balk. The congresswoman from Illinois, Miss Jessie Sumner, for instance, refused to answer the league's questions during the last campaign. Other politicians indulge in double talk, but fence-straddlers are finding it increasingly difficult and dangerous to hoodwink the ladies.

Inevitably the League of Women Voters is sometimes accused of partisanship. When it put out a circular showing how Minnesota's congressmen had voted on ten major issues, for example, professional politicians accused the women of trying "to defeat all the present congressmen from the state." But the league never attempts any such purging. Nor does it urge the re-election of anyone. It simply makes pertinent facts available during the campaigns.

Unlike many political organizations, the League of Women Voters does not take a long nap between elections. The women's work is never done. They meet in study groups and consider questions that come before Congress, state legislatures, and city councils. They send committees to observe how public business is being transacted. They prepare election calendars, digests of the laws, and reports on all aspects of government. Some of their publications have been rather juvenile; others have become college textbooks. Nearly all are realistic and accurate.

SUCH vigilance and diligence are widely appreciated. When rationing started, for instance, the league prepared a handbill to explain it. A member discovered that the man who delivered coal to her home did not see why fuel had to be conserved. She gave him the league's leaflet.

He came back later for fifty copies for members of his union. Since then, that union has bought fifty copies of every broadside put out. Price-control legislation, reciprocal-trade agreements, the farm problem, taxes, and many other subjects have been among those covered by these publications.

Although strictly neutral in the ceaseless strife between political parties, the league does not hesitate to fight for reforms and policies that are favored by a substantial majority of its members. Local leagues often lobby energetically for improvements in milk distribution, baby clinics, housing or school financing.

In Missouri, the League of Women Voters helped publicize the flaws in the state's constitution and bring about an election in which the people voted overwhelmingly to have it overhauled.

In Connecticut, a state senator once held aloft a thick report on reorganization of the state government and declared: "Nobody will ever read all that, unless it's the League of Women Voters."

The women not only read it but helped draft bills to put some proposed changes into effect.

In national affairs, the League of Women Voters has fought for extension of the civil service, regulation of child labor, aid for dependent children, and food, drug, and cosmetic legislation. It favors admission of women to juries, abolition of poll taxes that prevent people from voting, and extension of the franchise to residents of the District of Columbia.

Although these women favored disarmament in the 1920s and have participated in many peace movements, their organization was one of the first to recognize the perils of isolationism. They fought for defense measures before Pearl Harbor.

They have watched the pre-Pearl Harbor obstructionists in Congress to see which ones have now changed their minds. The league has been in the forefront of the fight against inflation, and has helped arouse public support for many measures to help hasten victory.

The 1944-45 program of the League of Women Voters includes agitation for American membership in "a general international organization, eventually to include all peoples regardless of race, religion, or political persuasion, for peaceful settlement of disputes, with power to prevent or stop aggression."

THE women also advocate the adoption of domestic policies that will facilitate the solution of international problems, and want the Constitution amended to make the process by which treaties are ratified more truly democratic. They stand for a war and postwar program based as far as possible on tax revenues. They also believe in further development of the social-insurance program and in federal aid to education, administered through state departments of education.

Local leagues are not required to campaign actively for every proposal favored by the national organization, but the women's endless discussions result in a considerable degree of unanimity. Any woman who supports the democratic theory of government may join the league, and since all parties and all elements of the population are represented, the league is neither reactionary nor radical.

It is a pressure group that represents typical, independent, and thoughtful Americans whose main concern is their country's welfare. The best politicians of both big parties already respect the League of Women Voters highly. Candidates are likely to pay more attention to the league, now that women constitute a majority of the potential voters.

THE END

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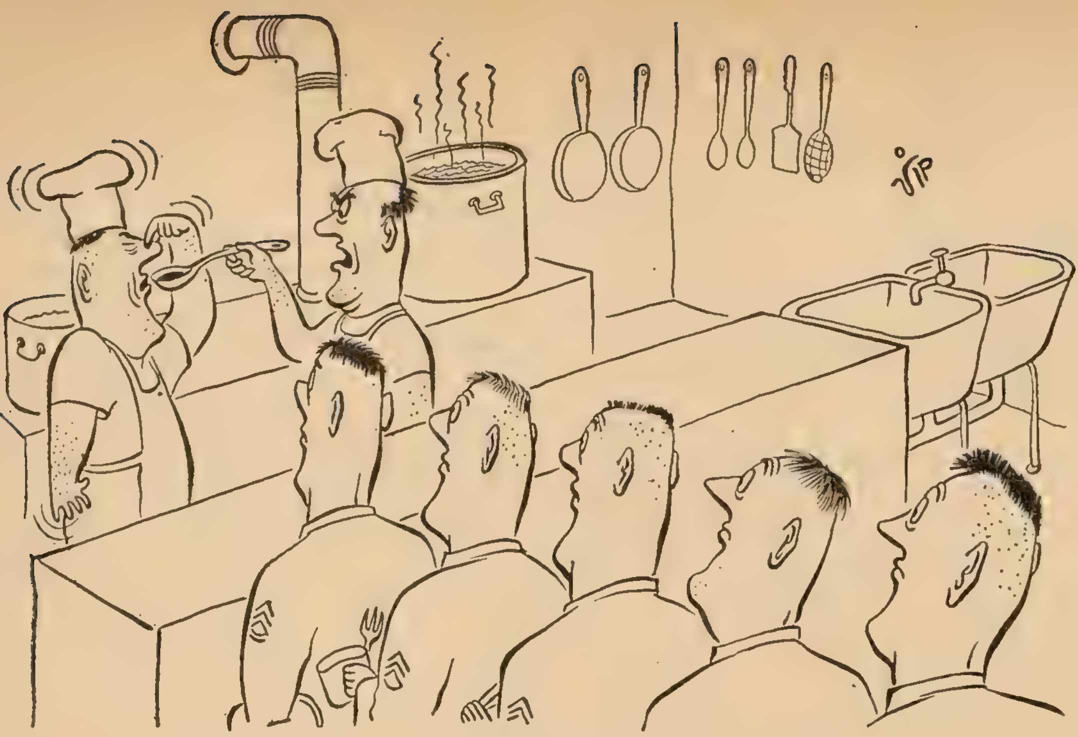

"You know good and well it's your turn to taste it."

RUSSIAN SPORTS— A CHALLENGE?

Continued from Page 22

own land he immediately cracked the Russian shot-put mark.

And in the absence of expert instructors the Russians study technical books on sports. Pole vaulting is highly technical, yet without benefit of first-class coaching Nickolai Ozolin has managed to create a European record of 14 feet 1¼ inches. Only a few Americans, standouts like Cornelius Warmerdam and Richmond Morcom, would be favored to defeat this Russian in the Olympics. Ozolin is a keen student of vaulting and, to make his feat all the more remarkable, he is only a few inches more than five feet tall. Most great vaulters stand about six feet.

No noted Americans have ever instructed in sports in the Soviet Union, but that picture may well change in the future in view of the closer relations between the two nations. Sidney Jackson, who did some boxing in Cleveland and who went to Russia about thirty years ago, is the lone American, as far as we can ascertain, who is a sports instructor in Russia. He teaches boxing in a children's school in Tashkent.

TO take up the slack in their sports, the Russians formed a Supreme Council for Physical Culture in 1922-23. The Dynamo Club was set up in 1923, with branches in 400 districts, and was soon followed by the Spartiks. The clubs became arch-rivals on the American and English model, and the excitement at one boat race between crews of Dynamo and Spartiks reminded one British observer of the intense spirit engendered during an Oxford-Cambridge regatta.

Still other sports clubs or societies were founded: the Metallurgical, for metal workers; Torpedo, for auto workers; Locomotive, for railway workers; Stakhanovite, for miners; Burovestnik, for office staffs; Red Army, Navy, Air Force, and Collective Farms. Dynamo draws from fire brigades, customs, and state security organizations. The Spartiks attract people from co-operative groups. While Dynamo and Spartiks were the original Yale-Harvard rivals of Russia, other competitors have since broken down the supremacy of the kingpins.

So highly does the Soviet Union regard sports that it presents awards to athletes similar to those given for artistic achievement. Just as there are Honored Artists of the Republic, so are there Honored Masters of Sports. But the honor is reserved for champions or record-breakers, and not many more than a hundred athletes have thus far been entitled to it. There are also lesser awards. More than 5,000,000 have the standard award for the first physical-fitness test, and some 70,000 have met the requirements of the sterner second test.

Before the outbreak of World War II practically every community in the Soviet Union had its own stadium for track and soccer. In Moscow, 25,000 ran in one cross-country race, while a track meet held in the Arctic Circle had sufficient appeal to induce a Siberian team to travel 1,200 miles from the nearest railway to compete.

Whole families participate in foot racing, and special family prizes are given. The Kochetkovs of Kuibyshev take the prize in this department, both figuratively and literally. According to A. Starostin, captain of the Spartacus soccer team, Mme. Kochetkov, fifty years old, and two of her daughters ran in a 500-meter race. Another daughter won the 1,000 meters. One of her sons, a locomotive engineer's assistant, competed in a 3,000-meter race. Another son, a flier, performed in the 5,000-meter run, but the race was won by her son-in-law!

Incredible as it may sound, it does indicate that the Russians are boosting athletics to the widest extent. Crowds of 20,000 were being attracted to big local meets before the war, and it wasn't unusual for 50,000 to attend the nationals in Moscow. Plans were under way to build a stadium in Moscow to seat 140,000 for championship sports events when the war intervened.

The Russians have achieved startling results in swimming. In the past ten years the Soviet Union has trained 10,000,000 swimmers. Of that number, three men stand out—Semyon Boichenko, Leonid Meshkov, and Vitali Ushakov—and they have come into the limelight only since 1936.

Joseph Fruhling of New York, one of the leading authorities on Russian sports records, and to whom we are indebted for the accompanying table of Russian records, believes that Boichenko and Meshkov would place one-two in the Olympic breast stroke. Boichenko has bettered the world 100-meter record with his time of

(Continued on page 72)

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AIR BATTLE FOR SAIPAN

Continued from Page 23

a colossal oil slick where the carrier had been. During the rest of that day we had to face a rather discomforting fact: The enemy knew where our fleet was, simply because it had to be in the vicinity of Saipan, where our land forces were fighting. He might come in toward us from north or west, south, or even east. Until we discovered in which direction he lay we did not dare go hunting for him, for then he might slip in behind us and work ruin among our comrades struggling there on the beaches.

NATURALLY, we had search teams out. They flew on carefully vectored courses as far as their fuel would let them. And they saw nothing. The afternoon was long, with no news. But as I moved about the ship, I noticed that the faces of the men were lit with eagerness. "Boy, just bring on those babies! This is what I've been waiting for!" was a typical remark. An aviation mechanic regarded the fighter plane for which he was responsible with critical pride. "She'll take the lieutenant anywhere he'll take her," he said. Then he turned to me almost angrily: "This isn't just a lot of scuttlebutt, is it? We're going to get some licks at them, aren't we?"

In the passage outside the pantry, I came unexpectedly upon three of the Negro mess attendants. One of them was bent forward as if gripping the handles of a 20-mm. gun. "Da-da-da-da-da!" he rapped through his teeth. "I just hope them little yellow men make a run down the port side of the ship. That's where my gun is. The port side, forward."

The search teams flew off the decks and then on again. Nothing to report. We were steaming slowly westward. Darkness fell, and the ship settled to a few hours of sleep.

Reveille was at 2.30 A. M. Most of us lingered somewhat longer than usual over the hot breakfast, for none knew when we would sit down to table again. In the Plan of the Day was written: "All mess halls secured and closed by 0400."

At about that hour, when it was still very dark, we got off the first search of the day. Six planes, three teams of one fighter and one dive bomber each, were off into the gloom.

For the hundreds of us who remained on the ship there was a very considerable question at this moment: Were we looking for the Japanese fleet or were they looking for us? Were they likely to run for it when they got wind of our movement toward them, or were they full of confidence that they could beat us in a fight at sea? Whatever the case, there were men among us who would not be alive when this day was done. I saw nobody who looked afraid. An almost churchly calm was upon the ship.

The dawn came up. An hour later faint voices suddenly came through the radio in Combat Intelligence Center. Our pilots of the search teams were speaking to one another far out to the west: "Tallyho!" "Three o'clock, up—tallyho!"

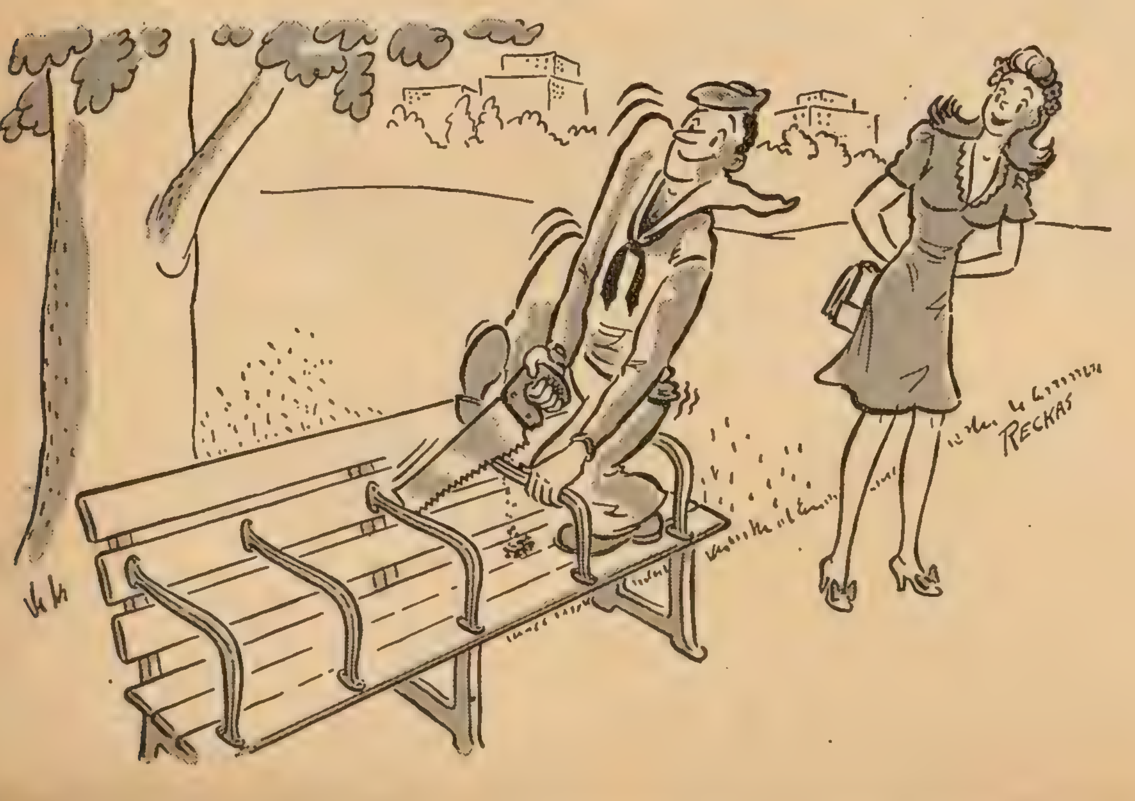
We could almost hear the whine of their planes, the tearing bursts from their guns, as they joined combat. An officer murmured, "Hope they haven't run into too much to handle." Nobody answered. In an incredibly brief time we heard the voice of the search leader: "Encountered five enemy aircraft. All shot down. We have no losses to report. Returning to ship."

It would take them more than an hour to get back. Before that hour had run out there came for us, and perhaps for a considerable section of the fleet, the most critical twenty minutes in all the battle of June 19.

It was nearly ten o'clock when sharp word came from C. I. C.: "Very large formation enemy planes reported approaching on starboard beam. Present distance eighty-six miles. Closing rapidly."

Our carrier lay between that approaching formation and a broad column of battleships and cruisers and fleet tankers. We had just made preparations to receive the six planes of our search patrol—about out of gas now, and anxious to land. This meant that our ready fighters had been pushed forward from the take-off position aft so that the deck would be clear for the landings. All the forward half of the deck was a mass of nested planes. In this situation none of our gassed and ready planes could take off to meet the enemy, who would be over our heads in less than half an hour. From the little balcony of Primary Fly Control, the assistant air officer spoke over the booming loud-speaker:

"Heads up, everybody. Enemy airplanes in large numbers are closing to attack. Clear the area forward for immediate launch of four fighters. Prepare to land planes aboard. Then respot the deck to launch all planes. Jump to it!"



From the ranks of the flight-deck crews a great cheer went up. The 200 of them began to run, each to his well-practiced task. The engines of those four fighters were tuned up. Space was cleared for them as if by a miracle, and even as the six planes of the search teams circled and began to drop in for landings astern, the fighters were off.

An hour ago, seeking to refresh my memory, I asked the flight-deck officer what had happened next. "Don't ask me," he said, with a curious vacant look. "I'll swear I can't remember a thing that happened after we landed those search teams."

I remember that everything seemed to move at once on deck. That must have been so, because within less than twenty minutes about sixty airplanes, none lighter than seven tons, had been trundled from the forward deck aft and were standing in ordered formation, their engines warming up. The flight-deck officer waved his little black-and-white flag. The engine of Plane No. 1 opened with a shivering blast of noise, and even as its wheels gathered 'way down the long deck for the take-off, we saw the vapor-trail plumes of the four fighters marking graceful patterns against the sky. They had already reached altitude enough to be of some use. And now the others took off to join them. Only the fighters went to meet the enemy. The bombers and torpedo planes would be of no use in a dogfight. They were to fly off, so they would be safe if a bomb came crashing down on our deck.

Within ten minutes we heard our pilots on the radio: "Tallyho! Tallyho!"

TEN minutes meant about thirty miles away, and that is where the air battle was fought. The vapor trails twisted and curled. The radio barked the words of the fighting pilots. "Zeke on your tail, Charlie. Peel away! I'll take him."

"Get that gang of Betties! About ten thousand feet, twelve o'clock. Get in there, Bert!"

"I think I'm hit."

"Take it easy, Sam. Are you hit?"

"No, I don't believe so. I felt something, though."

"Jack and Fred—Jack and Fred—follow me off to your right. There's four of 'em. Let's go."

"Roger, Dave. Tallyho!"

There was absurdly little work for us on the ship. Only on the captain's bridge, in C. I. C. and in the engine room were people busy. The rest of us were gathered in little crowds, peering off to the faintly visible scene of battle. We saw the smoking paths of planes as they went down to the sea, whirling blackly against the sky.

Buckets of sandwiches and oranges and pitchers of coffee were brought and we munched and stared into the distance. We felt immeasurably secure.

Then the feeling of security was driven out of us in one astonishing moment. Just off the port quarter was a large cloud, no more than 1,500 feet above the water. Suddenly a plane was coming through the cloud, diving straight toward us. It wasn't a real dive. The lowness of the cloud he had lurked behind prevented that. He was in a fairly steep glide, and we could see the blood-red ball on his wings. We saw the bomb leave his bomb bay and curve toward us. Then his wings whirred across our deck, a few feet up—and then he was streaking away ten feet above the water as the bomb's 500 pounds of high explosive took a nick out of our horizontal radio mast and exploded in the water not twenty feet from our starboard bow.

Nobody had uttered a word. The gunners along the catwalk looked up toward the bridge with chagrin and bewilderment on their faces. They had not got in a single burst. The air-plot officer broke the silence. He said, "Now, that's what I call dirty pool." People began to laugh.

That was the only enemy plane to break through into our section of the fleet during the morning.

Before we realized that the fight could possibly be over, our formations were coming in from the west, losing altitude and dropping into the landing circle to come aboard. Then certain pilots were climbing the ladders to talk with the admiral and the captain. When all had written and verified their reports, this was the score:

The twenty-seven fighters from our ship had met about eighty enemy planes—bombers and torpedo planes with a large squadron of their own fighters for escort. We had shot down forty-three, positively. Many more had been hit, some so severely that they could never hope to make a landing except in the sea. The survivors had been scattered and disorganized.

The total of our own losses was one fighter pilot, one fighter plane.

The enemy's plan was clear now. He had launched his planes from carriers hundreds of miles away. He knew they could not strike our fleet and then make the return trip. But they could land at Guam, to the east of us, refuel and get new bomb loads. They could strike us again on their way back to the fleet carriers.

Some planes undoubtedly had got through to Guam. Perhaps some had gone directly there. Guam must be hit at once.

SO within an hour our planes were in the air again. The bombers and torpedo planes went along with the fighters, for there might be planes on the ground, and it was always worth while to make a few new holes in the runway. Indeed, our planes made two strikes at Guam during that afternoon, and ran into some able Zero pilots. Our fliers shot down eighteen more enemy planes from the air and destroyed fifteen on the ground. But we lost our squadron leader—Lieutenant Commander Charles Brewer of Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was killed in the very last hour of light before the day was done. Brewer was a brave and able leader. His squadron, Fighter Fifteen, that day set a record for the number of enemy planes shot down by one carrier group in a single day. The total was sixty-six. The previous record, made by Fighter Nine, was fifty-four—at Rabaul on Armistice Day of last year.

During two weeks of fighting around the Marianas, the Japanese lost a total of 832 airplanes, 747 of them shot down by our carrier-borne forces. On that nineteenth day of June alone, 402 of them were destroyed in the greatest air battle of the Pacific war; for, needless to say, there were many other carriers in our fleet, and the waves of enemy planes followed each other in rapid succession all through the day.

Our own losses that day, among all the flights from all our carriers, were twenty-seven planes, eighteen pilots, and six enlisted crewmen. Nine pilots were rescued from the sea.

As the day waned the sea was calm. The people of the ship were weary, and the pilots were in their bunks before dark. All down the horizon to port and to starboard, as far as the eye could see, great ships plowed steadily westward. Far off, the battleships and carriers loomed above the cruisers and destroyers and fleet tankers. No ship bore lights. Soon all were lost to view as the day faded from deep blue to black. But we knew they were there—and knew the Japanese fleet lay somewhere ahead on the course we were making. We were on our way to seek it out.

Morris Markey's eyewitness account will be completed in Liberty next week.

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WHO'S GOING TO RAISE OUR BOYS TO BE SOLDIERS?

Continued from Page 15

put up no money, provided no penalties for failure to comply with the provisions of the act, and turned the job over to the states.

At present the Regular Army, the National Guard Association, the Reserve Officers Association, and the American Legion are all on record as favoring universal military training and an adequate reserve Army. But on the question of system, method, training agencies, and peacetime control, the citizen soldiers and the Regulars are poles apart.

Opposition to peacetime compulsory military training itself comes from several sources. Before 1942 the American Communists opposed practically all measures for national preparedness. A group of American traditionalists have insisted that the nation's fighting men should always be volunteers. The sincere pacifists, so influential and vocal in the 1930s and 1920s, still insist that "preparedness" will provoke wars and not prevent them. And they dislike to have *any* military influence, whether of professional or citizen soldier, brought to bear on successive classes of young American men. In addition, a powerful, highly tax-conscious group insists that a strong Navy would obviate the need for any great and ready land Army.

THE military arguments for compulsory peacetime training are simple. In 1914 the nation was practically without an Army of any sort. The Germanic powers disregarded us as a makeweight in world affairs, ignored our protests, flouted us, and at length forced us into the war in self-defense. Our effort cost us many billions more than it would have if we had been prepared. In 1940, while our Army was much bigger and better, it was still grossly below authorized strength and lacking in modern equipment. Further, it had lacked the money for sufficient and proper training. Compared with the new German Army, plus the armies of Italy and Japan, it seemed inconsequential. Again the potential enemy flouted us and finally made us fight. In both wars we were saved from disaster because other nations stood between us and our opponents while we made up our deficiencies. The world is still a dangerous planet. A third time we may have to fight first—and alone. It will be safer, as well as cheaper in money and lives, if we are ready. If we *are* ready, we may not have to fight at all.

Proponents advance other arguments in favor of peacetime training. They point out that in both wars many thousands of improperly nourished young men were fed abundant and wholesome food. They underwent strengthening outdoor exercises. They were schooled in care of their bodies, and minor physical defects were corrected. Drill and work with precision instruments quickened their mental and nervous reactions.

In addition, in the present war scores of thousands of young Americans or recent immigrants ignorant of English have been taught to read and write the language of the country. After Pearl Harbor, "orientation courses" were devised to inform the soldiers of the reasons for the United States' entry into the war, and to inculcate knowledge of both enemies and allies. Out of these courses developed the further idea of "quickie" education in American history and international relations. Much of this, they say, could be carried on in peacetime.

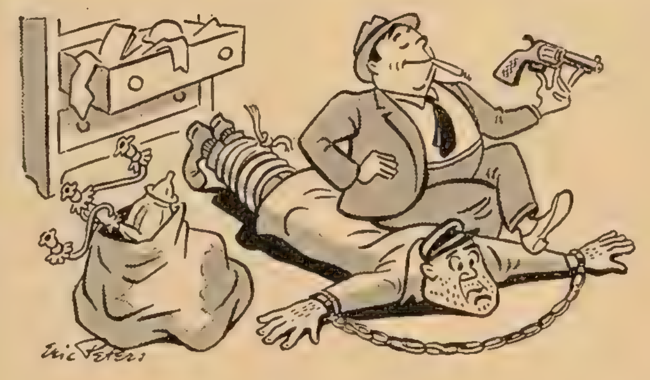
CONGRESS' decision—and the public's—on the main question of compulsory training will come only after they have reached decisions on the other questions: Who will do the training, and how much will it cost?

The General Staff Special Section wants the Regular Army to do the training. Here, simply rephrased from studies previously made, from recommendations submitted, and from hearings before the Congressional committee and other bodies, is the Regular Army plan for the peacetime military establishment:

"Turn the lads over to *us*, first of all, for a full year. That is the proper length of time.

"We will test eyes and provide glasses; attend to tonsils, adenoids, ears, incipient hernias, and weak arches; check hearts and lungs; find it out and fix it if the lads have been sexually unfortunate. We will feed them to the top of their appetites with the best food and put on or take off pounds as needed. We will teach them to brush their teeth and to protect themselves against venereal infection, to stand straight, and to bear themselves properly.

"We will teach them to read and write



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SLEWTH: A detective who knocked off a robber.

SONSHINE: A bootblack's bright boy.

'S WARM: Bees on a hot day.

musT. N. 'T!: Don't touch that; it'll explode!

RUE-LETTE: You'll be sorry if you play it!

PADLUCK: One made out of a horseshoe.

DOUGHDOUGH: A rich old bird (now extinct).

DILLAMA: A llama in a dilemma.

DRIPLOMAT: A clever plumber.

HAYVEN: The barn loft.

if they don't know how. We will school them in American history, 'orient' them in Americanism and in democracy, and teach them a trade.

"In this respect we will do everything for them their parents and teachers couldn't or wouldn't do for them; everything the states, cities, and counties should have done but did not do.

"During that essential year we will turn them into schooled, disciplined soldiers. All this will be done by the Regular Army. Its officers and noncommissioned officers will have full, responsible charge. It will be done in Regular Army commands or in great training camps like those of this war, under Regular command.

"After the year of training, the graduates will be enrolled in a reserve army, organized in proper military fashion. For four years, or five perhaps, these graduate reservists will be kept on the rolls, be given occasional refresher training, and be liable for call to active duty if another war comes. There need not be again a bothersome, uncertain selective draft for older men.

"In that reserve army all higher command posts and all principal staff and instruction jobs will be retained for Regular officers. There will be no militiamen (National Guardsmen) involved, and no high-ranking Reserve Corps officers. And there will be no state or local interference. The Regular establishment will hold and exercise full control over those reservists in all military training and relationships from their eighteenth to their twenty-third or twenty-fourth birthdays.

"For the first time there will be a real army ready in peace for a possible war. There will be nearly four million young men under professional direction. Perhaps there will be no war at all because other nations will know how ready we are."

That is the Regular Army's blueprint for the future. The General Staff Special Section began drawing it before Pearl Harbor. It embodies a school of thought which has dominated Regular Army thinking for many years.

THE citizen-soldier group dislikes the emphasis on Regular Army monopoly of teaching and leadership in the General Staff blueprint and distrusts its probable results.

This group holds that the unpreparedness of 1940 is not properly chargeable to the citizen-soldier system, provided for by law since 1920, but to other causes entirely. The Japanese surprised Pearl Harbor, the Philippine airfields, and the Aleutians. Their success was shameful. Disasters followed. Now they are being retrieved at an immeasurable cost in lives and money. The citizen soldiers lay the blame on the jealousies and the lack of alertness, forethought, and co-operation which, they say, were characteristic of too many powerful individuals in the Regular establishment from 1940 into 1942.

"The citizen soldiers," they say, "had no part in it—except later to fight and die on Pacific beaches and in jungles from Bataan to Burma because of it. We want no more Pearl Harbors. We want adequate preparedness, with a maximum of practical economy and a minimum disruption of American living and working. All of that can be had—but not through the General Staff scheme."

These men are the accredited representatives of the National Guard Association and the Reserve Officers Association. They went in their youth from civil life to the first World War. Afterward they remained in the Guard or the Reserve Corps and so became volunteers-in-advance for what goes on now. Between wars they continued part-time military service while they earned their livings by nonmilitary means. During the pacifist and isolationist 1920s and 1930s they kept alive the idea that a citizen should train in time of peace to serve his country in time of war. More than any others, they worked for proper preparedness for war.

In mid-1941 there were 11,121 such men above the grade of captain on the rolls. In the Regular Army there were only 6,319 above that rank. With rare exceptions, these citizen soldiers began as privates in the ranks. All earned their promotions, and among them are wearers of every decoration the government bestows for gallant and efficient service. They come from every part of the country, from all walks of civilian life, and represent practically every college and university in the nation.

In peace they devoted their vacations from their civilian occupations to field-training and service schools, studied at night, and dealt with their commands week in and week out. For them there has been no great wartime harvest of repeated promotions and added pay. Many of them have served in peace or war at a sacrifice of opportunity in civilian life.

These citizen soldiers state their case to this effect:

"We are a part of the civil life of our communities and states. We believe profoundly in Washington's advocacy of a 'well regulated' citizen soldiery as the nation's defense against foreign enemies and as a safeguard against possible 'domestic usurpation.' We believe, too, that the states should have a share in the duties and responsibilities of our military establishment.

"We do not want a professional military to have complete control of the training of these eighteen-year-olds. We don't want career soldiers to mold the minds as well as the bodies of our sons, indefinitely into the future. We do not want American history, or 'orientation' in Americanism and 'democracy,' taught to successive generations of our young men by a centrally controlled military caste—not even by an American brand. We have seen what comes of such systems in other lands.

"There is a sounder, simpler, safer, less expensive way which fits better with our traditions and our ways of work and life.

"The right place to begin remedial treatment for poor eyes, bad teeth and tonsils, malnutrition, psychoses, and ignorance is in the homes and schools when our sons are children—not eighteen-year-olds. Not one year nor six will make up for earlier neglect when they reach that age. It is in the homes and schools, too, that 'Americanism' and 'democracy' must be taught and learned. It is a sorry commentary on our faith in democracy to suggest that the American counties, cities, states, and *people* are not capable of repairing their own past failures in these duties and must look to a Regular Army to do it.

"THE military system best suited for this nation must be tied in with the loyalties, affection, pride and interest of the towns, cities, and states.

"The National Defense Act of 1920 provided for such a system. Little was wrong with the law. Congress itself deprived it of much of its effectiveness by failing to provide sufficient funds to implement it during the depression years. And the Regular Army, despite General Pershing's sponsorship of the law, disliked its provisions and was always lukewarm to it.

"Yet the citizen soldiery trained under that law has justified it magnificently—from Bataan until now."

Here is how the citizen soldiers would integrate a compulsory training-and-service system with the law as it stood in 1940:

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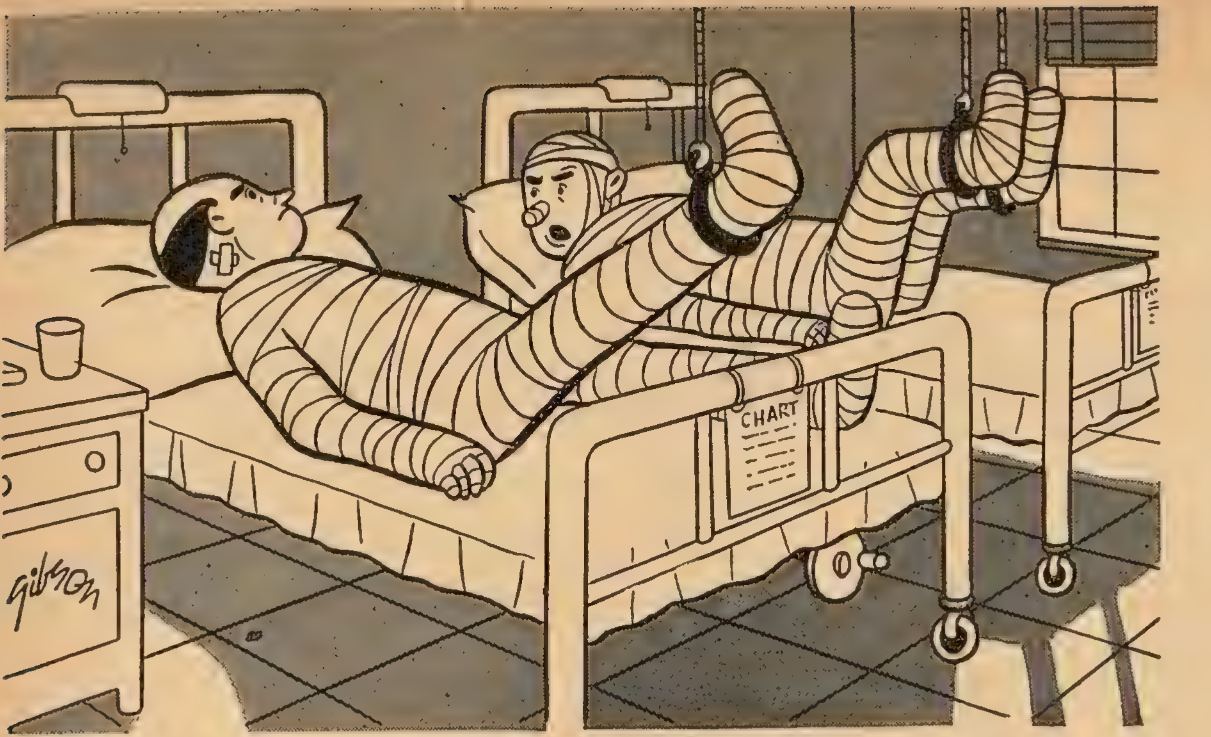
"We go aboard this one whether they have Wheaties or not."

Worth waiting for—that's Wheaties. Big flakes of nourishing whole wheat. Roasted and toasted and flavored to a king's taste with sweet malt syrup. Set your course for a man-sized bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, famous "Breakfast of Champions"—tomorrow morning!



"Would you care to step outside and repeat that?"

A week would be set aside at the end of a designated twelve-month period for the registration of all boys whose eighteenth birthday fell within that period. The mechanism would be the same as that used during this war. About 700,000 of the militarily fit would remain after the Regular Army and Navy had drawn off their volunteer three-year recruits. These would be apportioned, as far as possible according to their preferences, between the National Guard and the Organized Reserves.

Before this war the Guard cared for about 60,000 new *volunteers* each year. If it were extended into additional communities and its units enlarged, it might well care for 270,000 *selectees* annually. During three active years the selectees would drill once a week and undergo intensive field training each summer—a month the first year, three weeks the second, and two weeks the third. During the three following inactive years they would report periodically and remain subject to recall in case of war. Under such a plan there would be 800,000 Guardsmen as part of the "First Line," prepared for instant call and ready for combat in thirty days. Perhaps 600,000 inactives would be available to bring the organizations to full war strength.

Before this war the Organized Reserves were a mere skeleton force, consisting almost entirely of officers. It required a wartime draft to provide the enlisted men. But the germ of a plan for today existed then. It lay in the CCC camps and the Civilian Military Training Camps. Volunteers went to both and both were handled by Reserve officers under Regular supervision. There were as many as 350.000 volunteers in these camps at one time during the 1930s. Under the compulsory system, enough camps, enough Reserve officers to conduct them, and enough Regulars for over-all supervision could be provided to care for all the eighteen-year-olds left after the Guard had absorbed its quota.

THE eighteen-year-olds could be required to attend two successive intensive summer training periods of two and a half months each. They would be assigned to a real Organized Reserve composed of all units of command from platoons to divisions. For six years, say, they would be subject to periodic reports, test mobilizations, and, of course, call to war. They would be under Reserve officers and noncoms whom they would know and trust and who would know and understand them.

In this war five months have proved sufficient for basic military and technical training and to school whole regiments as soldier teams. Russia has put entire new divisions into combat in six months.

An Organized Reserve such as this would provide approximately 2,400,000 young men on instant summons as a "Second Line." They could be readied for combat by rehardening and refresher courses, and then by maneuvers, in about 120 days more.

In the future as in the past, the War Department would prescribe forms of organization, type of equipment, and instruction. It would set standards for performance and for the selection, promotion, and elimination of officers. And it would have power to enforce compliance. Both Guard and Reserves would report to and be supervised by the Regular Army. Further, the Regular Army would be the agency for research, experiment, and recommendation.

The citizen soldiers insist, however, that both Guard and Reserves should be effectively represented on the General Staff, and for two reasons. Such representation would bring to bear in War Department councils the alertness, initiative, and forethought characteristic of the best elements of American civil enterprise, and it would tend to assure the Regular Army's observance of the spirit as well as the letter of this law.

UNDER this broad plan there would be no peacetime interference with schooling, none with normal family life, and little with jobs, by either Guard or Reserves. And the plan would save the taxpayers hundred of millions of dollars annually. In peacetime, Guardsmen cost the government an average of $300 yearly; Regulars, $2,000. Reserve and Guard officers in peacetime require expenditures ranging from $100 each to $1,200; Regular officers, from $2,400 to $11,500—plus retirement pay amounting to three fourths of the last active pay received!

The citizen soldiers do not believe there is that much difference in the quality of the final products. And they regard it as significant that the Regular Army plan as outlined to the Congressional committee to date makes room for many more higher-ranking Regulars—from lieutenant colonels to lieutenant generals.

There are enough such spots, in fact, to "freeze in grade" most if not all of the beneficiaries of the so-called "temporary" wartime promotions.

THE END

THE B-29—FIRST OF OUR BIG BOMBERS

Continued from Page 20

Eddie continually preached that the proper time to begin the evaluation of an airplane is in its preliminary design stages. He brought his philosophy to bear on more than 100 airplanes, among them the Douglas DC-2, Boeing 247 Transport, Boeing YB-17 Flying Fortress, Consolidated XPB2Y-1, Lockheed 14, the Boeing Stratoliner and transoceanic Clipper, and the Curtiss CW-20 Commando.

In 1939, with the Stratoliner, Eddie Allen completed the most ambitious flight test and aerodynamic evaluation program ever conducted on an airplane up to that time. The entire aircraft industry benefited from this program, but Boeing, acting on its own experience, profited most by founding its Flight Test and Aerodynamics Research Unit and placing Allen in charge.

Now the dream project lay ahead. Exhaustive wind-tunnel tests of small-scale models of the *X* (meaning experimental) B-29 were conducted at the University of Washington, the California Institute of Technology, and at the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

"This is it!" the Matériel Command at Wright Field reported. The Army was so impressed by forthcoming wind-tunnel data that on August 24, 1940, Boeing was authorized to build three full-sized XB-29 airplanes.

During the fall and winter months, scaled-down control surfaces for the B-29 were installed on the B-17C and flight-tested. A major problem of the B-29 was control. The job was to design, refine, and so balance the great ailerons, elevators, rudder, and fin that a man of average strength could fly an airplane that large with ease. The search for perfect control surfaces consumed 9,000 wind-tunnel hours and hundreds of hours of flight tests.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The champion liar of 1943 was Sergeant Baron S. Fonkesbeck, and his champion story was that the Maryland mosquitoes have so much of his blood in their veins that they send him a Father's Day card.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

By May, 1941—long before the first experimental airplane took to the air—the Army became convinced that the B-29 must fill a vital role in America's aerial armament; so the airplane was ordered into quantity production at Boeing's Wichita, Kansas, plant.

The story of the scramble for purchase of heavy machine tools at a time when critical shortages were looming; of the leasing of land and construction of a mammoth additional factory at Wichita; of the struggle to acquire and train, feed, house, and provide transportation for thousands of new personnel, is one of high drama. Throughout these formative stages of tooling up for the world's greatest bomber, Boeing engineers who had designed the Superfortress at the parent company headquarters in Seattle, Washington, lived on the wing between Seattle and Wichita, pursuing the immense job of co-ordinating Seattle's engineering with Wichita's tooling and production.

Only two years after a bulldozer had torn out a blossoming apple orchard and a field of winter wheat at Wichita, the first Superfortress to roll from the production lines flew!

When the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor

the country's need for the B-29 became even more vital. In February, two months after Pearl Harbor (still seven months before the first Superfortress flew), General Walter P. Echols, then chief of the Matériel Command, issued a command by telegraph to heads of four large manufacturing companies, summoning them to a conference in Detroit. Out of that meeting came the directive that Bell Aircraft Company would erect a new plant at Marietta, Georgia, to build the Superfortress; North American Aviation, Inc., would build the airplane at Kansas City; Fisher Body Division of General Motors would build major assemblies at Cleveland. To Boeing's engineering staff fell the monumental task of providing engineering data and co-ordinating supervision to all partners in the production program.

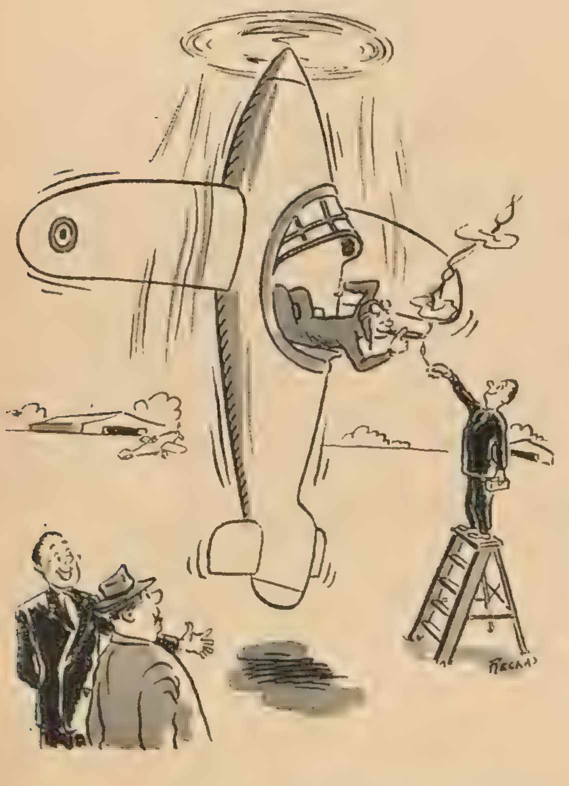
Subsequently North American Aviation was permitted to drop from the B-29 program for production reasons. Early this year the Glenn L. Martin Company was ordered to produce the B-29 at Omaha, Nebraska.

EDDIE ALLEN gave the first XB-29 its initial flight test of one hour, fifteen minutes, on September 21, 1942. Innumerable "small" items required correction: shimmy in the nose wheel; sticking throttle controls; failure of some of the hundreds of electric motors which actuate the moving parts of the airplane; engine vibration and engine cooling and manual control features which needed refinement. But when Allen, the most severe of critics, reported, "We have a splendid airplane in the B-29," those who had lived with the B-29 knew that the first phase of America's struggle to provide the Air Force with a bomber worthy of its major aerial strategy had been won. No major design changes of the Superfortress were necessary.

And so the most significant airplane ever built came into being. Since then the production lines have moved at a fast pace and the striking power of the American Twentieth Air Force grows daily.

In the future, bigger and better bombers no doubt will be built, but the B-29 marks a milestone in history and a new point of departure in military and political thinking. No longer does the earth consist of four corners. From now on it is a global whole. The B-29s and their successors will prove as benign in guarding the peace as they are terrible in prosecuting the war.

THE END



"Jones got tired of hearing how a helicopter can hover over one spot!"

Your mirror will tell you how you slept last night

Sound, restful sleep is reflected in the refreshed image in your mirror . . . Keep your beauty fresh through proper rest . . . You'll feel better . . . You'll look better because you'll sleep better on a Sealy Tuftless mattress.

TUFTLESS MATTRESS
$39^{50}

Box spring available. Slightly higher in Pacific North West.

SLEEPING ON A Sealy *IS LIKE SLEEPING ON A CLOUD*

CAREER CASUALTY

Continued from Page 25

is over, I'll try to take Mary Leslie in hand."

"Sometimes life—young life—doesn't wait," he said somberly.

Things weren't going a bit the way she had hoped.

Then he reached for the salt; and she reached for the salt. Their fingers touched. His hand closed on hers—hard. They were two people—one very much in love, the other almost in love—staring hungrily at each other. They had forgotten about wars and fifteen-year-olds, forgotten all but the fact of their wanting each other. And everything they said and everything they did was electric with wanting each other.

The spell lasted while they finished their dessert and drank their coffee, while he helped her into her new coat, and while they drove uptown together. It lasted until they entered Roberta's apartment and a blast of her best perfume rushed to meet them.

"Sit here and relax with the paper, Craig, while I go back to dress and cope with My Problem," she said with a whimsicality she did not feel.

I mustn't fly off the handle, she thought. Craig will hear; and besides, it will be bad for my nerves tonight. But twenty dollars an ounce!

She opened her own bedroom door and surprised Mary Leslie peacocking back and forth in front of the mirror. She was dressed to go out—a weird ensemble of earrings, exaggerated pompadour, and Roberta's lipstick, above sloppy sweater and scuffed shoes.

The girl whirled, reddened.

"Where are you going in that get-up?"

"To Jo-Anne's to—to do our algebra," sullenly.

She could say something cutting about wearing twenty-dollar-an-ounce perfume to do algebra, but she wouldn't, decided Roberta.

"All right, dear," she said evenly. "But don't be out late."

Mary Leslie did not answer. Roberta could feel the girl eying her warily. Such a puzzling combination! So physically buxom and—and ripe. Yet such a little-girl look, and little-girl hands, with two nails bitten short and a last childhood wart remaining. Perhaps she could have tried harder to understand her.

"I've got to rush, Mary Leslie. Start my tub for me, will you?" she asked companionably. "And get out the blue-sequin from the tissue paper." Mary Leslie looked pleased as she went to comply. Roberta's fingers were flying. "Listen, pet. How does my speech sound? It's the doctor's favorite text, as you know. 'The war is not won; we women dare not slacken our efforts yet. What are *we* doing to help?' "

She pulled her slip off over her head and stood there, a slim, pretty figure in brassiere and lacy panties, one arm outflung in a platform gesture.

Mary Leslie's eyes flashed warmly. "That's swell, mother. What *are* we women doing? With the boys going away—some of them never coming back—what can we *do* for them, mother? Shouldn't a girl—if a boy asks her—maybe they'll be *dead* by this time next year!" There was fierce urgency in her voice.

"You'll have plenty of time to do things for them when you're eighteen and can be a USO hostess," said Roberta indulgently.

"I don't mean in the USO—I don't mean waiting till I'm eighteen." Mary Leslie spoke as though that were a generation away. "I mean—" The heat faded from her eyes. "Oh, nothing—" Her voice died away like the sound of a distant door closing.

BUT Roberta did not hear any door close. She was in her closet, rummaging for silver slippers. When she came out, Mary Leslie was gone. Funny child.

"This generation!" she sighed later as she rejoined Craig. "I suppose we drove our mothers crazy, too, with our unbuckled galoshes and trying to be Clara Bow It-girls. But we outgrew it, so I suppose there's hope. Imagine dousing herself with my Brazilian Moon perfume, just to go over and study algebra with Jo-Anne!"

"You realize, of course, she was lying?"

"Oh, Craig! You're just working yourself into an anxiety neurosis about her!"

He smiled apologetically. "I hope so, Roberta—I hope so."

Inside the foyer of the drafty auditorium, Craig went to his seat on the aisle, and Roberta to the platform. She found herself seated between the mayor and the governor and across from a movie star and a famous Naval flier. An excited flutter stirred her.

Everything took too long. When at last they came to Roberta, she spoke briefly and tellingly. As she finished, her eyes sought Craig's seat on the aisle. It was empty. What a shame!

But afterward she forgot even Craig. People swarmed up to congratulate her. In the midst of it, somebody wanted her on the phone, but the press photographer was just saying, "Your chin a little higher, Mrs. Waldron, please."

All the way home in a taxi, a tired but gratified smile hovered about her lips.

As she opened her bag to pay the driver, she saw the crumpled slip. Oh, yes, the telephone call. "Craig MacKenzie," the slip said. How dear of him! He wanted to tell her he was sorry he'd had to leave. She'd call him the minute she was in her room.

"He didn't get a reservation far enough in advance!"

Softly she opened Mary Leslie's door a crack. A cool night gust from an open window rushed out of the darkened room. The child was undoubtedly sound asleep.

Presently, settled among her pillows, she dialed Craig's number. Then she turned out the light and waited happily.

But only the barren sound of ringing went on and on in her ear. Out on another baby case, probably. She supposed life as Craig's wife would be full of just such interruptions. But nothing made any difference. She wanted him. She loved him—his remoteness, his absorption in his work, even his high-principled aloofness which almost frightened her at times. The feeling for him welled up within her until she was terrified by the intensity and immediacy of her need for him.

When she awoke, she looked at her watch. Heavens, she'd overslept! She pulled on a quilted robe and ran to wake Mary Leslie.

The girl's bed was smooth. Her eyes roved stupidly around the empty room. The window was still open, as Mary Leslie must have gone off and left it yesterday. She had assumed last night that it meant the child was in bed and asleep.

She sat down weakly. Appalling possibilities stretched before her. But of course Leslie had spent the night with Jo-Anne. She dialed Jo-Anne's number with palsied fingers.

But no. Leslie had not been there, Jo-Anne's mother said; Jo-Anne had had orchestra practice last night. Mary Leslie must have stayed with one of the other girls.

Roberta hung up the receiver, her face ashy white. "You realize, of course, she was lying?" Craig had said. She *had* been lying!

In her extremity, she called Craig. This time he answered. She poured out frantic mother-words of anxiety to him.

He let her finish. Then his voice came back, remote and judicial. "I wondered just when you'd discover she hadn't come home last night. That's what I phoned you about at the rally."

"But they were taking my picture—I tried to call you later—"

"I phoned from the police station."

"The police! Is she hurt?"

"Not physically, if that's what you mean."

"Then how—I don't understand."

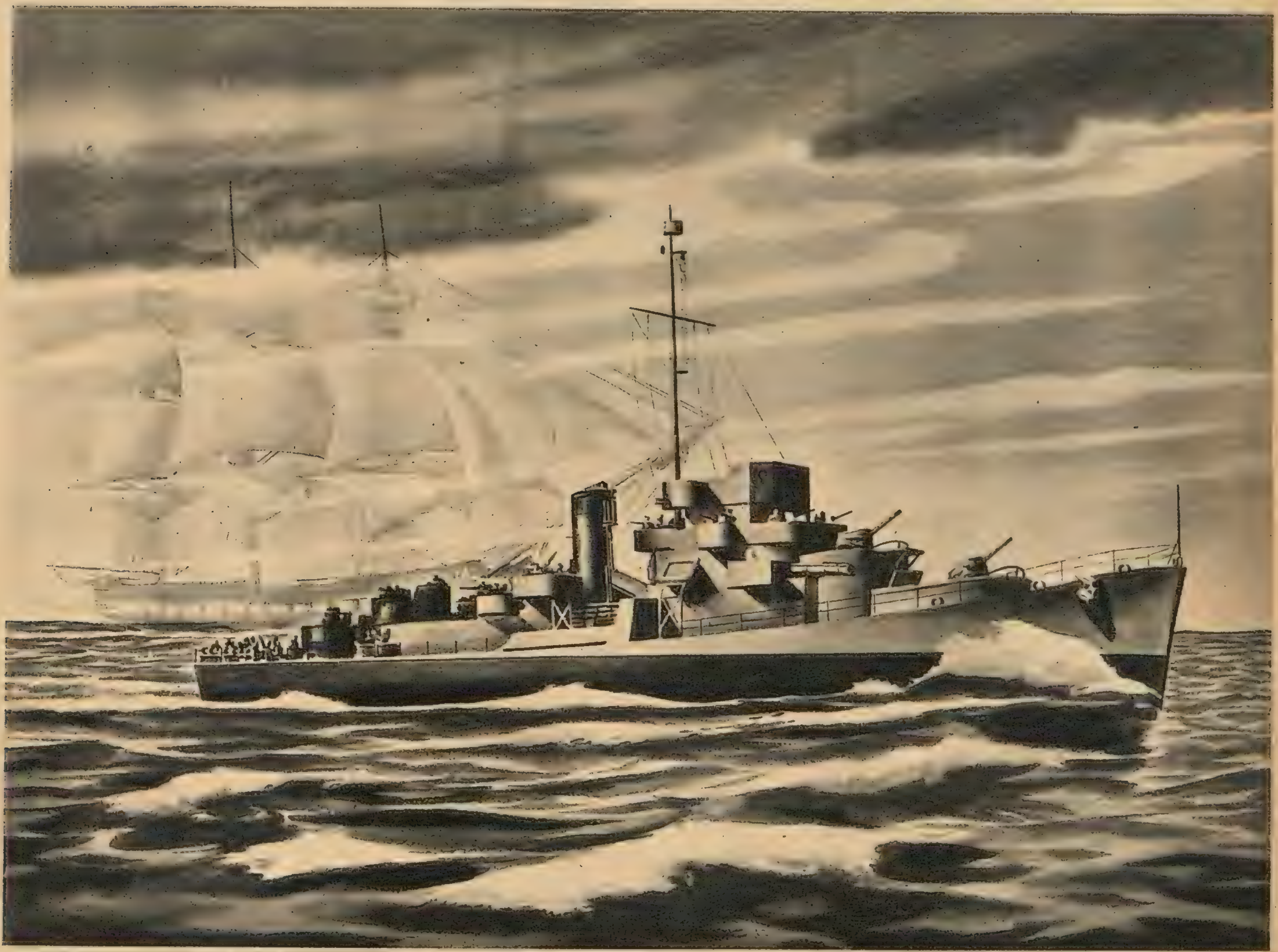
"The police caught her in a round-up

(*Continued on page 64*)

RICHardson
ROOT BEER
"it's so flavorful"
Fine with Food

Sailing into the pages of history

Fast PC ships and Destroyer Escorts clearing the U-Boat wolfpacks from the convoy lanes . . . husky LCI (L) Landing Craft smashing through to the landing beaches! These are new immortals of the sea . . . sailing into history with the Constitution, the Monitor and the Oregon! Making history, too, are the people who build these modern warcraft. Here at Defoe, record-breaking construction methods are saving priceless days in delivery time. Only craftsmen who build well can measure up to the shipbuilder's standards. They must work with plenty of heart and pride. So you may be sure whatever this organization produces after the war will embody exceptional quality and value for peacetime America.



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Four White Star Renewal Citations now decorate the Navy "E" Award won by Defoe workers.

Defoe

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— BUY WAR BONDS

SHIPS FOR VICTORY
SERVANTS FOR PEACE

The man who walks alone...

Here he comes, down the street, failing to speak to friends who wonder what's the matter. He's the man who walks alone because of "visual isolation". Yes, vision can fail so slowly that people are often unconscious of how *much* they do *not* see—how much their eyes need help. That is why it is wise to visit a professional man who has spent years in the study and practice of eye-care to check up on your vision. Remember—*Better Vision Means Better Living.*

Smartest Thing in Eyewear

Pictured here is a *Shurset Ful-Vue* mounting, an ultra modern design styled by Shuron. As strong as it is smart, this mounting holds professionally prescribed lenses in positive alignment with maximum security, a feature that has won favor with millions. When glasses are prescribed, ask for *Shurset* by name.

Shuron

SMART EYEWEAR

(Continued from page 62)

of those tavern juke joints on the edge of town. Disorderly conduct—with some soldiers. She didn't give her whole name. Just 'Mary Leslie.' I was the only person she said they could get in touch with. I went right down, but they wouldn't let me see her. She spent the night in the Detention Home."

"Oh, Craig, tell me—what can I do?"

"I don't know, and I haven't time to talk. You might meet me in twenty minutes outside the door of the Juvenile Court. She comes up before the probation officer then." He did not say good-by.

Without lipstick and with her hair every which way, Roberta stood beside the water cooler twisting her pigskin gloves to a rope as Craig came up. A different Craig MacKenzie. He hurried her by the elbow toward the door marked PROBATION OFFICER. She might have been his grandmother for all the pressure of his hand meant.

An elderly attendant opened the door. "Dr. MacKenzie?"

Craig nodded. The old man opened the door wider. "Mrs. Lorton, the probation officer, said for you to come right in."

They entered a not very large room with pale-green walls and a polished desk.

Craig muttered, "Better sit back out of sight. Remember, according to her, she has no parents."

ROBERTA couldn't have taken another step anyhow. She sank on a bench in the back of the room, directly behind a high-backed chair. Craig went up front.

So Mary Leslie had said she had no parents. "When I've done everything for her—" Roberta started to tell herself. And then something bleak and truthful checked her. The child *hadn't* had any parents—not for years had she really had any.

A plain level-eyed woman entered, seated herself at the desk, nodding in a friendly way to the doctor, then to Roberta.

"A policewoman is bringing her in now from Intake. I'm glad you—and Mrs. MacKenzie?—are interested in this case, doctor. You've been helpful before."

The side door opened. Mary Leslie entered with a policewoman.

Roberta's nails dug into her palms. That couldn't be Mary Leslie. Her baby! Her throat muscles tightened. She mustn't cry or make a scene. Craig had told her not to . . . That pallid, hollow-eyed waif—Mary Leslie!

She saw the girl's eyes go from the woman behind the desk to Craig, and they were abject, shamed, and just plain scared.

The probation officer took the sheet of paper which the policewoman handed her. She looked across it, first at the doctor, then at the girl, whose back was toward Roberta now.

"This is a petition in delinquency, filed by the policewoman in charge."

She cleared her throat gravely. Roberta heard her low impressive words: "'In the interest of Mary Leslie—'"

The probation officer read on, and fragments pierced her numbed brain, "'—delinquent for the reasons that she is under age and was found in a tavern after midnight, under the influence of liquor . . . curtained booth with three soldiers . . . resisted an officer—wept and said she was only wanting to do something for the soldiers who had just received orders to leave. . . . Because of her extreme youth and the fact that she has no parents—'"

In the interest of Mary Leslie . . . I baptize thee Mary Leslie. . . . She remembered Phil holding the baby in his arms, such a good, serene baby, too, reaching up to grab the minister's fingers. Roberta had had to fight then, too, to keep from crying. Only it was from a spasm of consecration and devoutness then.

And this was Mary Leslie up in front—this shamed, whipped fifteen-year-old whom she and Phil had promised to guide, and bring up safely to womanhood.

The probation officer laid down the paper. "Yours was the only name she would give, doctor. You have had a broad experience with delinquency. What do you suggest?"

Delinquency. They meant Mary Leslie. Delinquency!

Dr. MacKenzie started to speak; then hesitated, his eyes on the trembling girl. Mrs. Lorton gestured to the policewoman to take Mary Leslie into the adjoining room.

When the door had closed, the doctor began with painful reluctance, "I know this girl well. She hasn't quite told the truth. She does have parents. They were divorced several years ago."

Mrs. Lorton nodded understandingly. "I see. And so she has always felt a little unwanted and insecure?"

Craig's halting words went on: "It has been necessary for—for the mother to work. She has a war job—out till all hours. The girl has been alone—a great deal—"

Mrs. Lorton sighed; it was an old story. "We call these girls 'Nobody's Business'!"

"The mother could have done both jobs—a lot of women do. But I guess maybe the home job didn't have enough—enough hoopla. In the meantime the child matured too fast and became intensely emotional about wanting to 'do something' for the war—something compatible with her sudden grown-upness—"

"So we are doubtless lucky we checked that emotion in a tavern instead of a cheap hotel!" finished the woman. "What do you suggest, doctor?"

"The girl needs to be needed. To work hard at honest, paid work. She has a real knack with babies; and we've lost a helper at our day nursery. The matron could use her part time till school is out; full time after that. She'd be a natural. I'd like to have her released to my custody—"

MRS. LORTON nodded. "Best possible solution. I'm going to let you tell her." She crossed to open the side door.

Roberta, through tear-distorted vision, saw Mary Leslie leap up from the edge of her chair and stand staring at the woman.

"What are they going to do with me?" she asked through stiff lips.

"Mrs. Lorton is letting you come with me," he said gently. "There's an opening in the day nursery for a smart, capable girl. How can mothers work unless someone looks after their babies? We need you. Haven't I told you this war has got to be won by women as well as men?"

The sullen, bitter young face grew curiously immobile—cautious. Then, it filled with a look so piteous, so uplifted, so *saved*, that Roberta pressed her hands over her mouth to keep from crying out.

"Oh, Dr. MacKenzie, honest? You know I'm just nuts about babies. Look! Couldn't we stop by and pick up that old rocker without any arms—to rock babies in?"

Roberta couldn't hear Craig's answer. But she saw him tuck the girl's arm through his as they went out through that side room. The voices grew fainter. There was the sound of a distant door closing, shutting her away from Craig MacKenzie and her child. She had lost them both.

But the ache of emptiness inside her was suddenly for the child she had lost. It was Leslie she must win back first. She was down on her knees—really on her knees. "O God," she said simply, with the simplicity of despair, "help me win her back. Show me how, O God!"

It might be a long, slow, humble business.

THE END

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CHAMPION
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ARE IN THE VANGUARD!

When the Corps of Engineers take hold, things move. Masters of hundreds of structural, repair and maintenance crafts, they are always in the vanguard, and often in actual combat with the enemy. Masters, too, of every type of engine-driven vehicle and power equipment, dependability is the measure of everything they use. That's why Champion Spark Plugs are on active duty with the Engineers, just as they are with every branch of our armed forces on land, water and in the air; for dependability has been Champion's hallmark for more than thirty years—thirty years devoted exclusively to the production of better, more dependable spark plugs. When you need new spark plugs, demand dependable Champions. Remember, too, that all spark plugs should be inspected, tested and cleaned at regular intervals for maximum engine efficiency and economy.

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UNTIL THE DAY OF VICTORY

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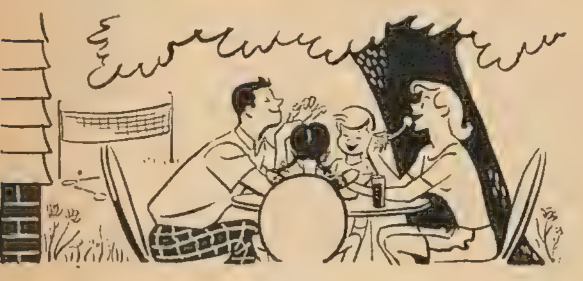
Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

WEEKEND WARNING: Would-be Labor Day trekkers should use dog sled, roller skates, or bicycles if they want to be sure of transportation. Even with Pullman tickets for the return trip in hand, travelers cannot be sure of space on trains, because of the ODT order which quite properly authorizes railroads to evict passengers from any accommodations if the expected arrival of casualties from Europe makes heavy demands on equipment. Smart patriots will stay home and assure themselves of a good rest while co-operating with the government and the railroads. One of the world's nicest spots for a picnic is that shady nook close to the kitchen sink, complete with hot and cold running water, minus ants, ticks, and poison ivy.



WAGS IN UNIFORM: A soldier and a sailor swaggered down Fifth Avenue one bright morning, full of heigh-ho and raucous melody. The burden of their song, to the old Hink-Dinky tune, was, "The WACs and Waves will win the war, parlez-vous. The WACs and Waves will win the war, parlez-vous. The WACs and Waves will win the war, so what in hell are we fighting for? Hink-dinky, parlez-vous."

BAS-RELIEF: Farm boys and girls are well acquainted with the fine art of sculpture as applied to young watermelons and squash. When said melons and squash mature, the messages carved on their bay windows stand out gloriously. Not long ago I encountered a watermelon for sale at a sidewalk stall in Manhattan which begged in large block letters: MY SISTER-IN-LAW IS ON ICE. BUY ME TODAY. Explain *that* if you can.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE: A letter from Naples reports the tale of the U. S. official who arrived there and noted the innumerable signs on public buildings and private houses which said tersely, *Al Ricovero*, which is Italian for Air Raid Shelter. Still saturated in the local color of his American political background, he observed to his companion, "Holy smoke, this guy Al is sure plugging for office, and he doesn't seem to have any competition!"

DURABLE WOMANHOOD: During a ceremony at a naval base in the Eastern Area, upon which the sun beat down ruthlessly while a four-striper chaplain delivered an address, five sailors became faint. The personnel of the base included two companies of Waves, and they were also drawn up at parade rest on the field. Not one wobbled during the ceremony. . . . Only a dozen of the 1,800 members of the WAC stationed in the Mediterranean area had been returned to the United States for medical reasons prior to the end of May, according to Major Margaret Janeway, medical officer in charge of the WAC in that theater. Three returned as nervous cases, while five became pregnant. Of the five, three were married before going overseas, another married in North Africa, and the other had an illegitimate pregnancy. The WACs' ability to endure tension, fatigue, and other obstacles to good health has convinced Major Janeway that they lead charmed lives, though it is conceded that the women are better fed than the men because of the openhandedness of the latter. Soldiers and sailors have showered the WAC with fruit, and have paid as much as two dollars a dozen for eggs with which to dazzle the girls.

NOW'S THE TIME! Now's the time to produce, if we are to take advantage of the bigheartedness of the War Production Board. A special program for the manufacture of about 3,000 dozen inexpensive maternity dresses and 7,000 dozen slips was announced recently by the Textile, Clothing and Leather Bureau of the WPB. The clothes are to be distributed during August and September.

BLOUSE BINGE: A young wife, much in love with her overseas husband, has figured out her own best therapy for loneliness. Instead of drowning her sorrows in tears or drink, she finds her salvation in sewing. She spends her spare time sewing because that's the thing she does best and enjoys most. When she went through weeks of anxious waiting before hearing where her husband was, she made herself one blouse after another from pieces of linen and cotton she had on hand. At last count she had finished fourteen, many of them hemstitched to the eaves. Unable to get away from her apartment because of her small baby, she also knits for the Red Cross to keep occupied when Lynn is asleep. She took one of her husband's oldest, shiniest suits and cut it down for herself. She is so thin, she was able to use the cuffs from the pants for a belt into which to fit the skirt which was made of her hero's trousers. She observed tenderly that he had already worn the suit so much that on clear days her public could see the two shiny spots made by his knees. By turning the two pants legs upside down, ripping seams, and proceeding from there, she hand-tooled a skirt and had material to make kick pleats!

ETHELRED THE UNSTEADY

Continued from Page 27

Before Mrs. Claypool could speak, and in between tinkering with the Flying Fortress and mooning out of the window at a bystanding skyscraper, Ethelred rendered a verdict.

"No good," he said tersely. "No punch. Kids wouldn't go for it."

Mrs. Claypool beamed. "Ethelred is a little direct," she said, "but I trust his instinct implicitly."

T. K.'s expression suggested that King Herod, were he extant, would certainly get T. K.'s vote as the man most likely to succeed. "There are other advertisements in the series," he ventured.

"We will look at them," said Mrs. Claypool magnanimously.

They looked, but it was murder. In offhand fashion, Ethelred cut this brain child of Chuck Eiler's to ribbons.

In silence Mr. Dark trotted out the next exhibit. Ethelred, even more nonchalantly, smacked that down.

"Really, Ethelred," Mrs. Claypool said doubtfully, "I think both of those ideas have some—er—merit."

"Nah," said Ethelred. Then, evidently out of pure boredom, he wound up the Flying Fortress. An instant later it sailed across the room and came to grief against Mr. Dark's prized pine paneling. Mr. Dark turned livid.

At that point Chlo took a hand.

"Don't you think," she said suavely, "that we might have a short recess? And—and—oh, perhaps Ethelred would go with me for a soda?"

Mrs. Claypool hesitated. "We-e-ll, sodas don't always agree—"

Ethelred put an end to this feeble shilly-shally. "Sure," he interrupted, "I'll go for a soda. Come on!"

"SET 'em up, Mac," said Ethelred to the soda jerker. Carelessly he flung a dollar bill onto the counter.

Chlo stared at him. From the moment they had left Mr. Dark's office, the air of studied seriousness had dropped from Ethelred. In its place there was an embryo man-about-town attitude. Apparently Ethelred possessed Jekyll-Hyde capabilities.

"But listen, Ethelred," she said, eying the bill. "This is my party."

"Nope," said Ethelred. "I'm buying. I got plenty dough." He drew out a roll of bills that would have gagged a hippo.

"Goodness!" Chlo goggled. "Does your mother let you carry all that?"

"Ma?" Ethelred got off a high crackling laugh. "She don't know I got it. And don't you tell her."

"Why," said Chlo, rather vaguely, "I wouldn't do that for the world."

But her brain was working. Could it be that there was a connection between Ethelred's wealth and his wanton crucifixion of the ads?

"What are you going to do with all that money?" she inquired.

"Buy airplane models," he informed her.

"You're awfully keen on flying, aren't you?"

"That's all I care about," Ethelred said. "I don't want to go to military school. I don't like nothin' 'cept flyin'."

"Then I guess you don't like advertising either?" Chlo hazarded.

Unwittingly she struck pay dirt. Ethelred, with indiscreet enthusiasm, patted his pocket. "Oh, advertisin's O. K. If it wasn't for advertisin'—" He checked it, too suddenly.

Chlo controlled a start. "You mean you

made all your money out of advertising!"

"Well, yeah," Ethelred admitted, somewhat guiltily. "Kind of." He turned somber. "But I ain't sayin' nothin'."

"Certainly not," Chlo concurred warmly. "It's your own affair."

So! Definitely there had been shenanigans at the well-known crossroads. It was a hundred to one that Wills-Rutherford had somehow gotten at Ethelred.

She waited a moment. Then: "Oh, Lord!" she exclaimed.

Through a straw Ethelred was making supping noises in the bottom of his glass. He desisted. "What's the matter?"

"Look," said Chlo. "You have another soda. I've got to make a phone call. Something I forgot at the office."

She lied in her white even teeth. She had two phone calls to make. The first was out of town. And it was brief, but satisfactory. A moment later she was talking to Chuck Eiler.

"Chuck," she said swiftly, "how are things going now?"

"Better," he told her. "The old gal seems sort of favorable to us. It's that darn kid that's putting the bite on."

"I know. Listen, Chuck. I'm onto something. And you've got to arrange another meeting with the Claypool. Can't you tell T. K. and Mrs. Claypool that you're getting a new idea for Flaky Flips and you want tonight to work it up?"

"Sweetheart," said Chuck gratingly, "I am but dry of ideas now."

"Darn it!" Chlo shook the phone. "The idea doesn't matter. The thing is to stall Mrs. Claypool's decision. And make the meeting for tomorrow afternoon, if you possibly can." She hung up before he could lodge further protest.

Chlo went back to the fountain. Ethelred was hammering out a decision over soda No. 2.

"Ethelred," she said carefully, "there's bad news. I just heard that we're having another meeting tomorrow afternoon."

He made a face. "You mean I gotta do that all over again?"

"Looks like it. But—oh, heck, Ethelred! Meetings bore me too. Couldn't we—well, skip it?"

"How?" He sipped soda.

Suddenly Chlo leaned forward. "Listen, Ethelred!" . . .

CHLO was holding Ethelred Claypool's hand, though not out of affection; merely to prevent him from annihilation by plunging out onto the flying field. Ethelred, confronted by more life-size aircraft than he had ever seen, and with the entire Corbin & Cosgrove factory at his back, was near to hysteria.

"Say," he shouted now, "this was sure a great stunt—comin' here, 'stead of lookin' at ads."

Chlo smiled. Chuck, bless him, had accomplished that second conference. And certainly there was wisdom in having persuaded the ad-killing Ethelred voluntarily to take himself out of the picture.

This afternoon T. K. and Chuck would have a clear track, and there was a chance they might get the Claypoolian signature on the dotted line.

If that happened, T. K. would indubitably overlook the fact that she had slipped away from the office at noon in order to meet Ethelred in his hotel lobby. She'd had to do it that way. T. K. would never have been party to this conspiracy. But with the Flaky Flips account in his pocket, all would be forgiven. Chlo cleared her mind of doubt and scanned the field in search of a familiar figure. As she did so, a gremlin grinned and picked up a brick.

"Ethelred," she said presently, "it was swell of your mother to let you come today."

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TISSUES
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KLEENEX TISSUES
200 SINGLE SHEETS
100 2-PLY TISSUES
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Because *only Kleenex* has the patented process which gives Kleenex its special softness . . . preserves the full strength you've come to depend on. And no other tissue gives you the one and only Serv-a-Tissue Box that *saves* as it serves up *just one* double tissue at a time.

That's why it's to your interest not to confuse Kleenex Tissues with any other brand. No other tissue is "just like Kleenex".

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There is only one KLEENEX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

are you young enough
to try new things?

Do you habitually take the negative side when a *change* is suggested? Or do you say, "Let's *try* it and *find out* if it's better?" These two questions really furnish a very good test to find out how *young you feel*. Take the case of Tampax. It is certainly a sign of the times that this form of monthly sanitary protection (worn internally) is so popular among the students at the leading women's colleges!

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Sold in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. A whole month's supply will go into your purse. Economy box contains 4 months' supply (average). Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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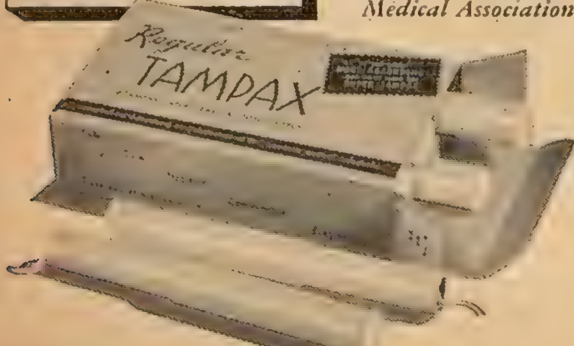
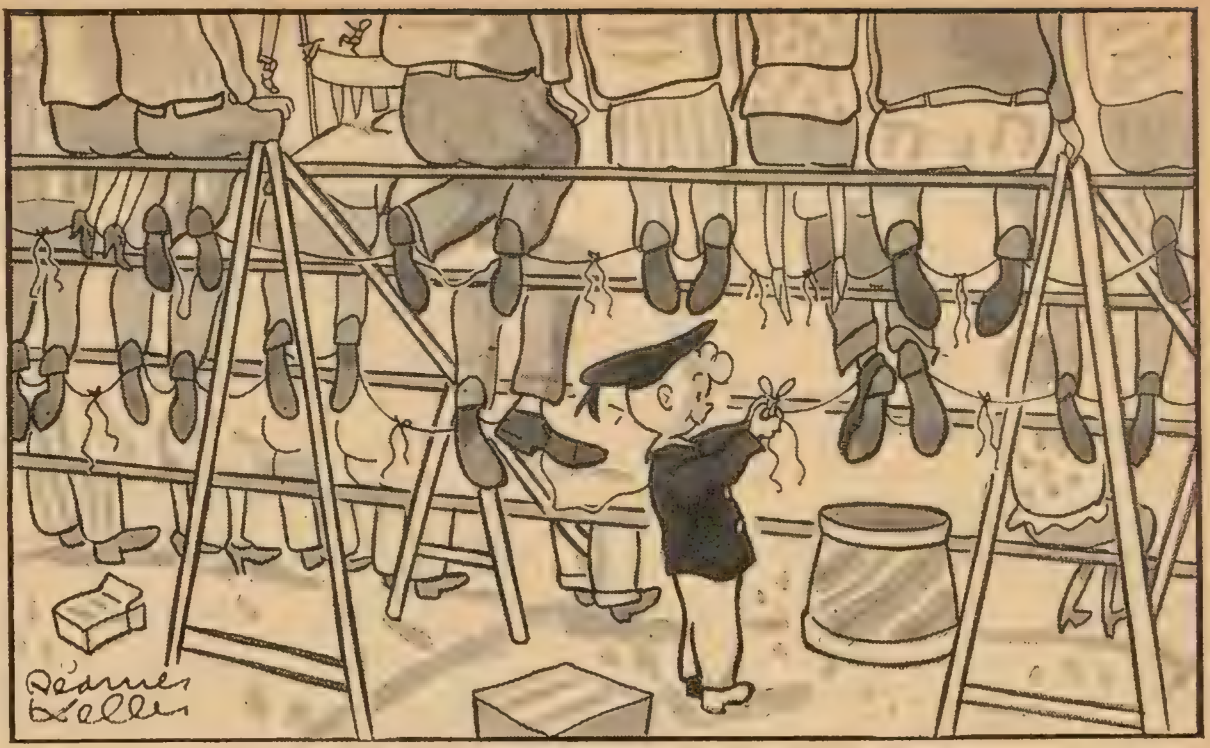


HARDTACK



The gremlin heaved the brick. "She didn't," said Ethelred.

Chlo started. "What do you mean?"

"What I'm sayin'. Ma didn't let me come. I just came."

CHLO shook his arm. "I don't understand. You were to phone me last night if you had your mother's permission. Well, you phoned."

"Sure," said Ethelred nonchalantly. "Only I didn't say nothin' to her. I was scared she'd make me go to that meetin'. So I just told you it was O. K. And today I left a note for her."

"A note? What did you say?"

"Nothin' much. Just that I was goin' flyin'. With you."

Chlo reeled, a picture of Mrs. Claypool in forty thousand conniptions looming starkly in her mind. "But, Ethelred!" She shook him harder. "This is terrible. You're only to watch flying."

"I know." Ethelred was composed. "I thought of that, but it didn't have no punch. And where's this guy was gonna show me some hot stuff?"

At this tense moment the "guy" arrived. Russell Calder looked very handsome and devil-may-care in flying clothes. He shook hands gravely with Ethelred.

"So you're the lad who goes for airplanes," he said.

"R-Russell," stuttered Chlo, "I—I think we've got to go right back. Something has come up."

He stared. "Go back? I thought Red here wanted to see flying?"

"Red?" repeated Ethelred, enchanted. "Say, I like that. Ethelred's a sissy name."

"But, Russell—" Chlo began.

"Forget it," cut in Russell. "Look. I can't wait." He left abruptly.

Chlo made a valiant attempt to induce Ethelred to return to New York instanter. She might as well have tried to uproot Grand Central Palace. Ethelred had come to see flying. He proposed to remain until he had seen it.

Russell waved from the cockpit of one of the new Corbin & Cosgrove Cormorants. Then the plane darted across the field, swung lightly and easily into the air. It climbed swiftly, until it was a mere speck.

Ethelred clapped his hands. "Gee," he cried, "that's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes. Yes, it is." Chlo was surprised at her own involuntary enthusiasm. Then she thought of Mrs. Claypool and was immediately deflated.

Presently Russell concluded his business in infinity. He came down several thousand feet, and all at once the plane tore across the skies in a dark thundering streak.

"Golly," exclaimed Ethelred, jumping up and down, "he's sure movin'!"

Russell slowed gradually, banked, climbed again. Then he zigzagged down in a sickening progression of slants, like a paper tossed from a high building. For good measure, he did a slow roll, a snap roll, and a wingover or two. After which he went up again and dived.

Chlo's heart sprang into her mouth as the plane came screaming earthward. At the same time a little thrill shot through her. That was her kid brother up there, doing a man-sized job.

Russell landed then. When he joined them some time later, he looked a trifle subdued. "Well," he said, in a preoccupied way, "I'm through for the afternoon. Let's go."

In the train back to New York he and Ethelred shared a seat. It was palpable that Ethelred had contracted a sudden case of hero worship. He looked at Russell as if that gentleman were the head god of Olympus.

Chlo, across the aisle, paid only slight attention to them. She was composing a conciliatory little speech, to be delivered to Mrs. Claypool.

MISS WINTZ answered the call Chlo made from Penn Station after Russell had left. Miss Wintz gave a hysterical cry. "Chlo! Oh, thank heaven! Is the—the Claypool boy all right?"

"Of course," said Chlo. "Pull yourself together. How's the conference doing?"

"Conference?" shrilled Miss Wintz. "There wasn't any. Mrs. Claypool called it off. And, Chlo, you're to take that boy straight to his hotel. Mr. Dark's over there now, trying his best to calm Mrs. Claypool down."

Chlo rang off, snatched Ethelred, and dived for a taxi, all in one wild motion.

Mrs. Claypool occupied a vast suite, as befits a tycooness. As the door opened she leaped from a chaise longue like an outsize in springboks. She fell upon Ethelred.

"Lambie-pie!" she bleated.

T. K. Dark materialized from the shadows. "Ha!" hissed T. K. in Chlo's ear. "You've knocked our chances for this account into a cocked hat. I'll talk to you later."

"Later" was right. Just then Mrs. Claypool wished to talk to Chlo.

"And you!" she barked. "Whatever you meant by exposing this poor child to the —er—hazards of an airplane, I'll never know. But I want no more association with you people. And tomorrow"—she spoke more slowly, savoring each word— "I shall give my account to Wills-Rutherford. And Ethelred and I will leave for home."

There was a moment of profound silence. Then Ethelred released a blockbuster.

"I won't go home," said Ethelred. "I'm stayin' here. Goin' to Hudson Valley Military Academy."

Mrs. Claypool, stunned, gaped at him. "W-what?"

"Hudson Valley Military Academy," repeated Ethelred. "I'm goin' there on account"—he stabbed a finger at Chlo— "her brother went there. He's a war ace and a swell flier. Any school that's good enough for him is good enough for me."

Chlo gasped. Russell had, in truth, attended Hudson Valley. For three weeks. He had then left, at the school's earnest behest.

"Ethelred," Mrs. Claypool sank weakly onto the chaise, "I do not in the least understand this change of heart. But I am delighted. You know how I feel. The school will do you so much good, love."

T. K. Dark, who had been fuming on the side lines, now got into the game. A trimming from Wills-Rutherford was bitter beer for T. K. But, after all, he had his pride.

"Madam," he said, "you have requested us to leave. With your permission, we will do so."

"Wait!" Mrs. Claypool held up her hand. "I'm afraid I spoke sharply a moment ago. But I was—ah, emotionally upset. Before you go, I feel I should say that I, personally, am much impressed with the work of your firm. I am also very grateful to your secretary. She seems, somehow, to have accomplished something that I couldn't accomplish myself. Unfortunately, however, there is still Ethelred's instinctive preference for Wills-Rutherford."

"No," said Ethelred unexpectedly. "There isn't."

Mrs. Claypool spread her hands. "But, Lamb! All along—"

"I've changed my mind," interposed Ethelred briefly but grandly. He evidently worked on the theory that prospective cereal magnates do not explain.

"Then, darling," said Mrs. Claypool tentatively, "mother is very much minded to put her Flaky Flips with Dark, Devlin & Disbrow."

"Look, ma," Ethelred said disinterestedly. "Anything you do is O. K. by me. I got other things to think about. I gotta go to this school. Because if I do, her brother'll teach me to fly soon's I'm old enough. See?"

Mrs. Claypool looked at Mr. Dark a trifle helplessly. "I can't say that I do altogether," she said. "But I am most anxious for Ethelred to have military training and I do like your firm. Under the circumstances, we may—well, consider the matter closed."

"LISTEN, T. K.," said Chlo. "That boy was bribed. By Wills-Rutherford. They evidently saw that he's that iron woman's Achilles' heel or whatever you call it. Oh, naturally, I couldn't beat a confession out of him. But I know I'm right. Why, he hardly looked at our ads. Just killed them sort of automatically. Then he flashed more money than even his doting mother would have let him carry. And he all but admitted inadvertently that he'd been paid to sabotage our presentation."

"So?" said T. K.

Chlo wrinkled her nose. "I took a gamble. He's wild about flying, so I thought that Ethelred might just—well, fall for my brother and forget his—er—obligation to Wills-Rutherford. And I did have luck over that military school business. But"— she shook her head—"Ethelred is certainly a first-class little double-crosser."

"Chlo," Mr. Dark said blithely—with the Flaky Flips account in the bag, he felt blithe—"Chlo, every so often you strike me as quite intelligent." He even deigned to pat her shoulder.

Chlo went home. She had a feeling of exhilaration, oddly admixed with one of satisfaction. And she was momentarily at a loss to account for it.

She entered her apartment. The long form of Russell was disposed on the couch.

"Hi!" he said affably. "How's tricks?"

Chlo took off her hat. "Tricks," she said, "were never better. We got that account, Russell. And, really"—she hesitated—"we do have you to thank. The military school sales talk you gave his lordship apparently did it."

"Well," Russell grinned, "that was primary. You called me yesterday and found out I was flying today. Then last night you gave me the dope. So I did what I could. In my stupid way, I tried to form a beautiful friendship with the kid."

Chlo walked the length of the room, slowly. This wasn't going to be easy for a die-hard like herself. "Russell!" she said suddenly.

"Hello."

"Do you know that I never saw you fly before?"

"No? Well, now you have, so what?"

"So," said Chlo, and thereafter the words tumbled out. "So, Russell, you were swell. You're a grand flier. Even I could see that. And I was crazy, trying to turn you into a space salesman."

Russell raised himself on one elbow. He wasn't grinning now.

"Look, Chlo," he said. "You might be understanding something. I've got to fly, kid. It's my job. But I—I don't want us to go around glowering at each other."

Chlo's eyes were a warm black and yellow. "Glowering? Who's glowering? I'm telling you to fly yourself silly, with my blessing."

"Silly?" The engaging grin reappeared on Russell's face. "There'll be less and less silliness from Calder as time goes by. Old Man Cosgrove handed me a sweet bawling-out after I landed today. 'Hereafter, young man,' says Mr. C., 'when you're sent up to make specific tests, make 'em without benefit of gratuitous aerobatics if you want to keep your job.' Well, I want to keep it. So next time an air-happy kid has to be impressed, some other flier'll have to do it. I'm signing off with Ethelred."

"Darling," said Chlo, "there isn't going to be any next time. If another Ethelred ever shows up around our agency, T. K. Dark will strangle him personally and bury the body in the basement. That's straight dope from the horse's mouth."

THE END

★ ★ ★

A dean of women at a large co-educational college recently began an important announcement to the student body as follows:

"The president of the college and I have decided to stop necking on the campus." Met by a gale of laughter, the good woman continued, somewhat flustered: "Further, all the kissing that has been going on under my nose must be stopped."

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Have your friends stopped phoning you . . . visiting you . . . or asking you to parties? Don't blame them . . . they don't mean to snub you *deliberately!* It's just that everyone automatically thinks of a gray-haired woman as a chaperon . . . rather than a companion.

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

The peacetime home of Farmer Ling Tan and his three sons is a quiet, happy place.

DRAGON SEED

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon

THE Chinese dragon is a friendly god, from whose seed heroes spring. Thus Pearl Buck prefaces her famous novel of wartime China, and from this tale of a simple, home-loving family, seared and tempered to heroism in the holocaust of war, has come a great moving picture.

Ling Tan (Walter Huston) is content with his prosperous provincial farm, his wise hardworking helpmeet (Aline MacMahon), and his three fine sons. Nothing disturbs the idyllic family routine except the strange modern ideas of Jade (Katharine Hepburn), the elusive, book-loving bride of Ling Tan's second son. Then, out of the peaceful sky, comes war. With the arrival of the Japanese conquerors, the family unity, so long cherished with the soil in which it has its roots, is suddenly shattered. Horror, suffering, death, and destruction finally leave nothing of the ancestral farm but heartbroken old Ling Tan and his faithful wife, toiling on land which is no longer theirs. Then, slowly, out of chaos and despair, strange things come to pass. Jade and the second son secretly return from the inland retreat where they had fled. There is mysterious treachery and poisoning in the Jap headquarters, a quisling son-in-law meets violent death. The villagers make plans by night and gather strength for organized resistance. Amid all this fierce activity Jade cherishes her little son, now the only grandchild left, and wonders bitterly what is to become of gentle peace-loving people who must learn to kill like beasts in order to preserve the right to live.

Finally comes the most cruel ordeal of all. How the steadfast old couple can face even the sacrifice of home itself makes one of the most moving scenes in a picture rich in feeling and human tenderness:

But with the coming of the enemy, the family learns to know horror and destruction.

Bereft of everything but each other, old Ling Tan and his wife carry on alone.

With her back to the sight of her doomed house, Ling Tan's wife stands motionless, waiting—and slowly, almost imperceptibly, her tragic old figure is high-lighted by the flicker of the flames which are destroying her world. But in the very essence of tragedy lies new hope; and it is born again, in a way so natural, so tender, and so human, that you are left with a profound sense of stability and strength.

In spite of story changes, Pearl Buck's rare ability to distill the deep human elements from a beautifully depicted panorama has been preserved here. The production is notable in many ways—for pure pictorial beauty (lovely settings enriched by warm sepia tones and exceptional photography), stirring drama directed with an unerring sense of timing and restraint, and fine acting by a fine cast. The whole is so delicately balanced that the picture has no one star. Katharine Hepburn, revealing new qualities of warmth and understanding, slowly acquires a genuine tragic mask before your eyes. Walter Huston and Aline MacMahon portray depths of mature feeling seldom reached on the screen, interspersed with salty humor. The large cast provides a variety of minor characterizations, and the only really disturbing thing about the two-and-a-half-hour drama is that it has to end.

The authenticity of Dragon Seed does not come from the make-up and atmosphere. It goes beyond racial boundaries by showing the incalculable effects of war on the human spirit. Such an achievement makes deliberate "propaganda" efforts look clumsy indeed, and points up the almost untouched possibilities of the moving picture for furthering tolerance and mutual human understanding.

Jade and the second son shoulder burdens and go forth to help build a New China.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DOUBLE INDEMNITY (Paramount). Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (Paramount). Eddie Bracken, Ella Raines. Comedy.
MR. SKEFFINGTON (Warner Bros.). Bette Davis, Claude Rains. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

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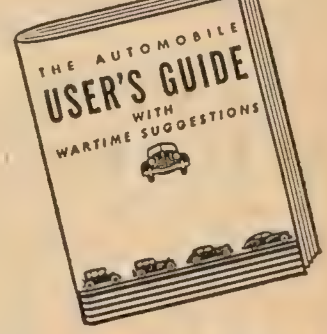

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

MEET A NEWCOMER to our pages—Marian Castle—who was born in her grandfather's big rambling Illinois farmhouse, "the kind with twelve rooms and etched front door and floor-length shutters and no conveniences whatever." She attended the usual Middle West grade schools, a small denominational academy and college, and gave her summers to publicity, booking and superintending setups for the once famous Chautauqua circuits. Graduated from the University of Chicago, and soon afterward married a man whose choice she still considers the most intelligent and discerning thing she ever did. Denver is now her home.

WHEN YOU ARE told by Burnet Hershey (one of Liberty's authors next week) that he has been a foreign correspondent for 26 years, you wonder if his first assignment was done in rompers. However, he seems to have covered most of earth's land and sea, and met many world leaders. One of his jobs was an aerial reporting tour of Great Britain, Portugal, Africa, South America and the Caribbean, which gave him a wealth of aviation knowledge. His book, Wings Over the Future, is worth your attention.

AS YOU MAY RECALL, U. S. Senator James M. Mead was sent by President Roosevelt, with four other senators, on a 45,000-mile tour of every American base and fighting front to find out what kind of food the boys were getting, what kind of medical care they were given, their equipment, etc., etc. And Tell the Folks Back Home is the highly informative result. Senator Mead is a real "man of the people," having risen from a poor, self-educated boy to the Senate, where he is known as "the member who gets the most mail per day," and "the most accessible man in the Capitol."

THE EDITORS.

(Continued from page 55)

1:06.8, and the 200-meter standard with his 2:29.8. The latter clocking completely overshadows the listed world mark of 2:37.2 set by America's Johnny Kasley, although the legality of Boichenko's "kick" has been questioned by some American coaches.

Meshkov is one of the most remarkable of all swimmers. He has surpassed the world 400-meter breast-stroke mark with his 5:41, and the 500-meter record with his 7:11.5.

His time for the 200-meter free style, 2:09.3, has been eclipsed only by three Americans. Meshkov was wounded in battle and saved his life by swimming across a stream with one arm paralyzed. His injury has forced him to give up the breast stroke, but he has learned an entirely new crawl stroke and has managed to become a first-rank swimmer again.

Ushakov has swum 100 meters in 57 seconds. In the 1912 Olympics, Herbert von Kuhlberg was the best man the Russians had in the 100-meters. He didn't place and his time isn't known, but he was eliminated in a heat in which the third qualifier was clocked in 1:14 2/5 seconds! The American, Alan Ford, now holds the record with a time of 55.9 seconds, but Ushakov's showing is in the same league, at least.

Tours by Cochet—two of them, the last in 1938—and by Joseph Siba of Czechoslovakia and Hebda of Poland started tennis on the upswing in Russia. Before the war curtailed competition, Boris Novikov, son of a watchman, was the Soviet men's singles champion, and Nina Tepliakava was the Soviet Helen Wills. In Czarist times there had been possibly 4,000 tennis players; in 1938 there were 50,000. How good are they? The Russians have not competed at Wimbledon since the advent of the Soviet regime, but Hebda, the Pole, thinks they have some tennis players who would give a good account of themselves in big tournaments abroad.

SOCCER, of course, is the major team game in Russia. Crowds of 75,000 were common at the Moscow Stadium even when the Germans were approaching the gates of the capital in 1941. There were 700 teams in that city alone, and some of their aces rate with the best. Captain Grigory Fedetov of the Central Red Army Club, which won the Moscow title in 1944, received from Wales an English football autographed by a number of leading British players. It was a token of their respect for his playing ability.

Basketball is one of the American games the Russians have picked up with avidity. Locomotive won the Russian basketball title in 1939. A team of American sailors which played a pick-up Russian side at Archangel this past winter received a bit of a shock. The Russians outscored the astonished American tars by such a wide margin that the scorer lost count after the opening quarter.

Russian boxers are not in a class with our professionals, but they are as strong as bulls. Boxing is conducted on a stage and not in a ring in the center of an arena, as in the United States. Spectators remain silent throughout, however dramatic the action. Victor Mikhailov, a heavyweight who retired from boxing in 1939, had a brilliant record. He won 120 bouts, lost nine, and ran up one string of sixty-eight straight victories. Eugene Ogurenkov, a corking fighter, had won 113 bouts in the middleweight class and lost three as of last December. Nickolai Korolyov, the reigning heavyweight, has made his courage a matter of record. He would like to box Joe Louis.

Hockey, ice skating, and skiing are all

"Lost, eh? I told you these North woods are dangerous without a guide!"

second nature to the Russians because of their long winter. They are intensely fond of skiing, and one event, staged simultaneously in key sections of the country, drew 5,000,000 competitors in a single day.

American baseball has been tried in Moscow, but it has not caught on. What has caught on, however, is the American zeal for hero worship. The colorful running brothers, Gregory and Seraphim Znamenski, both medical students, receive the acclaim at a track meet that a Babe Ruth elicits here in baseball. And special attention is given in the newspapers to individual exploits of sports heroes in the war. When Burkalov, a well-known swimmer, was shot out of a tube as a human torpedo to save both his crew and a damaged submarine, the feat was heavily played in the papers. So was the experience of Sergeant Vladimir Yeshkayan, a noted soccer player, who made strange use of his skill to save his own life. He kicked his German captor solidly in the pants, and then wrested his rifle from him.

In women's track and field, the Russians have surpassed seven listed world records. Tall, bobbed-haired, good-looking Nina Dumbadze, a twenty-five-year-old brunette, is their Babe Didrikson. She is outstanding in all field events and has thrown the discus more than 162 feet as compared with the world record of 158 feet and the American standard of 133 feet. These marks are given approximately. Part of Nina's regular job nowadays is to teach hand-grenade throwing.

Right now the Russians appear to be resuming their sports program full blast. By 1939 they were spending 350,000,000 rubles on sports, and by 1940 the sum had soared to 500,000,000 rubles. There was a recession due to the war, but last year the whole list of championships had been revived. Even in liberated Leningrad more than 100,000 took part in competitive events last winter.

When Avery Brundage wrote recently that the Olympics might be resumed by 1948, and that the Russians might re-enter, it opened up a little-known subject, for the Russians have not sought entry into international sports since the Soviets took power. To be eligible to compete in international contests, including the Olympic Games, the governing bodies of each sport in Russia would have to affiliate with the international body governing that sport. Toward this, there would seem now to be a trend.

And the trend of some observers would be to favor the Russians in the Olympic marathon. After all, the Russians should be especially tough to beat in that event, judging from the way they have chased the Nazis over hill and dale on the road back from Stalingrad.

THE END

TRACK AND FIELD
COMPARISON OF AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN MARKS

Event	*U. S. Mark Today*	*Russian Mark Today*
100 Meters	*10.2 seconds	10.6 seconds
200 Meters	*20.3 seconds	21.6 seconds
400 Meters	*46 seconds	48.6 seconds
800 Meters	1:48.6	1:52.6
1,500 Meters	3:47.9	3:54.2
5,000 Meters	14:30	14:06
10,000 Meters	31:06.9	30:35.2
110-Meter Hurdles	*13.7 seconds	14.6 seconds
400-Meter Hurdles	*50.6 seconds	55.3 seconds
Running High Jump	*6′ 11″	6′ 4¾″
Running Broad Jump	*26′ 8¼″	24′ 5¾″
Hop, Step, and Jump	50′ 11½″	49′ 9/10″
Discus	175′ 5½″	166′ 5⅜″
Javelin	234′ 6⅞″	228′ 1⅝″
Shot Put	*57′ 1″	50′ 11 7/16″
Hammer Throw	189′ 6½″	179′ 1⅝″
Pole Vault	*15′ 7¾″	14′ 1¼″

(* World's record. Russians can lay claim to no official world's records as they are not members of any international governing sports bodies. Events above are among men's standard Olympic tests.)

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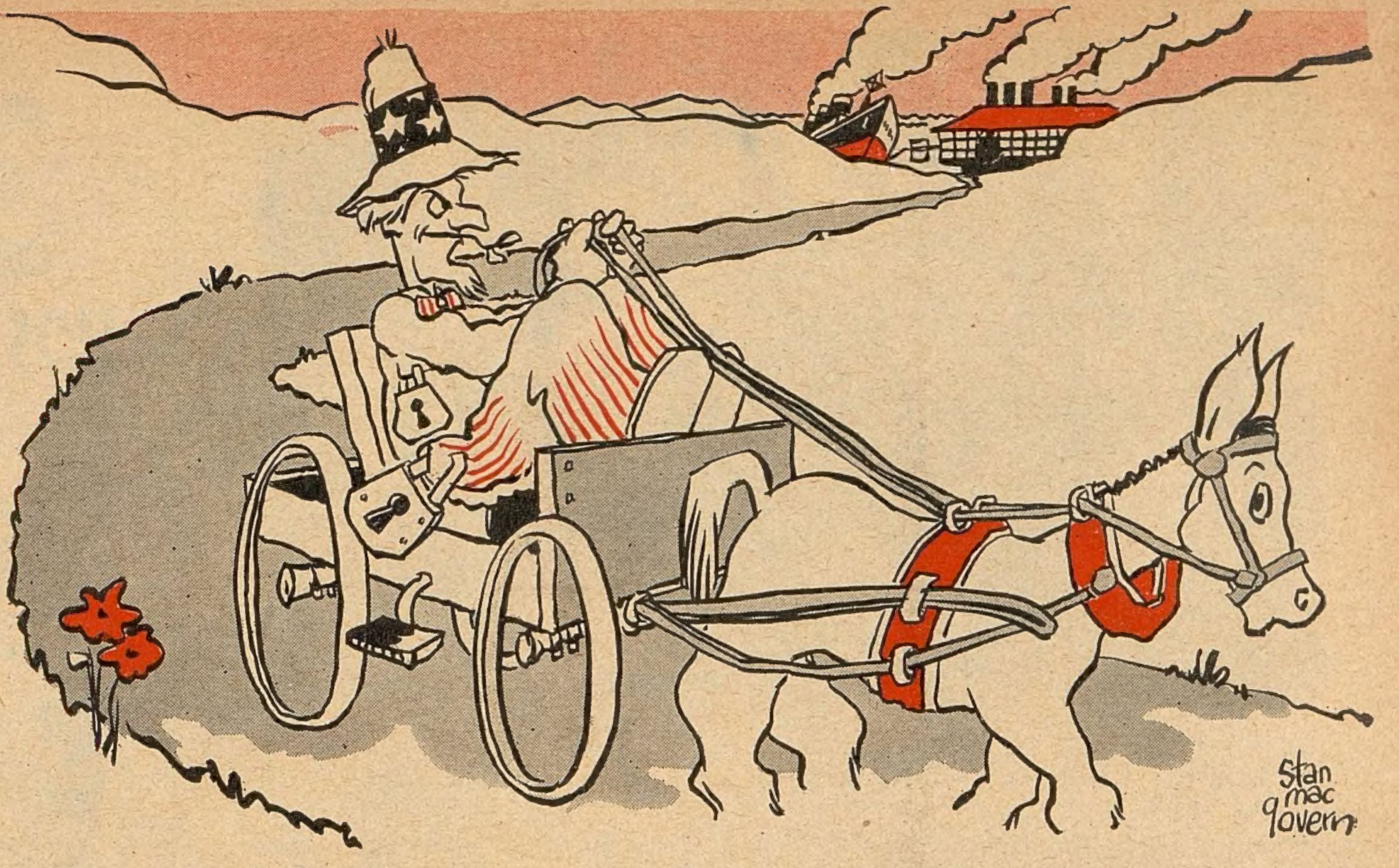

Giddap, Napoleon! It looks like rain.

WE CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH OUR POCKETS LOCKED

IN an old American comic song familiar to everyone, Joshuay, the village constabule, smugly relates his adventures in outwitting city slickers who, he thinks, are after his money. To quote Josh:

> "I know a thing or two,
> You can bet your life I do.
> They can't ketch me 'cause I'm too durn sly."

As a piece of folklore, this is amusing. Unfortunately, it also accurately reflects the attitude many Americans take when our government deals with the other nations of the world on matters of trade or finance.

After every international conference of this nature, we always begin to act like a farmer visiting the city for the first time. Congress, in debating ratification of whatever agreements have been reached, proceeds on the assumption that other nations are city slickers bent on outsmarting us.

Even before the conclusion of the recent international monetary conference at Bretton Woods this attitude became apparent. It was first given voice and substance by Senator Taft of Ohio, our national village constabule. There is grave doubt that our suspicious Congress will ratify the agreements reached at the conference.

It is hard to understand why a people who, throughout their entire history, have shown as shrewd a trading ability as the Yankees, are always so afraid someone is going to get the better of them. Usually the result of this attitude is that in the long run we outsmart ourselves. When we drive our trade bargains too hard we make it impossible for other nations to pay the money they owe us or do business with us at all. After the last war we loaned them more money abroad so we could keep on trading, and eventually American investors got it in the neck.

We ought to know by this time that no bargain is any good unless all parties benefit from it. We can't export without importing. We can't enjoy the benefits of international financial stability without doing our share to bring it about. We happen to have the most money in the world and therefore must play the most prominent part in any international monetary agreement if it is to work. We are aware of the benefits to us of such an agreement. Our Yankee shrewdness will turn out to be a liability if it leads us to drive such a hard bargain that we rob ourselves of these benefits.

Critics of the monetary agreements reached at Bretton Woods are engaged in a feast of hair-splitting to show that somebody else is likely to benefit at our expense or that it might cost us a little money to make these agreements work. However, it is going to cost us a lot more in the long run if we don't have such agreements. By being "too darn sly" we're apt not only to make ourselves ridiculous but to outsmart ourselves.

Paul Hunter

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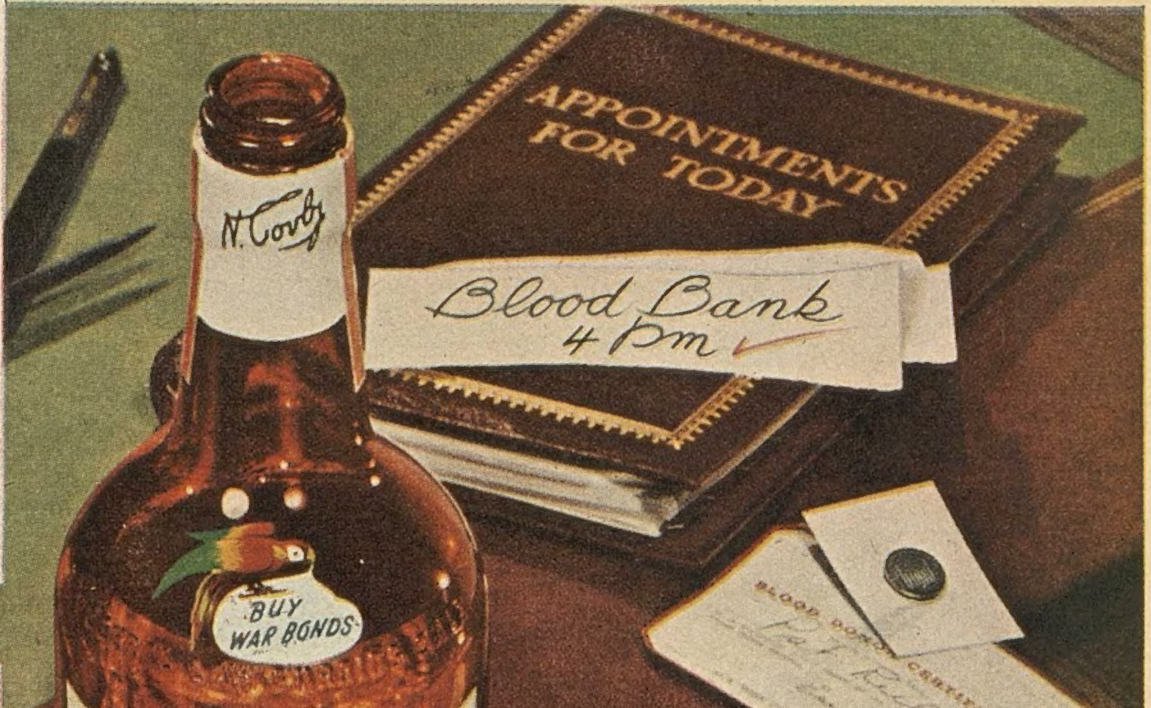
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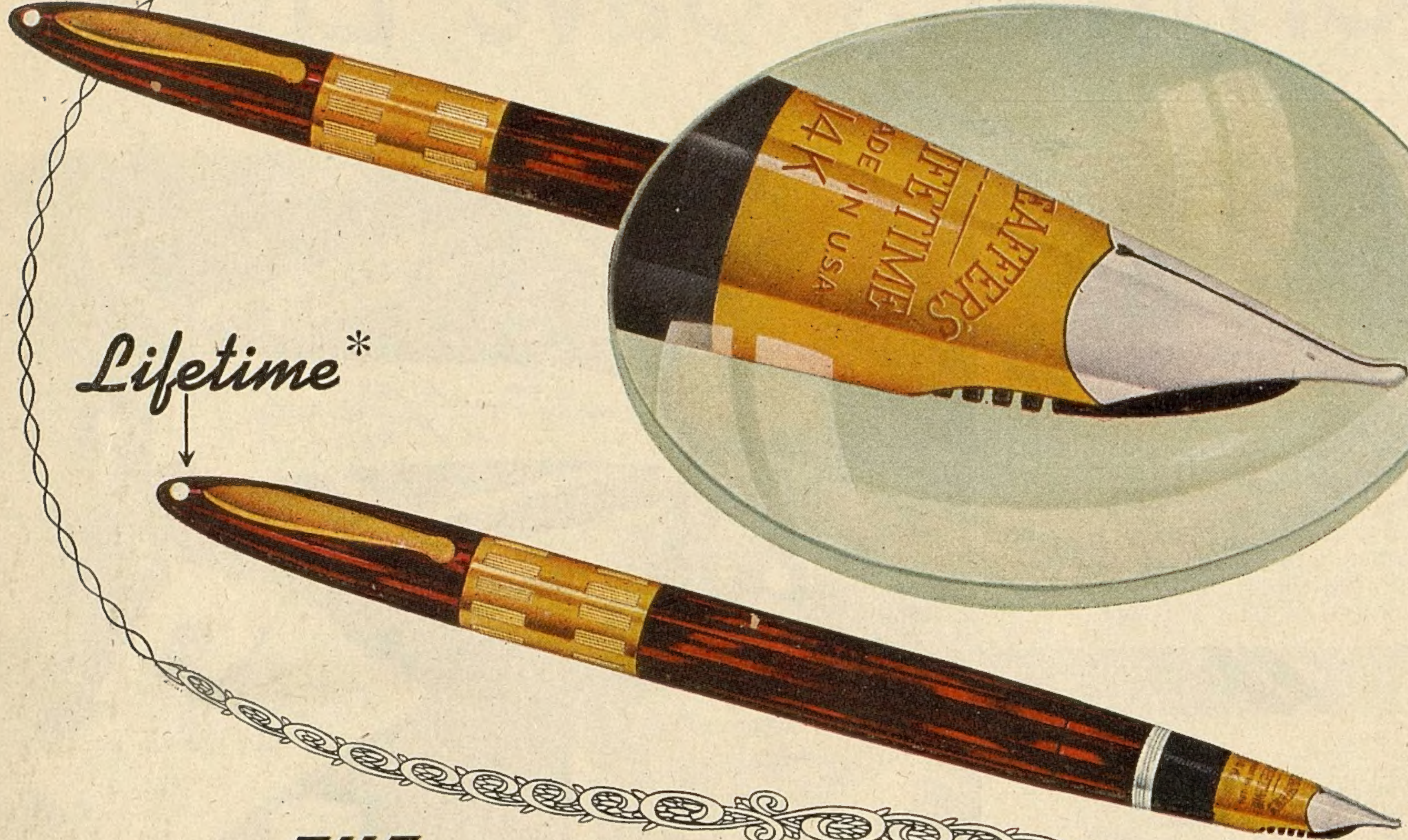

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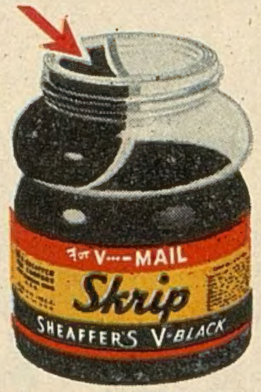

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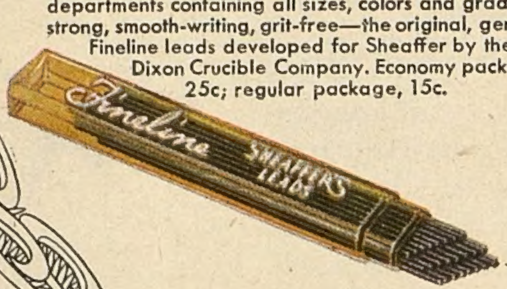

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